2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910) 1928 EG1 Albania EG1

531
301

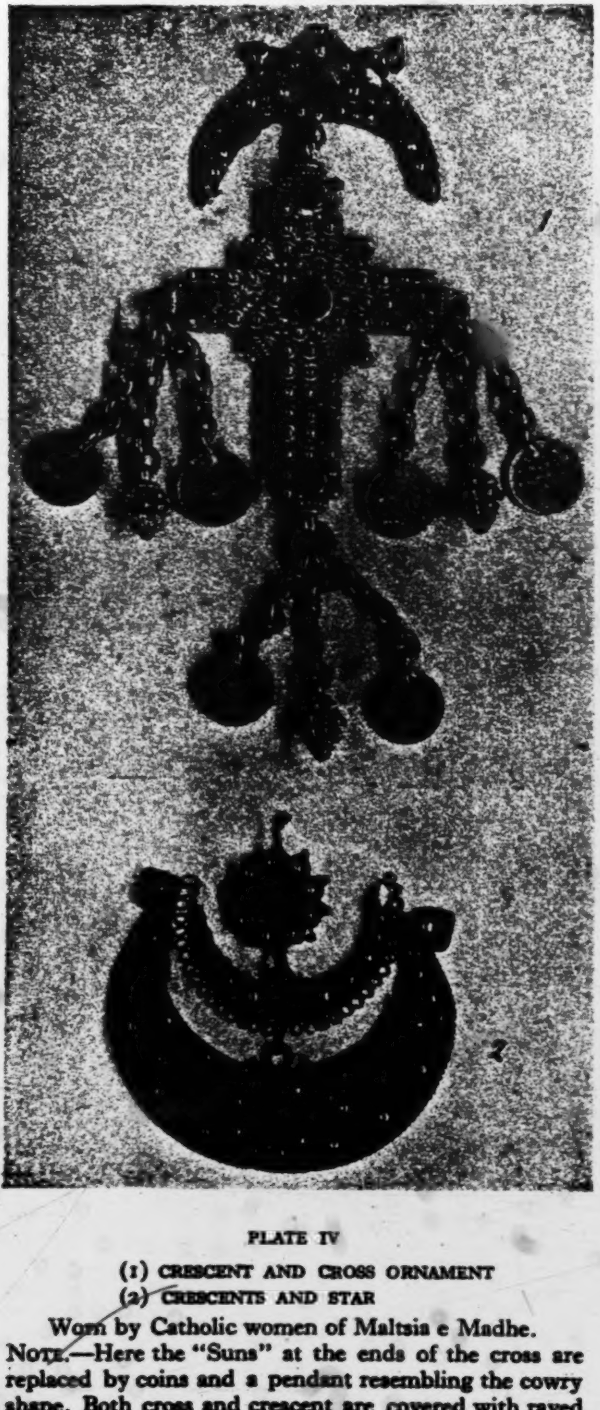


PLATE IV

(1) CRESCENT AND CROSS ORNAMENT
(2) CRESCENTS AND STAR

Worn by Catholic women of Maltsia e Madhe.

NOTE.—Here the "Suns" at the ends of the cross are replaced by coins and a pendant resembling the cowry shape. Both cross and crescent are covered with rayed balls.

[Facing p. 121]

visible mark has a strong effect on primitive and childish minds— 000
witness national flags and school and college colours. The missionizing "popes" of the Orthodox Church had every reason to denounce a practice which thus "sealed" part of the population and made it turn a deaf ear to the attractions of Byzantium.

To this day the object of the Orthodox is to wipe all that belongs to Rome from the peninsula. I found the bitterest dislike, even among the educated classes; and among the peasants neither side would admit that the other was Christian. In early days the struggle must have been even cruder than to-day.

3. TATTOOING IN ALBANIA

We will trace these symbols farther south. In North Albania I 301
noticed that every Catholic woman among the five large tribes (Kastrati, 531
Shkreli, Hoti, Gruda, and Klementi) wore, if not too poor, a large
silver filigree crescent and star stitched to the crown of her flat cap;
or a similar design was embroidered and the "star" then larger. Asked
why they wore a Turkish symbol, they crossed themselves and denied
the charge indignantly, saying: "We wear it because we always do.
It is not Turkish. We are good Catholics." They declared also it was 174
"very old"; and were quite correct. For the sun and moon symbol, as
we have seen, was long pre-Turkish in the Balkans. I next found that 304
the bulk of these tribes-folk, both men and women, are tattooed on 531
the back of the hand, the forearm, or the breast (seldom on all) with a cross; but never a plain cross. It has a crescent above and below it; or the arms terminate in small circles, as do those on Byzantine coins; or some in circles and some in crescents; or the cross is in the "sun-wheel" form. None of these people at all objected to showing the tattoos. I at once recognized in a simplified form the elements of the Bosnian designs. Most people said they did it because they were Catholics. Anxious to give a reason, one man said it was to ensure you Christian burial if you died abroad.

When I asked the Albanian tribesmen what was the meaning of the
circle and crescent on the cross-arms, they said at once it was "Dielli"
—the sun; and "Hana"—the moon. The cross was to show you were
a Christian. What were the sun and moon for? The only reply was
"per bukur" (for beauty). Often they laughed and gave none. Mgr.
Ernesto Cozzy, then priest of Rechi and later Apostolic Delegate at
Scutari, a Tyrolese whose knowledge of the mountain people was the
result of years of sympathetic study, told me: "They have a number of 304
curious pagan beliefs which they will not tell me. I have found that 771

[Text continues on p. 123]

531
304

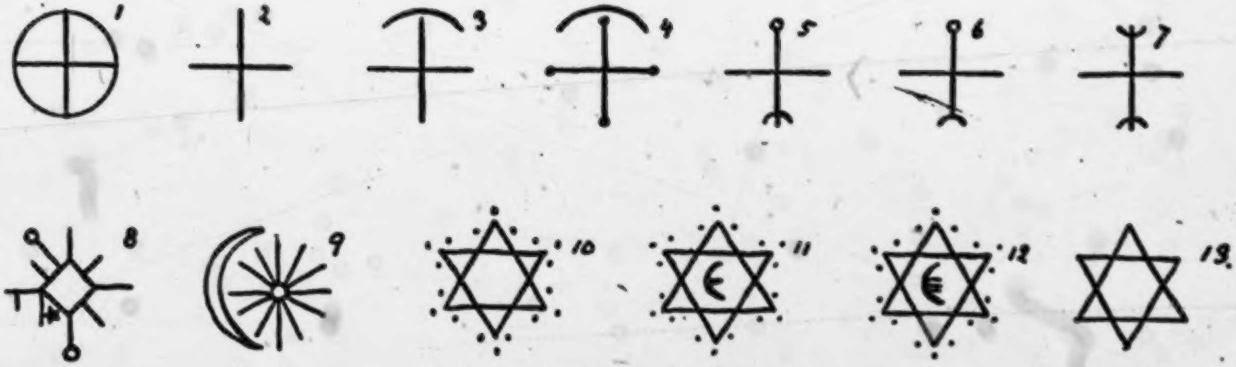


FIG. 7.—ALBANIAN TATTOO PATTERNS

1–7. Common tattoos of Catholic tribesmen. 8 and 9. Two curious tattoos on Catholic Scutarenes. 10 and 13. Moslem tattoos common in mountains and in Scutari. 11 and 12. Patterns common on Moslem houses.

they believe in two powers, of Light and Darkness, which are in con- 304
flict—Good and Evil. These tattoos are in some way connected with it. 771
So is the Serpent, which they sometimes tattoo and also draw on walls."

I never saw a tattooed snake, but saw some carved on tombs. Mgr. 531
Cozzy, whose work as priest and doctor was beyond all praise, died 114
in 1926—a loss not only to the tribesmen but to science, for his pile
of MS. notes on tribal customs was destroyed in the war years, and
his probably unrivalled knowledge died with him.

This belief in the powers of Light and Darkness takes us back to 771
Mithraism and Manichæism. That all the tribes believe in this struggle 174
I first learnt in Nikaj, when the thunder crashed on the mountains and
my Nikaj guide cried: "Drangoni is fighting Kulshedra." Kulshedra is 776
the evil female power who strives to destroy mankind with storms and 174
floods. Drangoni is the good male power which hurls thunder and
lightning and drives her back. As we have seen, the female, according
to Mani, possessed but few particles of light and was an instrument of
destruction.

The Manichæan belief is shown by Titus Bostrensis Episcopus, who, in *Adversos Manichæos*, tells of a Manichee "asserting strongly and wickedly alleging that the fruits of the earth are created by the sun, which he admires and honours exceedingly. He says that the overwhelming rainstorms are the defence of matter" (i.e. the wicked substance) "and work passionately against the powers of Good" (*v.* Migne, *Series Græca*, vol. xviii, p. 1195). The rain is the sweat of the evil power striving to destroy the good.

The belief in Kulshedra and Drangoni is found all through Northern 776
and Central Albania. I do not know its southern limit. Drangoni can
be a man or a male animal. If a boy is born with a feather under his [787]
armpit he will be a Drangoni; but his mother must tell no one or he
will die at once. This accounts for the extremely small number of
Drangonis who survive. I was told that St. George was a Drangoni,
which may be the reason of his great popularity in the Balkans.

The Serb tradition that when it thunders and lightens St. Ilija is [821]
driving off the storm fiends is possibly another form of the same tale
—Drangoni here taking the form of St. Ilija.

Thus deep in the mind of the peasant there lurks still a remnant of the Mithraic and Manichæan beliefs.

A point of interest about the tattoo patterns is that part of the Gruda 531
tribe, the bulk of the Hoti, and all the Shkreli (*v.* Tribes) have a clear 304
tradition of having migrated from places farther north to escape from 173
the Turks. They insist that they were Catholic at the time of the
ancestral migration, and may, therefore, descend from one of the
northern districts of tattooed aborigines which early came under

531

304 [173] the influence of the Roman missionaries. Tattooing is not confined to tribes tracing northern origin, but is more marked among them.

Among the Pulati and Dukagini, who trace a different origin, tattooing is common but not universal, and takes the form often of

[764]

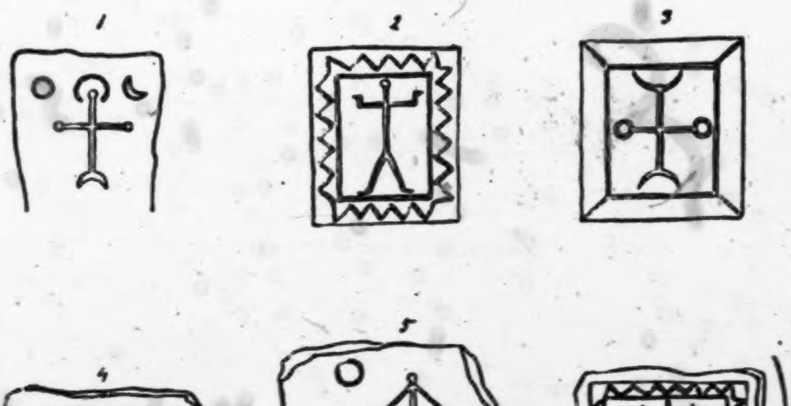


FIG. 8.—MODERN GRAVESTONES IN ROMAN CATHOLIC GRAVEYARD, DUSHMANI, NORTHERN ALBANIA

(Showing variants of Cross, Crescent, and Sun. All recent)

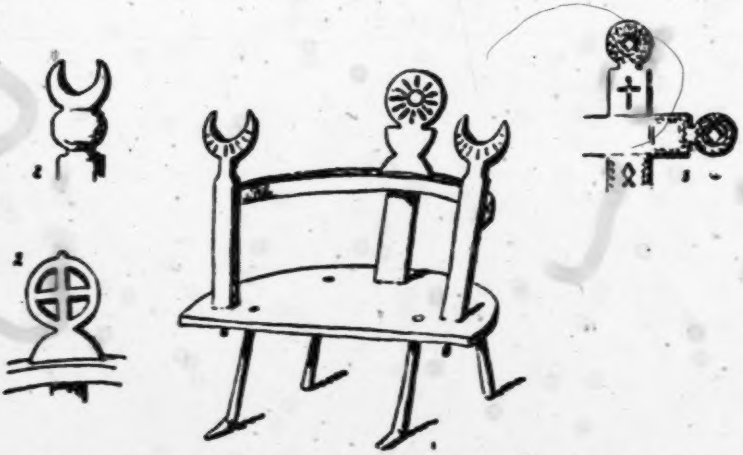
one tiny cross. I did not see a sun or moon tattoo, but found the sun and moon extremely common carved on graves, furniture, over doors, etc. Here the moon is carved as a semicircle with rays, just as shown in the Bosnian tattoos.

Tattooing and the Symbols Tattooed

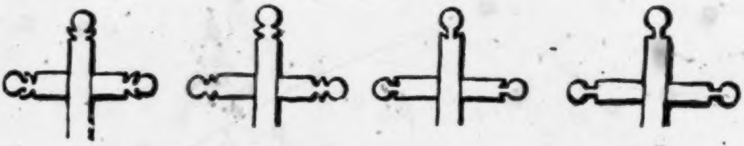
The finest carved rayed suns are those on the arms of the big wooden crosses in the Theti graveyard, which are beautifully chip-carved (Fig. 9, No. 3). Upon one of them a carved watch and chain marks the grave of the first tribesman of Thethi who possessed one. 531 764

Most interesting are some quite recent gravestones at Dushmani

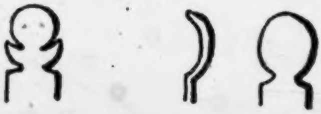
[352]



1. "Sun and Moon" Chair, Shala. 2. Variant design of arm, end, and back. 3 Cross terminating in "suns," Thethi.



4. Series of common wooden crosses, showing all stages of patterns (Catholic cemeteries).



5. Wooden headpost and head and foot posts of Moslem graves (Hashi and Puka).

FIG. 9.—SUN AND MOON PATTERNS IN NORTH ALBANIA

(Fig. 8), whereon strange devices are carved, in some of which the cross and sun are turned into the figure of a man. A woman who came up told me I was drawing the grave of her mother (Fig. 8, No. 6). Asked what was the meaning of the things upon it, she said: "We poor people of the mountains cannot write. I put this to remember my mother. The sun and moon are 'per bukur' (to look pretty)."

[Text continues on p. 127]

291
531

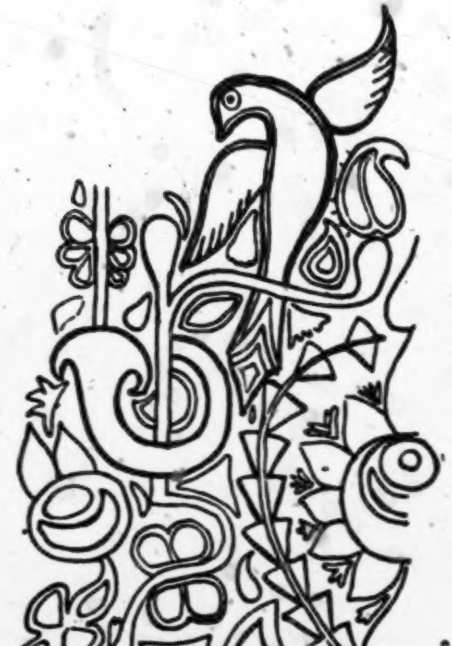


FIG. 10.—BIRD AND SERPENT DESIGN ON SCUTARI WOMAN'S CLOAK

Tattooing and the Symbols Tattooed

The large uncarved wooden crosses in most of the graveyards of 531
Dukagini and Pulati (Fig. 9) show at the ends of the arms either (1) a sun 764
and crescent, (2) a sun alone, or (3) a sun with two notches below it—
a transition form in which the carpenter has forgotten what the crescent
is and merely chopped notches. The sun-wheel forms the back and
the crescent and sun the ends of the arms of the typical wooden arm-
chair in which the house-lord sits. Such chairs were used by all the
tribes, but are now chiefly found in the further Dukagini tribes. The
chip-carved distaffs of the women show the cross frequently; but chip-
carving does not lend itself to curves, and the moon appears as an
angle on which the cross stands. Some distaffs, however, suggest that
their complicated designs are based on rayed curves, though they are
now angular.

The cross and rayed sun are also traceable on many of the elaborately 291
knitted socks. Here, owing to the exigencies of the material, the sun 531
is square, but the rays are duly shown.

A rayed sun is part of the elaborate design embroidered on the
scarlet cloak of the married Catholic women of Scutari. Of this design,
which with variations consists always of similar elements, I have failed
to find an explanation. "It must be some old story which we have
forgotten," say the embroiderers, who are always men. The sun, an ear
of wheat (? feather), a flowering plant, the dove and the serpent always
appear. It is given to the bride by the bridegroom on her wedding- [585]
day. The sun, the wheat, and the flowers suggest fertility. And the
facts that the serpent and dove were symbols of the mother goddess
worshipped at Knossos, and that bird and serpent played an important
part in Egyptian mythology, show that the origin of this Albanian
pattern is, indeed, so old that it is no wonder the embroiderers have
forgotten it (Figs. 10 and 11).

The sun and moon were firmly established as symbols in the Balkans 174
long before the Turk arrived. I think that probably the Turkish crescent 531
and star is really the rayed sun and moon, the sun being diminished
so as to fit decoratively within the crescent.

On the wall of a house at Vuthaj, when the district was wholly 531
Moslem and almost closed to outsiders, I saw, in 1908, a large rayed 342
sun painted with a slim crescent beside it (Fig. 12, No. 10). More
striking yet was the emblem at that time placed over the gate of the
Turkish Konak at Prizren. It was a large wooden sun with long rays
of unequal length. At the tip of each ray was a small wooden crescent.
At this time there was huge excitement over the proclamation of the
Turkish Constitution, and I was warned neither to draw nor photograph
anything in public. I made, therefore, only a memory sketch (Fig. 12,
No. 9), but it gives a correct idea of this curious sign, which, as the

[Text continues on p. 129]

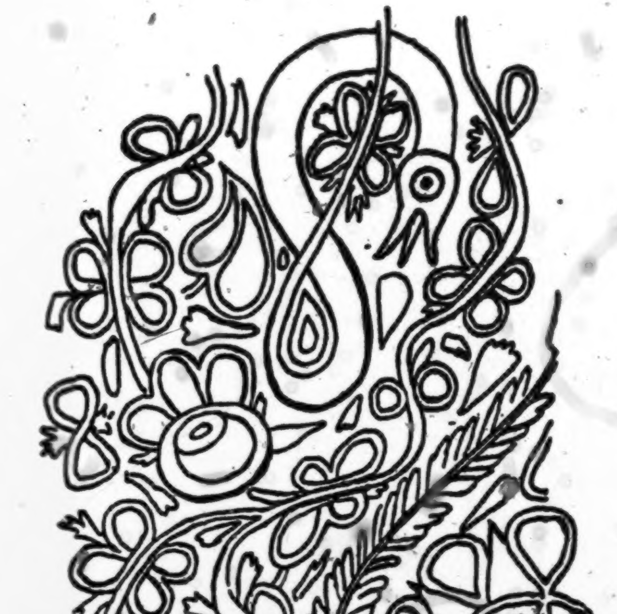


FIG. 11.—BIRD AND SERPENT DESIGN

854 etc. There is a wooden grating—a ladder of laths—inside the cradle,
531 on which the child rests upon a cushion or mattress. It is covered usually with the cotton-stuffed coverlet ("jorgan") of the East, and over all is the thick cradle cover above described.

2. MARRIAGE

581 Marriages in the old days might be called "political." They were
584 alliances made by the head of the house with the consent of his brethren, for the purpose of strengthening the "house" and thereby the tribe, exactly as up to the present day Royal alliances have been made. The two young people had no voice in the matter, and were often betrothed before birth. A man would promise the next daughter born to him to a chief of another tribe who had a newly born son. The bride was purchased. In Montenegro, and, I believe, in the other Balkan lands, only a symbolic payment is now made. Among the Northern mountain tribes of Albania the bride-price, I found, was still paid in money or kind.

ALBANIA

583 Among the mountain tribes I found antique usages. House-lords
584 were anxious to dispose of their daughters and obtain wives of good stock for their sons. Early betrothal they declared necessary. Later on you could not find a good wife for your son. They were already disposed of. Everywhere they declared there were fewer women than men. In Maltsia e Madhe the price for a girl of good family was twenty napoleons: ten were paid on betrothal and the balance when the girl was handed over. I saw infants in the cradle who were already sold.
582 In this district the age for marriage had been raised lately, and some fathers told me they would not marry a girl under sixteen nor a boy under eighteen unless the house was very short of women to do the work. Then a boy of sixteen might be married to an older woman, sometimes to a widow. In the Pulati and Dukagini tribes girls were still sometimes married at thirteen and fourteen, and boys at fifteen or sixteen. I met a man of thirty who had a son of fifteen. His father
[152] had married him to a widow of thirty. She was now old, and he complained bitterly that he could not get rid of her.

583 In Pulati and Dukagini the bride-price was less—sixteen to eighteen
162 napoleons as a rule. An elderly widow might change hands for a rifle or some other article. In all these districts, if a man lost his wife he was sometimes hard put to it to find money for another. A man with many sons found it not easy to wive them all well. There was complaint

291 wear a coat of thick white woollen stuff, red trousers,
an embroidered apron with fringe half a yard long,
and on the head a blue kerchief. The dress of the
Christians is similar in form but usually of a violet
colour. The *yashmak* and *feridgé* (veil and cloak) of
[563] the Turkish women is worn out of doors by the
[562] Moslem women in the towns, and also, if they live in
close proximity to Moslems, by the Christian women.
The cloak of the latter is, however, of a different shape
and of a light red colour, with a cross embroidered in
front. This distinctive dress is said to have been
imposed by a native pasha, who, being attracted by a
Christian girl, not knowing her to be such, asked her
in marriage and was refused.

The country women, however, both of mountain
and plain, and whether Christian or Moslem, go about
unveiled. Their costumes vary extremely in detail,
but are generally of stout homespun and felt, and in
[171] form resemble those of the Greek and Bulgarian
peasants of Macedonia, the leading features of which
are two aprons worn under a coat. In the villages
of the plains, however, a blue petticoat, trimmed
● [531] with red bands, is worn over an embroidered linen
gown, with a bodice of white cloth embroidered in
black.

302 Albanian ladies appear to be even more addicted
than Osmanlis to the use of cosmetics. No sooner
are they married than they begin to dye their hair
[303] with a decoction made from gall-nuts and palm oil,
paint their eyelashes, and extend their eyebrows till
they meet over the nose. For their skins they use
a "wash" in which various deleterious ingredients

585 if compelled to do so, in order to show how great is
her regret at leaving the paternal roof.[1] In fact, her
behaviour throughout is intended to typify her reluctance
to exchange the single for the married state.
Meantime the guests divert themselves with liqueurs,
[262 coffee, and sweets, and the performances of the profes-
463] sional musicians hired for the occasion.

About ten o'clock a cart arrives from the bride-
groom's abode to fetch the bride's baggage, which is
[415 packed in a large wooden box ornamented with
●531] designs of flowers rudely executed. When it starts
every one shouts, "*Per heir*" (Good luck!), and among
the Christians, several women accompany the cart
[788] outside the gate, sprinkling both it and its contents
with holy water. A few minutes afterwards, all the
male guests invited by the bridegroom's friends set
out, preceded by his father, who leads a richly
caparisoned horse on which the bride will ride home.
As they leave the house the women sing:

[539]

Happy may thy journey be,
Eldest of our family.
Holy sign of cross now make,
To the right thy way then take.
If to us thou bring fair bride,
May the sugar-plums taste sweet,
If a foul one by thy side
That they bitter taste were meet.

585 Arrived at their destination, the party range them-
262 selves around the courtyard, where glasses of cognac
and water, and sweets and sugar-plums of various kinds

---

[1] The Mongols of Tibet observe a similar custom. See *Journal of Sarat Chandra Das*, published by the Royal Geographical Society.

hear him. He offers her sweets which have been left 585
there purposely, but still she heeds him not. This
comedy may, if the bridegroom be timid and the bride
reserved, be prolonged until the third evening after
the marriage, in which case the courage and virtue of
the bride are extolled by the women in song. On the
third evening, however, custom requires the bride to
respond to her husband's advances. On the three
days following the wedding the bride, dressed as
before, stands like a statue in the reception-room to
receive the women visitors who flock to the house in
order to inspect her.

The ceremonies attending the nuptials of the [369]
mountain people are almost precisely similar to those
customary in the towns, with the exception that the
bride is not veiled when conducted to her husband's
home. A romantic reserve, however, surrounds the 593
interviews between the young couple, who, especially 831
if the husband be one of a numerous family and have
no private apartments, can only meet in secret until
they have children of their own. The mountaineers
cherish this custom, which, they contend, by surrounding
with a halo of romance and mystery the relations
of the young couple, tends to keep their love for each 585
other fresh and warm. The wedding processions of the 184
Moslems and Christians are only to be distinguished
by the more picturesque effect of those of the former.
Many of the company, dressed in rich apparel glittering [241
with gold embroidery, accompany the bride on 531]
horseback, indulging as they go, whenever they arrive
at a spot sufficiently spacious, in the manly old Osmanli [524]
game of throwing the *djerid*, or spear. Pistols

1: Karutz--68 E-4 (no date) 1925 E1 Europe
Albania EG1

181
144 on the other hand, are strongly mixed with Greeks and softer, more accessible to civilizing influences, and more desirous of innovations. The consciousness of their racial coherence determines their life in tradition--they know their genealogical trees, and hundreds of names in them--, their boundless hospitality on the one hand, and their boundless desire for feuding and the implacability of their revenge
342 for murder, on the other hand. Of archaic methods of living there are to be found, as temporary living quarters, caves in naturally formed erosions of river banks, closed off in front by plaited mats of switches. Furthermore, there are conical huts made from unhewn stems and rushes left long in cutting, in the coastal swamps; also, half underground, walled up pits with a thatched saddle-roof and a mound of earth thrown against it, used by herders and herds. Then there are loam-covered huts of intertwined beech twigs and with a reed or leaf roofing (Figure 2); one-room houses with walls filled out with grass or pieces of turf with a flat roof frame-work consisting of three transverse beams and boards loosely laid over them and weighted down with rocks (Figure 3, which, furthermore, shows, next to the hut, a frame for storing meat, and so forth, with a notched tree stump serving as steps and a spruce tree serving as a natural hook for hanging things). The permanent dwellings, always fenced in, are log cabins in the forested region of the north; for the rest they are stone houses bound with mortar, in central and southern Albania with walled-in supporting beams, covered with straw, shingles, slate, planks, or furrowed tiles. Originally it was level with the ground, with one or two rooms, then it turned into a building with two or more stories, with or without a verandah. The perpetual insecurity of the country as a consequence of the of the blood revenge feuds developed tower-like fortified buildings (kulen), with embrasures and a solid roof difficult of access (Figure 1), out of bulletproof interior structures. The division into rooms in the interior of these buildings is rarely made by means of walls, more frequently just through boards or intertwined twigs, or sometimes even
[177] just through larger objects like chests. Into the urban building and
● [531] decorative arts Italian-Venetian, Byzantine-Near Eastern, and Turkish influences have penetrated; the Scutari chest wall in Figure 13[1] shows a well-known pattern of Persian ornamentation with a tree of motif in the final state of degeneration. The interior of the houses has loam
352 floors or timber floors; wall boards for putting away things (Figure 8);[1] wall pegs for hanging up dishes; tables in the shape of plates made of two half-moon-shaped boards joined together to form a circle, with

[1] [See 1: Karutz, El Europe, cat. 116, p. 67a--Analyst]

Tattooing and the Symbols Tattooed

A 531 342

place has been given to the Jugoslavs, has doubtless been destroyed. Here beyond doubt the Turkish "star" is the sun. The crescents at the ray-tips suggest that many of the "twigs" of the Bosnian tattoos are really tiny crescents at the end of rays, and have in many cases been evolved into crosses.

Y [304]

We have examined tattooing and sun-symbols among the Catholics. The Moslems of Bosnia, according to Truhelka, occasionally tattoo. I saw no examples myself.

A 304 531

But among the Moslems of North Albania tattooing is common. In the entirely Moslem districts of Hasi, Vuthaj, Arnji, and by the Moslems of Luria it was not easy to make any investigation, and impossible to ask questions. The population received me kindly as the only female foreigner who had ever visited them. But the "giaour" was suspected of being the forerunner of foreign annexation, and any questions regarding beliefs would have led to difficulties and probably closed the route to me. I could only observe and make secret notes. I saw many tattooed Moslems in these districts but never a tattooed crescent and star. All, both here and at Scutari, were marked with a triangle, and sometimes with an Arabic inscription. Or with a double triangle—which forms a star and is, I suppose, the substitute for the rayed sun. This same triangle or double triangle (Fig. 7, Nos. 10–13) is commonly painted on Moslem houses both up-country and in Scutari, where it sometimes contains a crescent within it. Oddly enough, the only time I saw the crescent and rayed sun (or star) without a cross as a tattoo it was on the hand of an old Catholic in Scutari (Fig. 12, No. 9).

A [342 531]

A 764

But though the up-country Moslem does not tattoo the sun and crescent (probably because the Christians tattoo them along with the cross), he cuts them out of wood—a circle for the sun and a sickle-shaped piece for the moon—and plants them at head and foot of his graves. Or the circle with a crescent below is cut in one piece and used as headpost (Fig. 9, No. 5). The Moslem Albanian, in fact, on quitting Christianity has rejected the cross but retained the ancient religious symbols of his pre-Christian ancestors—the sun and moon. He has not, except in the towns which were under Turkish influence, adopted the well-known Turkish gravestone with turban or fez upon it.

A 531 346

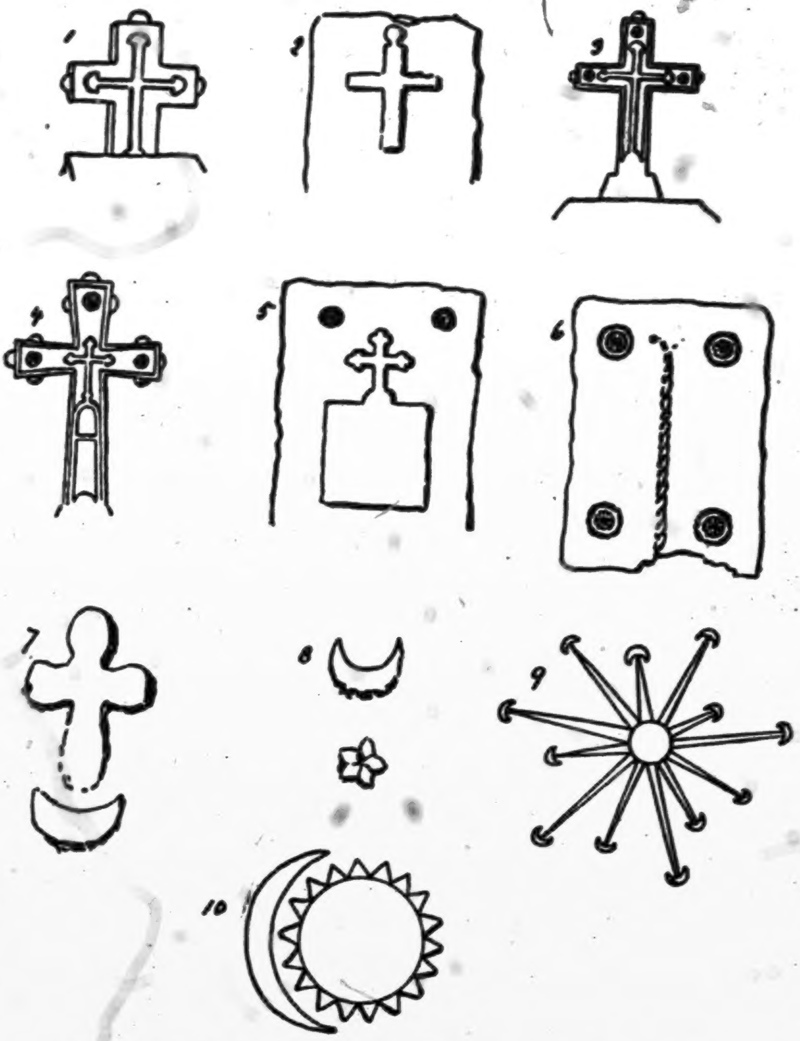
Emerging from these Moslem tribes I was amused to find that at Prizren, which was then by large majority Albanian, the sun and moon figured over the door of the Serbian Orthodox Church.

M 764 531

In Montenegro, traces of sun and moon can be found. The arms of the solid stone crosses usual in the graveyards end as a rule in hemispheres. Limestone is hard to tackle and no moon appears. When, however, a cross is carved in relief on a slab the moon appears as a

[Text continues on p. 131

A
M
H
764
531



A
342
531

FIG. 12.—MONTENEGRIN AND ALBANIAN SUN AND MOON DESIGNS

1–3. Modern Montenegrin gravestones, showing sun-and-moon cross. 4–8. Mediaeval gravestones at Stolatz, Herzegovina, ascribed to Bogumil period. 9. Wooden sun with crescents on the Konak at Prizren (1908). 10. Rayed sun and crescent on Moslem house at Vulthaj.

Birth, Marriage, and Death

In 1392 Bogavach Cuiavich of Rudine of his own free will releases from servitude Radaca, daughter of John of Albania, whom he had bought of Braycho Ucarich. 000

This seems to have been the case of an actual slave. But the lot of others, when sold for a long term of service, can have been little better than slavery unless they fell into good hands.

ALBANIA

I heard of a similar custom of thus selling children for a term of years in Malacastra in South Albania. Here poor Moslems sometimes sent their daughters as far as Constantinople; and I was told that some of the Albanian beys thus purchased servant-girls from their mothers, and at the end of the term dowered them and married them to peasants on the estate. The Italian Consul at Valona, the first time I was there, told me he had thus purchased a servant girl. A 597

Birth.—In Albania, as in Montenegro, childbirth received but the most ignorant treatment. The death-rate of mothers and children was high. M A 844

There was great rejoicing among the mountain tribes when a boy was born and proportionate disappointment over a girl. For a son, especially a first-born, the whole family group turned out and fired rifles.

Some kind of spiritual relationship was held to exist between the child and the woman who cut the umbilical cord; but I learnt no particulars.

As in Montenegro, even in the towns there was the greatest reluctance to summon medical aid. In Scutari one day the Austrian doctor was summoned to a Moslem woman who was in the last stages of exhaustion. He found the child was already dead, and said that to save the woman's life it must be removed at once. The family refused to believe or permit this and dismissed him. Some hours later they fetched him again—but she was dead. A [758]

On the birth of a child, both in Scutari and the mountains, all the women neighbours go at once to visit the mother and take offerings of eggs. For a boy, two, four, six, or eight—an even number—are brought; for a girl, one, three, five, or seven. One egg is broken over the child's face to protect it from the Evil Eye. Presumably this makes the child unrecognizable or hideous. A [431 777]

Both in Albania and Montenegro, and I believe in all Balkan lands, infants are swaddled. The cradle is of wood and serves as a packing-case in which to carry the child on its mother's back. In Scutari the cradles are very gaily painted with conventional patterns of flowers and birds, M A 854 A 854 531

777 Glass "turquoises" made the head-band yet more protective. Small
Y cocks are still made as heads of pins to fasten the head-dress to the
777 hair in the Herzegovina.

172 In the prehistoric graves at Glasinatz in Bosnia, tiny bronze amulets, shaped like doves, have been found. In North Albania three wooden

A
764-
777
301

M
[301]

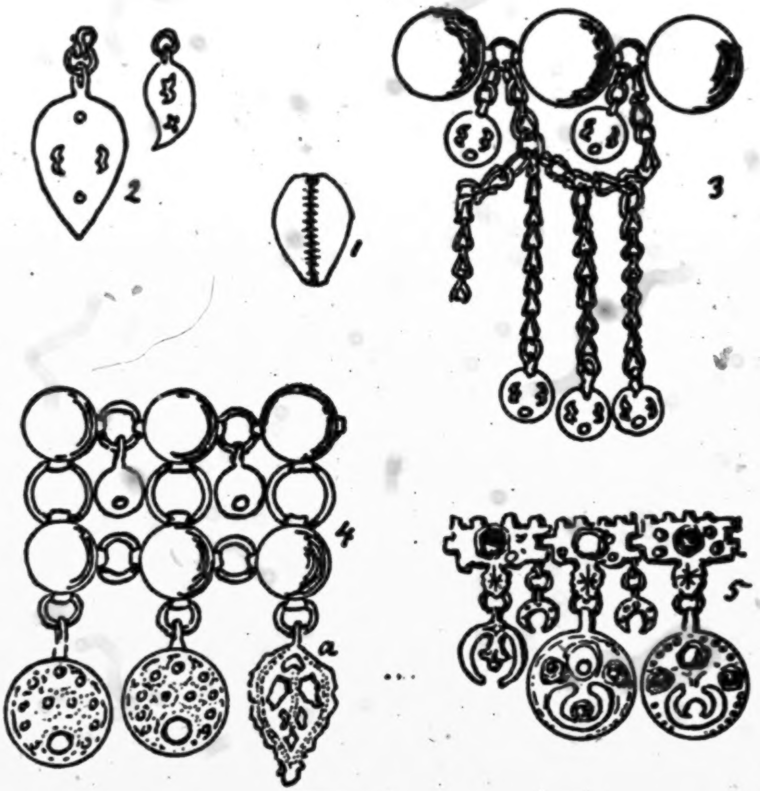


FIG. 19—SPECIMENS SHOWING EVOLUTION OF ORNAMENT FROM COWRY

1. Natural cowry. 2. Pendant common in North Albania. 3. Necklace from Kolashin, Montenegro (old specimen). 4. Breast ornament from Nikaj, North Albania (modern). 5. Old necklace, Scutari.

A doves perch on many a wooden grave-cross. Especially good examples
● [531] are at Boga. A dove forms part of the decorative design worked on the scarlet cloak worn by the Catholic married women of Scutari, as
A does also the serpent. My repeated inquiries failed to find any explana-
142 tion of this dove. "It must be some old tale which we have forgotten,"
171 was the reply of the embroiderers. The Glasinatz amulets from ancient

To the Land of the Eagle

291
531 I stopped one morning at a shop where an old man was busily embroidering a cloak. It was one of the great cloaks which are worn by the Scutari ladies, and the work was very intricate and fine. One of the completed cloaks—a voluminous garment of terrific weight—hung at the front of the shop. I asked the price. The embroidery was black on a scarlet ground and covered the whole cloak in a pattern of spirals. It must have taken him months to complete, yet all he asked for it was two napoleons (32s.), and I daresay, OOO had I made him an offer, he would have accepted less. In order to show it off the better he put the cloak on and strutted up and down outside—an impromptu mannequin parade which much amused the onlookers. I fear he was disappointed when I went away without making a purchase, but if one bought all the beautiful and cheap things one saw when travelling one would have to charter a ship to bring them home.

534 One little purchase I did make, however, when wandering one day in the country outside Scutari. This was a small pipe on which a shepherd lad was playing a most fascinating modal tune. At first he refused to part with it, but his father, who came out from an adjacent cottage, settled the question by taking it away from him and thrusting it into my hand. The boy looked glum at this summary disposal of his property, but a handful of small coins consoled him, and before I left he was happily engaged in making another. The pipe had five double fingerholes—its two reed stems being side by side—and terminated in a bell-mouth made

A wide rudely made ladder leads to the first floor, along 352 which runs a passage, or *hodnik*, four or five feet broad, [417] made of uneven and draughty planks that give precarious hold to Western shoes. Dark cupboards of rooms open on both sides, one for each married man of the *zadruga*, with his wife and children. Sometimes they possess a window-slit, sometimes not. They are furnished with nothing besides a home-made plank bed, covered with the much-valued long-fleeced sheepskin rugs, made from sheep that have never been shorn, a clothes-chest, a loom, a distaff, and a stock of cotton and fleece.

In houses with only one top storey the large guest-room takes up the whole width of the house at one end of the [342] passage. At the other end is the small apse-closet. But in a house with two upper storeys the entire top floor is devoted to the guest-room, which is reached by another perilous home-made ladder.

This guest-chamber is far the largest and best-furnished room in the house; its ceiling, however, is as low as the rest. The floor-boards fit better, although, as in the other rooms, the door rests on a fixed barrier, twelve inches high, which keeps off draughts from those who are reclining on rugs or mats. A half or a third of the floor is spread with carpets, and enclosed by a low wooden kerb. Here against the walls are laid many long stiff cushions, tight with wool or straw, and covered with coarse hand-woven woollen stuff, worked in bright greens, reds, whites, and purples, [531] in chevron-like patterns on a black or yellow ground. These colours, in similar bold Albanian designs, are repeated on the light wood of the doors, unless these are carved instead. Outside the kerb stands a kind of bed-seat, about a foot high, with very simply carved back and arms, spread with the finest of the long-fleeced sheepskins. On one side of the room the fire burns within an immense [354] chimney-place, projecting far into the room and reaching up to the low roof.

The men have their meals in the guest-chamber. They 264 sit cross-legged and unshod upon cushions round the *sofra*, 516 eating from the dishes brought as far as the door by the 562

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia EF1

Albania EG1 ●
Serbs EF6
Bulgaria EE1
Contemporary Macedonians EF7

A Y

Other alien materials are small pieces of dyed cloth, silk ribbons, silver and gold 286
braids and manufactured lace, often used on the sleeve edges of shirts. These 291
materials were bought in the village shops and markets, and appear to be largely 294
of Austrian and Italian origin ; under Turkish rule they were sold in the villages
by pedlars.

In the South and Albania, where Turkish influence is greater, there is a tendency, A
especially amongst the women of the towns, to wear garments made from more Y
sumptuous materials so that, in addition to the hand-woven linens, extremely fine 291
muslins of native make are used for shirts and aprons, and silken materials of 439
beautiful quality for girdles, sleeves and the Moslem type of women's trousers. Fine
woollen cloth from Austria and Italy is also imported for the making of jeleks,
giubbas and japangi, and some of the nets used for the large embroidered veils worn
by many women, both Catholic and Moslem, are of foreign origin.

Materials used for Embroidery and other Decorative Purposes.

These also fall into two classes, home-made and purchased. M S

The fine wools, used largely in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Macedonia, for the 291
decorative embroidery of oshvitza, sleeves, woollen coats, aprons and the making 294
of fringes are spun and dyed by the women themselves. Dark brown and black
goat's hair is also used in the apron fringes. "Goat's hair was extensively used in 531
the Balkans for weaving market bags, saddle-bags and floor mats in stripes. The
goats, clipped in uneven ridges, looked very ridiculous." (M.E.D.).

Ribbons, gold and silver braid and strips of coloured cloth were purchased and used as appliqué on skirts, head dresses, aprons and caps. In older and finer examples of embroidery, silk was used, and was locally produced and dyed.

In Albania and the south silk is the usual medium for embroidery, which B
decorates shirts, muslin aprons and japangi, although on some head scarves from A
Zadrima and the Bulgarian woman's costume from Monastir, which are decorated 291
in the well-known Turkey red, the material used is cotton or very tightly twisted 531 ●
wool almost like a fine cord. Both silk, woollen and cotton threads are of home
production. Amongst the photographs given by Miss Durham is one of a Moslem
man spinning silk on a roadside on the outskirts of Scutari (Skodar). Gold thread
is much used, and strips of beaten silver and brass are worked into the headings
of braids.

Braiding and cording are amongst the other important forms of decoration, A
narrow braids and ends of wool, silk and gold thread being hand plaited and twisted. 291
Coats of the sleeveless type, both for men and women, the short jelek, the three- 531
quarter length giubba, and the men's full trousers (Plate V. "f") are often 294
decorated with cords and braids sewn down in beautiful curved designs. The 463
"elaborate embroideries on the japangi and the handsome braided designs are
usually the work of men Albanian tailors". (M.E.D.).

Until in recent years foreign dyes, imported in small packets, were sold in the A Y
shops the women themselves dyed their materials. Most of the examples in this 294
collection have been so coloured with vegetable dyes ; black being obtained from 386
ash bark (*Fraxinus excelsia*) ; green from flowering rush with the addition of copper
sulphate which was got from the shops ; yellow from sumach (*Rhus cotinus*) ; red

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia EF1

Albania EG1 ●
Serbs EF6
Croats EF4

A
Y

294
386
from madder; reddish brown from green walnuts (*Juglans regia*) and blue from copper sulphate.

A
Y
S
291
●531
301
302
777
Metallic decorations are also worn, and are almost always hand made by the men; large ornaments and belt clasps of silver or silvered brass are worn at the waist, silver coins and imitation coins are worn as a trimming to caps, and as necklaces and pendants to girdles. Ear-rings are also worn by some Slav peasants, especially Moslems. "The little ornament made of a small brass thimble and coloured beads was worn as a dangle at the end of the long pigtail. The pair of long plaits on either side of the face of the Bosnian woman in the frontispiece are ornamented with coins, tassels of beads and this thimble."

"Many of the objects worn on head-dresses are amulets to keep off the "evil eye" and include also such things as cowries and, in Bosnia, small mirrors." (M.E.D.).

CHAPTER III.

S
C
291
531

Women's Costume in the Central and Coastal Areas of Yugoslavia.

The main features of the costume worn (by all but the Moslem women) in the central and coastal areas of Yugoslavia are shown by the illustration of the Orthodox Bosnian woman (see Frontispiece).

In this area three cultures have influenced costume and its decoration, Central European culture which has travelled along the river valleys from the north, Mediterranean culture through Italian influence on the Dalmatian coast, and Balkan culture with its own Oriental tendencies. The married woman's costume consists of a long or medium length *shirt*, embroidered at the neck, front-opening and on the sleeves. The shorter type is similar in style to that shown on Plate IA, and the longer to that on Plate IXA, but without the embroidery at the bottom edge. A full, fairly long *skirt* of woollen or felted cloth is worn in the winter, and in summer may be exchanged for a linen skirt, sometimes closely pleated, with wide horizontal bands of cross-stitch or embroidery. A *girdle* of either folded linen with embroidery, or a tablet-woven belt such as is shown (Plate IVe) with its end hanging down in front, is worn around the waist and helps to keep up the heavy *apron* of tapestry weaving with its deep fringe (Plate III). A *short coat* of woollen cloth with embroidered decoration, often sleeveless, is added for outdoor wear, and in winter a longer coat with side gores replaces it. This is also often sleeveless.

In the coastal area and some other parts of old Bosnia and Herzegovina a *jelek*, or zouave, is worn, similar in shape but differing in colour from those in Plates X and XI, which are from the southern area.

S
302
301
291
Married women in many districts of Bosnia wear their hair in two plaits hanging down over either shoulder in front, and as a *head-dress* have a diagonally folded kerchief, generally cream or white in colour, with the back corner embroidered and a red ribbon along the edge. In the coastal district a fringe is also added to the head-dress (Plate IVa).

On the feet thick *woollen stockings* ("sharapa") are worn, and over these, handsomely decorated short socks, which act as slippers in the house and are replaced by leather "opanke" for out-of-doors (Figure 9).

[Text continues on p. 14]

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia EF1

Contemporary Macedonians EF8
Croats EF4
Serbs EF6
Albania EG1 ●

the women of Zagreb always have a band of clipped wool, resembling fur, along the lower edges of their jackets, and those of Dubrovnik have particularly narrow fronts, probably to display the wide type of oshvitza which is popular there.

Y
C
291
294

As the most important of the jeleks in this collection are from the southern area of Yugoslavia or Albania, detailed descriptions and drawings appear in Section II, but there is one example from Bosnia, of which Mrs. E. L. Hickson was the donor though the specimen was collected by Miss Durham. A description of this follows :—

531
A
[291]

No. 1936·117. It is an excellent specimen of fine silk cord braiding in black and white, with two braided straps which meet to form a fastening in front, with hooks underneath and three beautifully braided buttons on the top.

A
M
291
531 ●

The material used for the garment is a black woollen face cloth of very good quality, probably of Austrian origin. Rows of white silk cord and plaited black silk braid alternate to form a border round the sleeve opening and around the neck and front, and a waved design at the lower edge of the jacket. This waved style is common to many Macedonian and Albanian examples so that, although bought in Bosnia, this can hardly be considered a typical Bosnian specimen.

The back and under-arm portions of the garment have a conventional four-petalled flower design in white silk braid, with another white motive which appears to be the leaves of a plant like an arum growing in a basket or pot. The ground is filled in with black silk cord work.

The front opening has the usual added flaps at each side decorated with fourteen half-buttons in moulded brass, and the whole garment is both elegant and handsome.

CHAPTER VI.

Aprons (Pregaca).

Y
291
294
286

The aprons which form such a distinctive feature of the women's dress are heavy, and should be very hard wearing. They are mostly woven in the tapestry manner, that is, each motive is darned in on the warp threads whilst these are stretched on a frame or in a loom, by means of a needle or a spool like a small netting needle. Tapestry weaving is generally worked on the wrong side, and its modern equivalent in embroidery is needle-weaving. The warp in these aprons is made of hemp, and the weft is usually a harsh, rather coarse wool, dyed either dark blue, dark red tending towards maroon, dark brown, yellow or green. When white is needed a bleached hempen yarn similar to the warp is used.

S
C
291
294
286
531

One example from Banjaluka (No. 1935·80) is worked in a different manner and, with the exception of a few strands of coarse wool, a fine hempen yarn is used for both warp and weft, the latter being dyed several colours. The patterns in the apron appear to have been woven on a four-heddle loom, and are variations of the well-known "monk's belt" design.

All the aprons are heavilly fringed down the sides and along the bottom edge; these fringes, which vary in depth from four to eight inches are generally made of coarse, dark wool, but some are intermingled with black goat's hair. They have been made with the aid of tablets as all have headings of a simple tablet weave.

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia EF1

Croats EF4

Balkan Peoples E13

Serbs EF6

Albania EG1

c

By using different colours of silk a pattern of greater effect is produced, in this 291
case larger squares of orange and black, consisting of nine small ones, are arranged 286
alternately to form diagonal rows, divided by rows of single small squares in self 531
colour. Each large square has the central small one worked in gold thread, and the
edges of the girdle are whipped with self-coloured silk.

Footwear.

All over the Balkans and in Albania both men and women of the peasant tribes S
and of the hill tribes wear two pairs of thick, knitted woollen socks, the outer pair A
being elaborately decorated with appliqué and embroidery on top of the knitting, B
and forming a sort of slipper when the outdoor sandal is discarded on entering the Y
house. "In Yugoslavia these over-socks are called 'opanke', in Albania 'opangi' 291
and in Rumania 'opinstsi'. The sandals are made of roughly dried hide, and when
newly made the soles are soaked in oil till pliable. This helps to mould them to the 531
foot, and the pliability of the leather gives the toes a good grip, especially on rocks 286
or when climbing." (M.E.D.). 281

With the exception of a pair of leather opanke from Nish (Niš) in Serbia, made to fit a child (No. 1936-62), the opanke and socks in this collection are all of Albanian origin. They are illustrated and described in Section II.

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia
Albania EG1

291
531
294

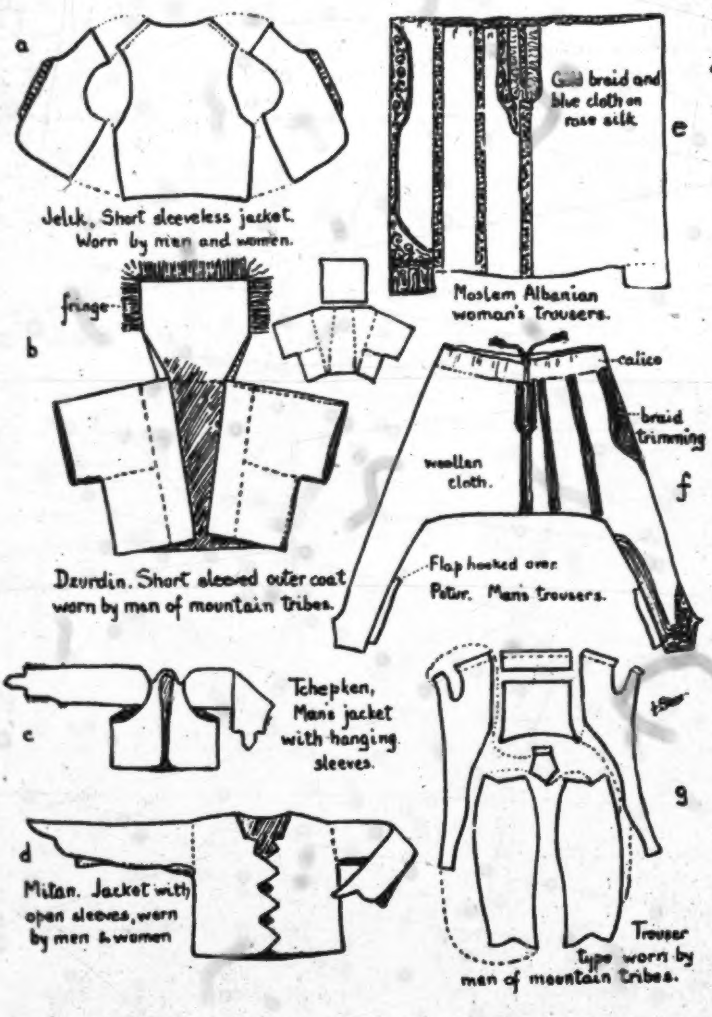

a
Jelek. Short sleeveless jacket. Worn by men and women.
e
Gold braid and blue cloth on rose silk
Moslem Albanian woman's trousers.
fringe
b
Dzurdin. Short sleeved outer coat worn by men of mountain tribes.
calico
braid trimming
woollen cloth.
f
Flap hooked over
Petur. Man's trousers.
Tchepken, Man's jacket with hanging sleeves.
c
g
d
Mitan. Jacket with open sleeves, worn by men & women
Trouser type worn by men of mountain tribes.

PLATE VI.—Patterns of some Albanian garments. a, b, d, g, From "Albanien," by Franz Baron Nopsca. c, e, f, Adapted from "Costumes of Eastern Europe," by Max Tilke.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia
Albania EG1

291 (f) Turkish shoes.
177 (g) " Bunches of coloured handkerchiefs hanging from the pocket hole of the giubba or coat under the japangi " (M.E.D.).

Married Catholic women for outdoor wear add a " japangi ", that is, a large
[292] scarlet cape with brilliant embroideries, having a flap down the back to be used
instead of the square head-dress or the veil (Plate XII).

The men wear a shirt and folded girdle, often of striped silk, through which
291 weapons are thrust, short Turkish trousers (Plate VIf), a sleeveless jelek (Plate VIa),
531 or a jacket with open sleeves (Plate VIc and d) and a small round hat with a tassel,
like an old-fashioned smoking cap (cf. Plate XVID).

The Moslem women of Scutari wear :—

(a) A similar shirt, but with wide open sleeves, often elaborately embroidered and usually of fine muslin.
(b) Full Turkish trousers of striped or embroidered silk or gauze (Plate VIe).
(c) A short-waisted jelek, or a long-skirted coat without sleeves or, for older women, with bell-shaped sleeves.
(d) As head-dress, a cap decorated with coins or a thick yashmak.

The women of Zadrima, a town on the River Drin, wear :—

(a) A shirt of similar style to those of Scutari, but sometimes with a cross-over front like a Chinese jacket fastening on the wrong side.
(b) Full skirts of heavy material, accordion pleated.
(c) A jelek, usually ornamented in scarlet and yellow.
(d) An apron which may be of the heavy tapestry type or of muslin, embroidered.
(e) Long scarves with decorated ends for head-dresses.
(f) Knitted and embroidered leggings and sandals (" opanga ").

The men of Zadrima wear a jelek, either sleeveless or of the half-sleeve type (Plate VIc) over their shirt, Turkish trousers with elaborately hand-braided designs on the hips and outside of legs (Plate VIf), a leather belt for weapons and a round cap-like hat.

Another type of costume which is worn in many parts of old Macedonia is that of the Bulgar woman from Monastir (Bitolj), where the long shirt of heavy linen or calico (Plate IXA), heavily embroidered at the sleeves and hem, acts also as a skirt, and is girdled at the waist with rows of cord forming a sort of corset, which is decorated with silver ornaments. A handsome heavy tapestry apron worked in scarlet (Plate IXc), and a wide scarf (Plate IXB) with heavily embroidered ends complete the costume.

This type of garment, with its long front opening, is a very ancient form, and is similar to some of the early Egyptian garments*.

The women of the mountain tribes wear :—

(a) A shirt, sometimes with cloth sleeves decorated with coloured strips of felt, similar to the trimming on the skirt.
(b) A full skirt of heavy cloth with appliquéd patterns.
(c) A jelek or a jacket (" mitan ") (Plate VId) in which case the shirt does not have sleeves of cloth.

---

* L. E. Start: "Coptic Cloths." Bankfield Museum Notes, Ser. II. No. 4.

Contemporary Macedonians EF8
Serbs EF6
Albania FG1

A

(d) A heavy tapestry worked apron, or possibly two, one at the back and one at the front. 291

(e) A woollen sash round the waist and over it a leather belt, sometimes with metal ornaments or chains. 531

(f) Long scarves or square kerchiefs as head-dresses.

(g) Thick knitted socks with embroidered ornament, and leather sandals or opanga.

CHAPTER IX.

Materials and their Decoration.

S
A
291
286

It is interesting to note that other materials besides those described in Section I. are used in making the garments worn in the south. The shirts, instead of being either of handmade linen or heavy calico, are more often made of fine muslin with silk stripes, or of an open crepe-like cotton fabric, both home spun and woven. Sometimes they are of striped silken fabric. Muslin with silk stripes is used for the daintier types of aprons which often have silk embroidered borders.

The trouser type of skirt is either of hard wearing, dark, cotton cloth, imported material, or of striped silk or even gauze of local manufacture, and may be handsomely embroidered, often with the addition of gold thread (Plate VIe).

Head-dresses in the form of scarves or kerchiefs for gala occasions may be of silk or cotton gauze, or of silk striped muslin, with silk stitchery and gold and silver embroidery (Plate XV). Fine handmade silk and cotton nets, as well as imported material, are handsomely embroidered to form the large lace veil (Fig. 8).

The sleeveless jelek and giubba are usually of fine woollen cloth, and are elaborately braided with plaited silk and cords.

M
[291
531]

When heavier material such as linen or thick cotton cloth is used in garments like those from Monastir (Bitolj) and some of the odd sleeves, the embroidery is nearly always in Turkey red with touches of gold and black.

All the colourings tend to be gayer, and yet are often very refined in their choice, and the use of gold in the form of thread and plate is widespread.

In the embroidery, cross-stitch gives place to petit-point; pulled stitches (which produce an open work effect); satin stitch; double running for outlines; and fancy filling stitches, which provide great variety. Needlepoint decorates the edges of shirt sleeves, scarves and bedspreads, which are often of exquisite workmanship.

Some of the patterns and the method of working the stitchery are included in the following chapters which deal with the various parts of the costume from these areas.

CHAPTER X.

A. Women's Shirts.

Y
A
291

The women's shirts from Albania and the south of Yugoslavia are of two forms, the shorter type worn with either a full cloth skirt, or the wide-trousered variety, and the long form, which is shirt and skirt combined.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

Montenegrins EF5

A

The neck of the garment is uncut, but the ends of the sleeves are beautifully embroidered in natural coloured floss-silk in a conventional flower design worked in satin-stitch and pulled-stitch to which the open weave lends itself. Below this border is a chevron design in pulled-stitch with the triangles filled by a little chequered square in satin-stitch. At the extreme edge is a beautiful needlepoint lace of unusual design worked in natural coloured cotton. The whole border is an example of delicate workmanship. 291 286 531

M

B. Oshvitza.

The little worked borders, called oshvitza, which form the collars and outline the front-openings of the shirts are always worked separately from the garment and applied to it by plain or fancy stitching. The specimens in the collection are nearly all from Montenegro. As has already been stated, the young girls work them in their leisure moments and whilst tending sheep, and are often quite willing to sell what is a bit of exquisite stitchery for about a shilling. 291 286 531 [462 435]

The material used is generally a fine hand-woven linen, and two strips are needed, one for the collar band and one for the front-opening. As the length of the collar embroidery varies from 14 to 16 inches (35·6 to 40·6 cm.), and that for the front from 13 to 15 inches (33 to 38 cm.), strips of linen 3 inches (7·6 cm.) wide for the collar and 4 inches (10·2 cm.) for the front, and about one inch longer than the required length are used.

The two little borders for the front-opening are worked parallel to one another about an inch apart as shown at a, a^1 (Plate VIIA), and then just at the inner edge of the work the cloth is doubled back and the folded edge buttonholed over. This process is indicated in the lower part of " A ". When the front is applied to the garment, the strip is cut between the two " a's ", and helps to neaten both the right and the wrong sides of the opening.

The worked strip tacked on to the left hand side of " A " is the collar piece.

Nos. 1936·24—41. There are eleven complete sets, three front-openings and two collar pieces in the collection. All are Montenegrin in origin, and they include a variety of patterns, many of which are traditional " . . . and are copied from one another without any marking out. The wife of the German Minister at Cetinje at the time of the Balkan wars had collected two hundred different patterns." (M.E.D.).

A few of the more interesting patterns in the collection are illustrated on Plate VII where, at " A " (No. 1936·24), there is a very popular and neat little motive known as " . . . 'mala krushka' or little pear. The wild crab-pear is common in these lands, hard and astringent, but with a pear flavour." (M.E.D.).*

The pattern at " B " (No. 1936·26) is called " . . . 'kukatcha', the scorpion fly. It appears to represent a fly with bent tail and sting, the group of three alternating stitches at the top being wings. 'Krstatz' figured at 'C' (No. 1936·25) is a stylised form of the four-leaved Herb Paris, which has four leaves with a berry in the middle." (M.E.D.).†

Combinations of motives are often made, and there are many varieties of the motives themselves, whilst another example at " d " on Plate I is similar to one named

---

* M. E. Durham: " Balkan Peninsula. Place Names." *Man.* March 1923.

† M. E. Durham: " Some Balkan Embroidery Patterns." *Man.* May 1923.

[Text continues on p. 41]

Bulgaria EE8
Albania EG1

B
An elaborate border surrounds the apron which is edged all round with a row of 292
fringe, about an inch in width, in red and browns, but at the lower edge by two 286
additional rows of short fringe in scarlet and crimson, and then a four inch fringe 531
of scarlet backed with brown, having a handsome wrapped heading three-quarters of an inch deep.

The heading of the first narrow fringe is of strip brass made into flattened tubes round bunches of the threads, next to this comes a row of black and white beads, then three rows of brass tubes used like long beads, a three-quarter inch band of gold braid with an open lace edging of gold measuring another half inch. The whole border is finished off by another row of alternate black and white beads (Fig. 6 " c ").

At the lower edge of the apron as shown at " C " on Plate IX two more rows of the gold braid are added as well as the deeper fringe. All this heavy work at the lower edge of the apron is strengthened at the back by pieces of felt at the corners and a broad woven black and white braid above the top row of the fringe.

In addition to these garments the woman might wear a jelek and, for out-of-doors, a fairly long white woollen coat with more embroidery or braiding.

CHAPTER XII.

Some Garments from Zadrima.

A
The group of specimens illustrated on Plate X are the more decorative parts of 291
the attire of a peasant woman from Zadrima, a town near Scutari, on the River Drin. 286
The colouring is predominantly Turkey red with touches of yellow, white (either as 531
background or ornament), a little green and a little dark blue.

In addition to those articles shown there would be a shirt with decorated oshvitza, perhaps with the opening as a cross-over, and a full skirt of heavy material.

No. 1935-28. The jelek (Plate XA and B), which was worn over the shirt, has a foundation of a diagonally woven cotton cloth, like a twill, which from the irregularity of the weaving appears to be of home production. This is stiffened with parchment or some similar substance and lined with a fine imported, slightly glazed calico.

The garment is 12 inches (30·5 cm.) deep and 17 inches (43·2 cm.) wide, and has two added flaps of scarlet felt in the front which are decorated with half buttons of gilded brass.

It is bordered, and the back divided into panels by an inch wide band of plaited braids made up alternately of three square plaited red braids each having eight strands, and four variegated braids in red, yellow, white and black consisting of four red, two black, two red and two yellow strands. Eight of the threads in the latter are used as two groups of four for cores over which the other two are plaited, a new colour pair being taken from the core as required. Inside the plaited border round the neck and down the front a bright strip of gold and scarlet ribbon is applied, this is represented by the dotted band in Plate XA and B.

The two shaped panels in the front are ornamented by lines and an Ionic wave pattern made by sewing down side by side a scarlet and a yellow cord.

[Text continues on page 49]

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia
Albania EG1

291
415
531

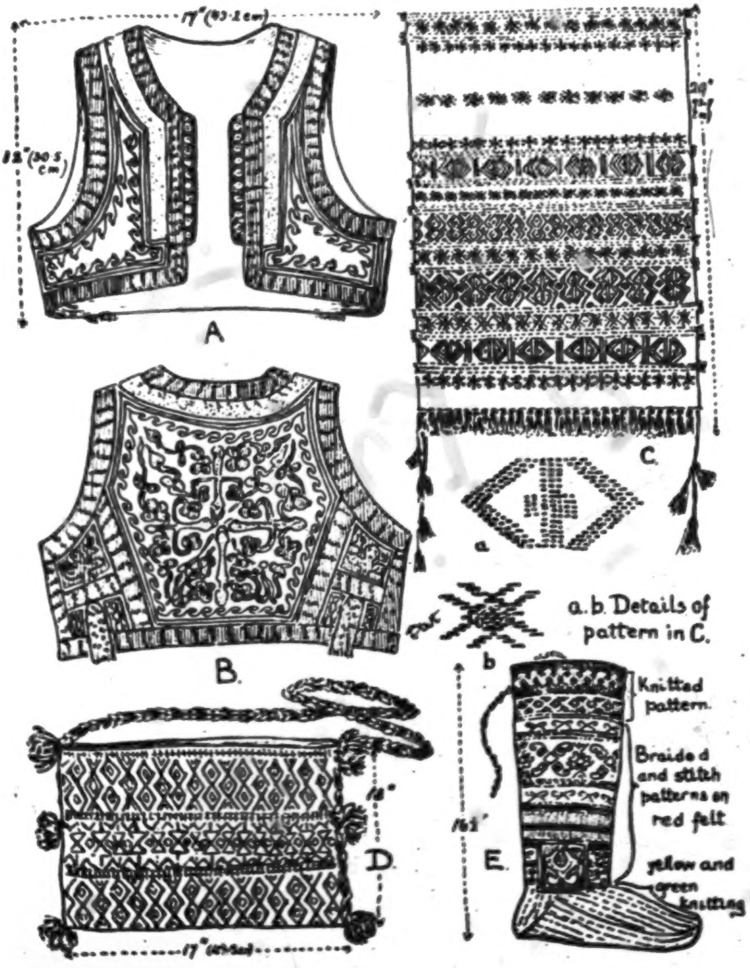

17" (43·2 cm)
12" (30·5 cm)
A
B.
C
20"
a
b
a. b. Details of pattern in C.
18"
17" (43·2cm)
D.
16½"
E.
Knitted pattern.
Braided and stitch patterns on red felt
yellow and green knitting

PLATE X.—A Zadrima woman's garments. A, B, Front and back of jelek. C, Half of head scarf. D, Knapsack market bag. E, Legging.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

The principal panel on the back has a white ground outlined by border lines and 291
a similar wave worked in the same way, but the conventional flower pattern which 286
fills the rest of the space is braided solidly in red cord, with eight radiating wavy 531
motives in yellow. The two side panels are very simply braided with yellow on a background of scarlet felt. " The braiding is done entirely by men." (M.E.D.).

No. 1936-60. The Zadrima woman's head scarf is nearly five feet long without its little corner tassels, and eighteen inches wide. One half is shown on Plate X at " C ". It is made of a fine, but rather open, tabby weave of cotton, dyed pale yellow, and in the unworked part there are some thicker weft stripes in natural coloured cotton. It is heavily and handsomely decorated for most of its length, and the lay-out and design of the patterns is indicated at " C ", where the dotted lines which separate the geometrical patterns represent a series of weft stripes, mainly red but with touches of dark blue. These stripes are woven over groups of warp threads, each spool carrying a bundle of weft threads, as many as six or eight very fine ones being used. The patterns themselves are also worked in with similar bundles of weft threads, and have been woven into the cloth by means of a number of free spools, one for each colour in each motive. The result is a very much raised design of great richness.

A similar result could be obtained by embroidery, but the pull of the multiple threads used would be greater and the raised effect, both on the back as well as the front, much less.

It will be noticed that alternate rows in the pattern are the same, the device at " b " on Plate X being the motive. Although these patterns are the same they are not worked exactly under one another, which suggests that the woven pattern is not dependent upon an elaborate arrangement of heddles but rather that there were the usual two heddles necessary for the tabby ground and a third, or a shed stick, which lifted two and kept down three warps to form a shed for use in picking up the patterns by hand with the free spools.

" It is of some interest to note that recently the French Customs House refused flatly to believe that similar work was woven, and declared the border to be hand-embroidered, and wanted to charge it as such. Such handsome head-dresses are no longer made." (M.E.D.).

A festival head-dress from the same district is described in Chapter XV, where other head-dresses are discussed.

No. 1935-77. A bag, measuring 17 inches (43·2 cm.) wide and 12 inches (30·5 cm.) deep, which goes with the jelek, head-scarf and leggings, is worked with free spools on a rather open hand-woven cloth, exactly in the same way as the scarf, but is a coarser piece of work and less interesting in colour, which is again mainly red with touches of dull yellow and black (Plate XD). There is one interesting difference, however ; in this example the patterns are carried out in coarse wool whilst in the head-scarf the work is done by very fine cotton thread used in bundles.

A thick, three-stranded plaited cord in red, black and yellow, just over six feet long, is attached along the sides of the bag and forms loops for carrying. The bag is worn over one shoulder and leaves the hands free. The sides of the bag are seamed to the cord, and three thick woollen tassels decorate each side.

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

291 **No. 1935-68.** One of a pair of leggings for a Zadrima woman is illustrated at
" E " on Plate X. The foundation is of knitting done in coarse wool, the foot
286 portion striped in yellow and green, two stitches of each colour alternately, and the
531 top portion in the design indicated at " E ", in red and black.

The part below the latter is covered as far down as the ankle with red felt upon which braided patterns in scarlet, yellow and white are sewn down, and five rows of fine stitchery taken right through the knitting divide each set of motives.

The outer side of the legging is the part that has been drawn. On the inner side is a plainer panel, divided for the whole length of the felt, finished off with a felt flap, and both sides of the division hooked together with strong brass hooks and eyes. This arrangement ensures a well-fitted legging which is warm, comfortable and decorative. Over the knitted foot part a leather " opanga " would be worn.

[177] " Similar leggings, with local differences of pattern and colour, were formerly worn in many districts. This was the only pair I was able to obtain." (M.E.D.).

CHAPTER XIII.

Women's Jeleks.

In addition to the jelek on Plate X worn by a Zadrima woman, there are five others from Albania in the collection.

These little sleeveless jackets or zouaves are worn by both women and men in many districts and are usually beautifully decorated, chiefly by braiding, which is done by Albanian tailors. Amongst those not yet described is one of outstanding workmanship and design, that presented to Miss Durham by the Beys forming the provisional government of Berat in July, 1913, in token of gratitude. She says, " Korcha was occupied by Greek troops in the Balkan war of 1912-13, and the Greeks claimed it. Along with Mr. H. W. Nevinson (the famous war correspondent), I rode
[721 three days over the mountains, arriving at Berat early in the morning, and drafted
648] a telegram to the Council of Ambassadors in London as a petition from the inhabitants
of Korcha saying they wished to remain Albanian, and Korcha remains Albanian to this day as a result of that desperate ride."

No. 1937-19. This jelek, which has a foundation of black face cloth, either Austrian or Italian in origin, is entirely covered with gold embroidery, both raised and flat, in which expert use is made of gold thread or passing, gold cord, purl and sequins.

The design on the front, of conventional eight and four-petalled flowers connected by graceful curves and mingled with raised geometrical forms, is so elaborate that a reduced drawing of it would be unsatisfactory, but a small portion of one corner of actual size is reproduced in Fig. 7b, which also shows the four rows of plaited gold passing divided by three rows of gold cord which border the whole garment.

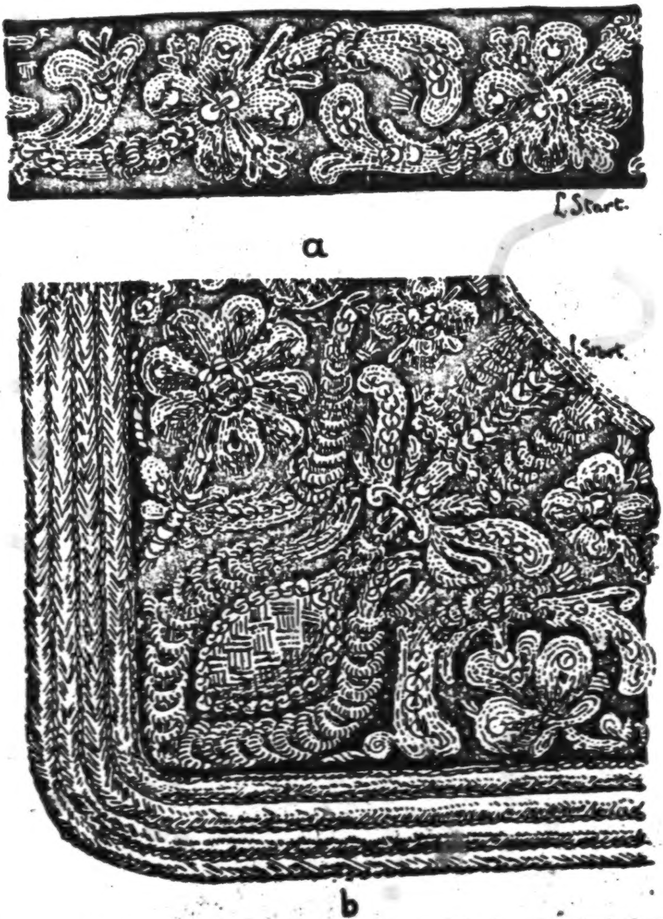
The back has a large bi-symmetrical motive which fills most of the space, and is bordered by the same design that almost encircles the armhole. A part of this border from near the lower edge at the back is given on Fig. 7a. The little added flaps at the front, usually found on jeleks, are absent from this specimen, being re-

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

placed by gold lace of a continuous wave pattern similar to the Ionic wave. Two 291
buttons are wrapped with gold thread in a manner like those enlarged at "d" on 286
Plate XI, and plain loops complete the fastening. 531

The garment is lined with yellow cotton material, nicely printed with red, daisy-like flowers, which appears to be English in origin.



L Start.

L Start.

FIG. 7.—Gold embroidery on presentation jelek. a, Portion of border surrounding back panel. b, Small portion of decoration on the front.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

291 286 Great richness of effect is produced by such close work in gold, which can only be compared to expert church embroideries, or those decorating some diplomatic uniforms, although the technique is much finer than is usual on these latter garments.

531 **No. 1935-75.** A very elegant jelek of violet velvet, almost entirely covered with gold cord and matching violet silk braids and cords, which comes from Ipek (Pec) and belonged to a Moslem woman, has a rather pathetic history. " In the Balkan war of 1912-13 the Montenegrins took Ipek and treated the Moslem inhabitants with [727] hideous brutality. Numbers fled with little but what they stood up in, and sold their garments to buy bread. This was sold by one of these poor victims who had been well-to-do." (M.E.D.). The front and back of the little jacket are illustrated in Plate XI at " A " and " B " ; but the refined richness of the purple braiding round the edge and outlining the panels, and the rows of patterned cord work surrounding the gold motive in the centre of the back, cannot be successfully given, as if these parts were made dark as they are in the garment details could not be effectively shown. Gold cord braiding decorates the long narrow front panel (a part is shown at " b "), and there is a little running border on the collar (Plate XI " a "). The inside band, which appears light in the drawing (Plate XIA) consists of eight rows of plaited gold passing sewn down with purple silk. The two side panels in the front (Plate XI " c ") have the gold ornament worked in twisted gold thread with the background filled in by rows of purple silk cord. The side panel at the back is similarly worked. Finally the front-opening has sixteen very handsome gold buttons, each made by covering a wooden mould with gold thread, a little purple cord as contrast to emphasize the arrangement of the wrapping, and seven coral beads (Plate XI " d ").

The jacket is lined with a printed cotton lining of mid-Victorian design.

No. 1936-42. Fine black cloth is the foundation of the third jelek, which is bordered by five, plaited, black silk cords, which along the lower edge of the jacket form a large Ionic wave design, each spiral being centred by a rather poor variety of gilt ribbon.

The same ribbon is placed as a stripe down the front, and between it and the braided edge there is a neat little pattern of leaves with a wavy stem worked in gold cord.

The back of the jelek has a centre and two side panels handsomely braided in white silk cord. The design, with its four-petalled flower, has a great similarity to the one on the back of the Zadrima jelek on Plate X, but is much more finely planned and worked. Raised centres of cord enhance the effect of the flowers and form the mid-rib of the conventional leaves.

The white cord design has a fine black cord outline but the black background renders this almost invisible. A black and white braid sewn in close loops finishes off the curves at the lower edge, and on each of the little added flaps in the front there are ten half-buttons in gilt brass.

No. 1939-1. The fourth of the jeleks in this group is an example of one covered entirely with work in gold braid.

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

At the lower edge it has the waved border, so usual in the south, consisting of 291
four parallel rows of plaited gold braid, which are carried up the front and round 286
the neck also. The small panels on the front have a leaf design with a raised midrib 531

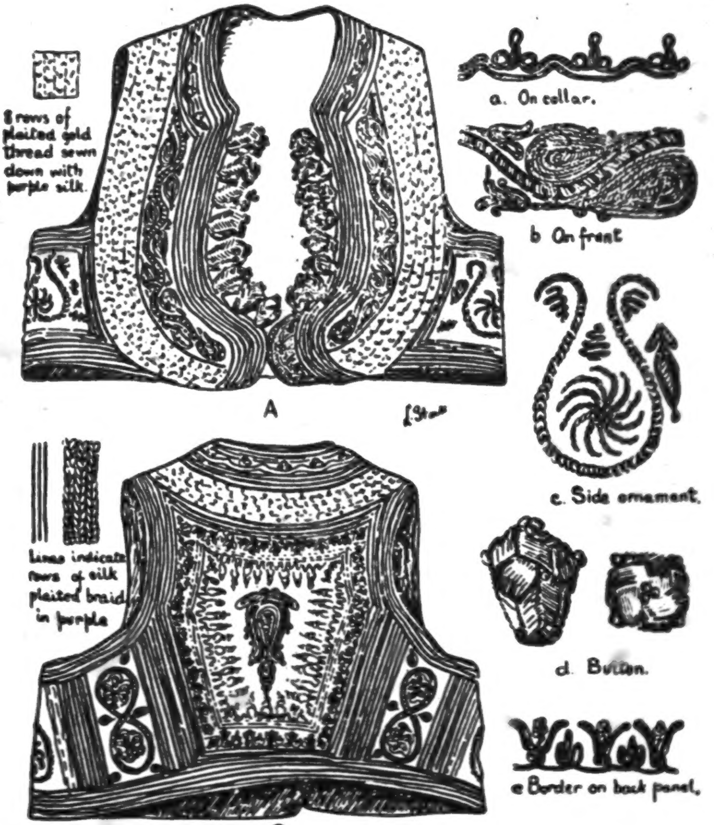

8 rows of plaited gold thread sewn down with purple silk.
a. On collar.
b On front
A
L Start
c. Side ornament.
Lines indicate rows of silk plaited braid in purple
d. Button.
e Border on back panel.
B

PLATE XI.—A, B, Front and back of "jelek" of reddish-purple velvet, elaborately decorated with braided patterns worked in fine cords and plaits made of purple silk and of gold passing. (From Ipek, Albania). a, b, c, e, Details of patterns worked in gold. d, Side and top of button covered by gold cord with red coral beads.

similar to "d" on Plate XIII. The back is divided into three panels, like the Zadrima example on Plate X, and these panels are entirely filled with the popular four-petalled flower motive, having a raised ring in the centre.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia
Albania EG1

291 286 531 The whole of this pattern work is braided in fine gold cord, and the usual half-buttons of gilt brass decorate the little added flaps on the front, just like the Zadrima example.

No. 1938-119. The last of the jelek in this group is another beautifully gold embroidered one given by Mrs. E. W. Hickson, which belongs to the magnificent gold braided giubba (No. 1938-118), described later.

It is made of an extremely fine black face cloth. The fronts are entirely covered by braiding in fine gold cord, four, six and many-petalled flowers growing out of sweeping curves fill most of the space, with leaves and smaller flowers in between. Most of the flower petals are slightly raised as in the presentation jelek (No. 1937-19).

The neck and front edges have broad bands formed of a series of gold plaited braids laid closely in rows in a similar manner to the other examples, and the plain back of the garment is also outlined and the seams emphasised by similar plaited braid and gold cord. This garment is particularly interesting as the worn-out [296] lining has been removed and the method of strengthening the cloth with parchment before working the braiding can be plainly seen.

When this garment is compared with its companion giubba it will be noted that a plain back was necessary as that of the giubba itself is heavily gold braided (Plate XIV).

CHAPTER XIV.

A. The Costume of a Roman Catholic Woman of Scutari.

291 292 531 In Albania, as elsewhere, native costume is rapidly disappearing, but when these specimens were collected between 1908 and 1914 it was almost universally worn, a different dress in different districts and for different religions; and the charming drawing by Miss Durham which forms the introduction to Section II (Plate V) illustrates the costume of a married Roman Catholic Scutarene. The scarlet outer cloak or "japangi" is worn over a sleeveless coat or "giubba", of which only the edge shows in the picture, and from whose pocket slot depends a large fancy silk handkerchief.

Under the flap of the japangi, which can be seen being held in position on the head by a cord, a lace veil is draped, partly concealing the face, and a fancy muslin, embroidered apron hangs down in front of the baggy trousered skirt (Plate VI e) with its stiff ankle bands, which in this Catholic woman's costume would be red, although otherwise similar to the gold braided ones belonging to a Moslem woman of Scutari which are figured on Plate XVIc.

An embroidered muslin shirt is worn under the trousered skirt, and girdled with a striped silk scarf, or a needleworked girdle with long ends (Plate XVIr). White knitted socks and Turkish shoes complete this out-of-door costume.

The details of the various items in the costume are discussed in the notes which follow, with the exception of the veil which is described in the chapter dealing with head-dresses.

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

B. The Japangi.

The japangi is the out-of-door cloak of a married woman, and is presented as a 291 wedding gift from the bridegroom to his bride.* It is made of scarlet cloth or felt, 294 often imported from Austria, and the handsome silk embroidery which decorates it 531● is the work of Albanian men tailors. It is interesting to note that according to old archives "Scarlet cloth was one of the items the Venetians used to bestow on local [431] Albanian chieftains in the days of Venetian domination in the Adriatic."†

The garment consists of two parts, the large circular cape and a rectangular flap for a hood which is attached to it (Plate XII a). Although the material is very wide there are some joinings, and a curved gore or a long dart is cut and joined together again to make the cloak fit well on the shoulders.

It is handsomely trimmed by three panels of embroidery, one on either side of the front, like the one at the left only in "b" on Plate XII, and one across the shoulders at the back (Plate XII c). These panels consist of strips, about an inch wide, of scarlet and dark red or maroon or black cloth seamed together to form a background of stripes upon which an elaborate pattern is solidly worked in chain-stitch in yellow, white, green and violet silk, the silk being home grown, spun and dyed in most cases. The joining of the front and back panels is disguised by a number of rows of plaited braids, plain yellow ones being used alternately with mixed red, black and white ones (Plate XII h). The silk strands of which the braids are made form a long fringe at either end (Plate XII g). "The embroidery is very noteworthy. It is done entirely by men, and the patterns are traditional [462] and vary very little, a bird, possibly a dove (Plate XII f), a serpent (Plate XII e), flowers and an ear of corn (Plate XII d) are always included, and it was impossible to get any explanation from the embroiderers as to why these items were always to be found. After much discussion by one excellent worker with his fellows they decided that it must be some old tale, long forgotten. The flowers and corn may be fertility emblems as this is a marriage garment." (M.E.D.).

When a woman becomes a widow she removes the embroidered panels and substitutes some black stripes instead, whose arrangement is shown at the right hand side of the front view of the japangi at "b" on Plate XII. A sketch (No.1935-27) by Miss Durham of a Scutarene widow wearing a japangi with black stripes can be [765] seen in the museum collection.

No. 1935-22. In addition to the japangi with the embroidery just described there are two other examples of the sets of embroidered panels, both from Scutari (Skodar), and one of which is drawn at "g" on Plate XII.

The fine felt stripes of which this ground is made are scarlet and very dark maroon, and the design and the technique of the embroideried work far outshines that of the other two specimens. Ivory silk chain-stitch, generally outlined in yellow, fills most of the important motives, but touches of pale blue, reseda green and violet appear here and there. The changes in the background colour enhance the richness of the general effect and part of the illustration at "g" on Plate XII has been filled in to give some idea of this variation in tone. The serpent, dove and corn

---

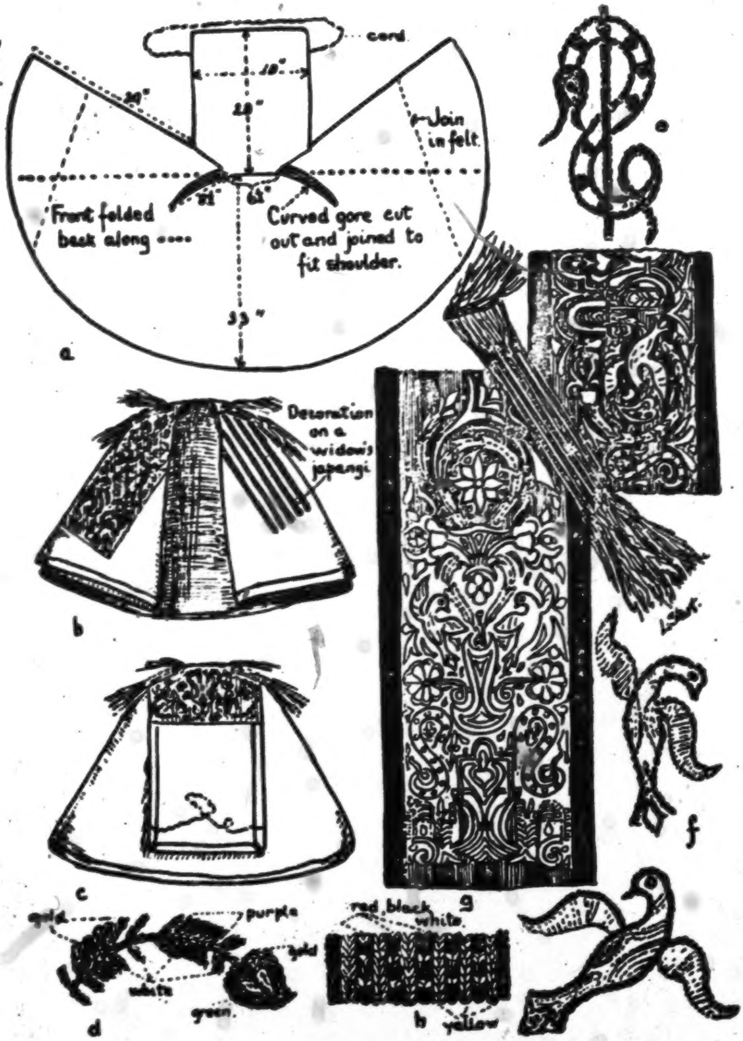
* M. E. Durham: "Some Balkan Embroideries." *Man*. Vol. XXIII. No. 5, 1923.
† loc. cit.

[Text continues on p. 57]

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

291
294
531



cord
10"
28"
30"
Join in felt.
21"
6½"
Front folded back along ----
Curved gore cut out and joined to fit shoulder.
33"
a
e
Decoration on a widow's japangi
b
L.Start.
f
c
g
gold
purple
gold
white
green
d
red black
white
yellow
h

PLATE XII.—Japangi. a, Pattern. b, Front. c, Back. d, e, f, Serpent, birds and corn or feathers from trimming on b, c. g, Half of embroidery on another japangi. h, Detail of shoulder braid.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

can be distinguished although exigencies of space prevent a large drawing of the design being available. The enlarged specimens on the plate are from the embroidery on the japangi shown at " b " and " c ". 291 294 531

No. 1937-6. The third example of embroidery for a japangi has a design worked in vivid orange, violet, emerald green and cerise outlined in white. The dyes are aniline and the result garish. The pattern, too, is not so good, the small four-petalled flowers dominating the design. The striped scarlet and black ground is made of a fine felt.

Those specially interested in the design itself will find a section of each of these patterns sketched by Miss Durham in her article on " Some Balkan Embroideries," in *Man.*, May, 1923., Vol. XXIII, No. 5 ; and she also states in her letters that she has seen the dove and serpent design on the corner of the sleeveless coat which formed part of the wedding dress of the Crown Princess Militza, wife of the Crown Prince Danilo, of Montenegro, which is now in the possession of her friend who was the English lady-in-waiting to the Princess.

C. The Giubba.

No. 1935-62. One of the most elegantly cut of all the garments in the collection is the giubba, a sleeveless coat, figured on Plate XIII. It is part of the indoor dress of the women and girls of Scutari, whether of the Christian or Moslem faith, and is worn over the shirt and full trousers or trousered skirt. The skirt-like enlargement of the lower part can be traced back to Persian and Tartaric garments, and adds [174] considerably to its graceful effect in wear (Plate XIII a). The giubba is made of a rich reddish brown face cloth of fine quality, and consists of five pieces, two fronts of fairly straight cut (Plate XIII b), a back which includes a long narrow gore tapering to the bottom of the skirt as shown in " c " on Plate XIII, and two circular shaped pieces which fit the gore and the side edges of the fronts. On the seam thus formed there is a long pocket-like decoration in which, at the bottom, there is a tiny two-inch slot, from which one or more patterned silk handkerchiefs may hang.

As will be seen from the measurements given on the plate, the garment is such as would fit a small and slender woman.

The coat is handsomely braided in black, three kinds of material being used, a thin and a thick twisted silk cord, the latter being usually applied on top of a closely laid fine cord, as indicated at " d " and " f " on Plate XIII, and a plaited silk braid which is used in rows to make the waved border all round the front and circular skirt part. Above this waved band a version of the popular continuous scroll, like an Ionic wave, forms two rows of trimming and for its working two operations are needed, a single line of cord, the darker in the drawing at " e " on Plate XIII, is sewn down first, and then a second row with little twirls at the top of the curve fills in the spaces of the first.

Some indication of the style of the patterns and their layout has been attempted at " b " and " c ", limitation of space preventing enlargements on a more adequate scale.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

291
294
531

The narrow back of the garment, which is outlined by several rows of plaited braid is also completely filled with a design which in its use of four-petalled flowers has some affinity with the patterns on the back of the jelek figured on Plate X.

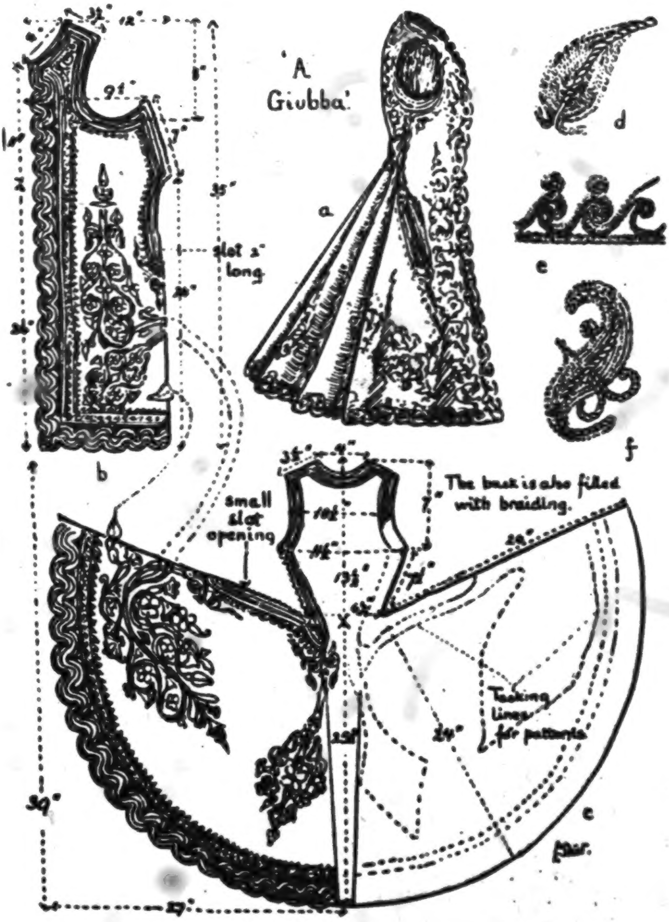

'A Giubba'
a
b
c
d
e
f
12"
8"
9½"
7"
35"
slot 2" long
30"
Small slot opening
The back is also filled with braiding.
29"
X
Tacking lines for patterns
24"
30"
27"

PLATE XIII.—A giubba from Scutari (now Skadar). b, Front section. c, Back. d, e, f, Details of braiding.

[Text continues on p. 60]

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia
Albania EG1

291
294
531

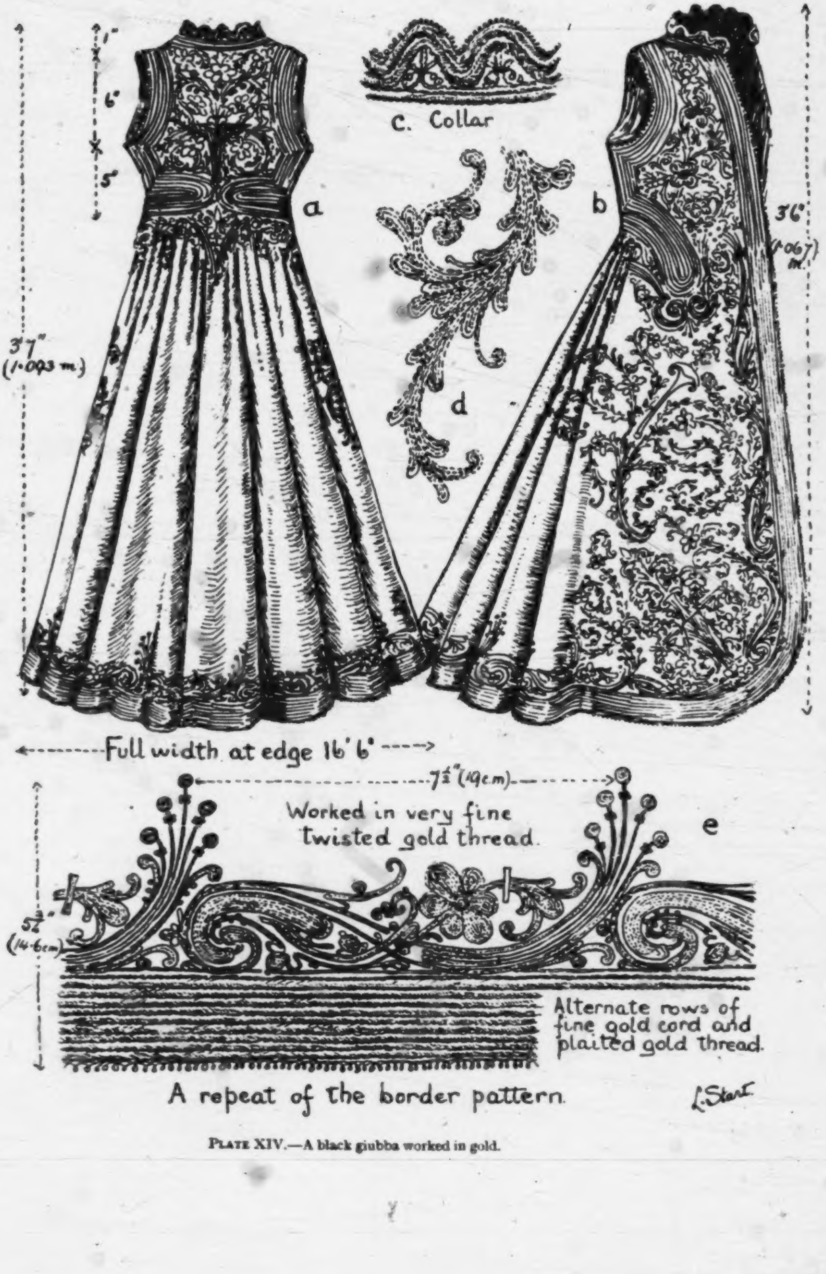

1"
6"
5"
37"
(1·093 m.)
a
c. Collar
d
b
36"
(1·067) m.
Full width at edge 16' 6"
7½" (19 c.m)
Worked in very fine twisted gold thread.
e
5¾"
(14·6 cm)
Alternate rows of fine gold cord and plaited gold thread.
A repeat of the border pattern.
L. Start

PLATE XIV.—A black giubba worked in gold.

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia EF1
Albania EG1

A All the designs are filled in solidly with the fine cord, and detail, such as veining,
291 emphasised with the coarser cord, the final effect of their flowing curvilinear designs
294 in black silk on a dark background being very handsome, yet subdued.

531 **No. 1936·118.** The most magnificent garment in the whole collection as well as the most beautiful from an artistic standpoint is this Albanian lady's giubba or coat (Plate XIV), presented by Mrs. E. L. Hickson, a sister of Miss Durham.

It is of fine black face cloth decorated on the front, back and hem by handsome braided designs in fine gold cord.

The cut of the coat is very elegant and varies somewhat from that just described and illustrated. The garment is built to fit a slender woman and the same small back appears, outlined by solid bands of gold one and a half inches wide, made up of seven rows of plaited gold passing, with gold cord between, but the skirt part is much fuller.

A complete circle of 40-42 inches (about 1 m.) radius was used to make the skirt with an overlap of about one foot in the front, where the cloth is cleverly cut so as to continue upwards for the front of the bodice part. For the waist a concentric circle of 9 inches to 11 inches was cut away so that the depth of the skirt became 31 inches (78·8 cm.) and all the extra fulness was skilfully gathered into the waist at the back, forming folds which add great dignity and elegance to the garment, and which give balance to the coat in wear. The lining, which is a printed cotton, with patterned stripes having alternate backgrounds of red and green, is of Mid-Victorian date so the giubba is probably at least eighty years old, yet its gold work and the cloth are in as perfect condition as if it had been made today.

No verbal description can give adequate expression to the beauty of this specimen, but the refinement of the border which edges the curved hem must be specially mentioned, and at "c", "d" and "e" on Plate XIV some idea of the braided designs is given, these must be translated in the reader's mind into fine gold cord braiding on a velvety black surface.

The last of the jeleks just described was worn with this giubba, and the gold braided front has similar designs. When the heavily decorated back of the coat is noted, the reason for leaving the cloth in the back of the jelek plain is quite obvious, and worn together, probably with a silk trousered skirt or Turkish trousers, the effect would be very handsome.

CHAPTER XV.

Head-dresses.

Y As was mentioned in the introduction to Section II, there is a great deal of
A variation in the types of head-dresses worn in Albania and Southern Yugoslavia,
291 but they fall into three main categories, the large lace or embroidered net or muslin
286 veil worn by Moslem and many Roman Catholic women, the square head kerchief and the long scarf.

There are two examples of the large lace veil in the collection, one being the example worn by the Roman Catholic woman from Scutari (Skodar) whose costume is illustrated on Plate V.

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

291
294
286
531

No. 1935-76. This is a very fine cotton net veil measuring 4 feet (1·3 m.) square, handsomely embroidered in floss silk. The design consists of a border 7 inches (17·8 cm.) wide, of which a small portion near a corner is illustrated in Fig. 8; large corner motives of a bouquet form, about 14 inches (35·6 cm.) square, reach almost to the centre and little floral sprays spot the remaining space.

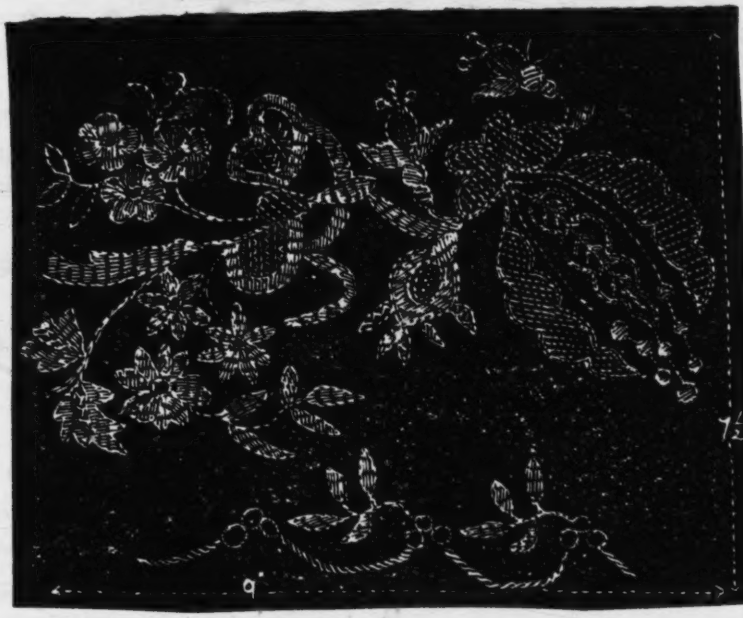


FIG. 8.—Part of the silk outlined and darned border on a silk lace veil.

The style of the lace, as can be seen from Fig. 8, is a fairly free treatment of floral forms. It is executed in an outline of double running with darning stitches and satin stitch as the chief filling-in stitches, although there are some ornamental filling stitches and overcast eyelets.

[171] The method of working this embroidered lace is similar in style and execution to the darned laces worked in England in the early 19th Century, and to some of those of Austria and Hungary of the same period and of somewhat earlier date*.

---

* "Peasant Art in Austria and Hungary." The Studio, Special Number, Autumn 1911.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1
Serbs EF6

A
291.
294
286
531

No. 1938·11C. The second example of the large semi-transparent veil also comes from Scutari, and is beautifully embroidered on fine sheer muslin. It is 4 feet (1·3 m.) square and the scheme of decoration is somewhat similar to the previous specimen, consisting of a border and large floral motives reaching from the corners almost to the centre.

The technique is interesting as a variation in surface texture and is obtained by the use of a soft white cotton as well as white floss silk for the stitching, thus in a spray of leaves some will be worked in satin-stitch in silk with a fine chain-stitch outline worked in soft white cotton, whilst others will be filled with satin-stitch in soft white cotton and have no special outline. Sometimes a flower will be partly worked on the wrong side and the rest solidly on the right, thus producing a contrasting softness such as is seen in modern shadow embroidery. Many fancy fillings are used, and the centres of the larger flowers consist of very fine drawn thread work whipped over to form an openwork of small squares. For the needlewoman this veil is full of suggestions as regards stitchery as well as the decorative treatment of floral motives, and there are also some rather amusing birds with sprigs of leaves in their mouths, possibly symbolic of the return of the dove to the ark, hovering over the big corner motives.

A
9
286
291
531
294

The two examples of head kerchiefs are both illustrated on Plate XV and are from Prizren in the Kossovo Villayet.

The one at " A " is of fine hand-woven cotton cloth of a natural creamy colour, and is embroidered in silk with touches of gold thread. The design at the corner is reminiscent of the Persian pink, and the little triangular-shaped motives round the edge are a variant of the tree of life, which is so prevalent as a motive in embroideries from the Near East.

The corner spray is worked mainly in pink and green, the flowers being executed in an open stitch whose working is drawn at " c " on Plate XV, and the leaves and stems being variations of (v.) and (vi.) at " d " on the same plate. The combination of (v.) and (vi.) is sometimes known as triangular Turkish stitch. Both these stitches are used by other peoples in the south-eastern parts of Europe where both sides of the embroidery are made to look alike*.

The tree of life is in pink, green and gold, and its alternate motive, like a fruit tree on a mound, is in brown and pink with the mound in deep blue outlined in gold.

Little multi-coloured silk tassels adorn the corners, and the edge is rolled and closely whipped with cream silk.

No. 1935·30. The other head kerchief is worked in silk and gold on a rather openly woven muslin of gauze-like effect. One corner is shown at " B " on Plate XV, and is worked in very bright aniline colours somewhat toned down by black stems and pale pink and gold thread outlines. The flower border is carried out in vivid green with black outlines and little gold thread squares, the stitch used for filling the pattern being that sketched at " d ". The stems and lines consist of two rows of (v) d with (vi) d between them. The raw edge is rolled and whipped, but not so neatly as in the previous example which is probably older, and certainly more skilfully worked.

---

* Laura E. Start: "Armenian Embroideries." The Needlewoman, No. 4, 1920.

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

Serbs EF6

A
S
291

The two head scarves also depicted on Plate XV are good specimens of embroidery 294
in metal thread, and have a strong affinity with Turkish work. 171

No. 1936-46. The scarf shown at "E" is from northern Albania, and is of A
cream coloured, gauze-like muslin, worked entirely in gold thread and gold plate. 291
One of the motives has been enlarged at "g" in order to show how the two working 294
materials have been used. The edge near the decorated ends is closely buttonholed 531
with cream silk. 286

No. 1935-93. The other example, drawn at "F" on Plate XIV, is of much more skilled workmanship. The material is hand-woven silk with broad stripes of heavier silk weft, and the embroidered ends are worked in a pale gold thread with touches of vivid colours here and there. The two motives have a likeness to the familiar pine pattern of India and Persia, and are filled in solidly with gold basket-stitch separated by double lines of slanting stitches giving the effect of a plait. The two ends are beautifully finished off by a scalloped edge of needle-point worked in fine cream silk with the tiny scallops filled in with black. A [171]

A
The remaining five scarf head-dresses, which are worn with the worked ends 292
hanging down the back, are all from Zadrima, a district near Scutari, on the banks 294
of the river Drin. Two of them are for festival wear, and these both have their 531
patterns worked mainly in ~~gold~~ thread, with outlines and some smaller motives in 286
crimson, emerald and purple silk.

No. 1935-34. The handsomer of the two has a foundation of fine yellow cotton gauze, with weft stripes of different widths of white silk. It is hand-woven, and there are 36 warp ends and 60 weft picks to the inch in the plain parts of the cloth, which is 19 inches (48·2 cm.) wide and, including the scanty weft fringe at the ends, 4 feet 8 inches (1·4 m.) long.

The handsome border at either end is 11¾ inches (29·8 cm.) wide, including three, quarter-inch, gold thread weft stripes filling a space of 2 inches (5·1 cm.) on either side of the main pattern. The latter is divided by four narrow, multiple weft stripes of white, gold, red and green into a wide central border and two narrower ones.

The wider border consists of paired and single lozenges used alternately, their longer diagonals being horizontal, and in between them vertical zig-zag lines. All these are brocaded in by means of small free spools carrying three gold threads wound tape-wise. The gold lozenges are outlined with scarlet, purple and green floss silk, also worked in by means of free spools.

The narrower borders consist of single lozenges in gold, also outlined in colours, and with small, coloured silk devices between.

The effect of brocading each small motive by its individual spool produces a similar result to a darned-in pattern.

No. 1937-7. The other "festal" head-dress is similar in material although the cotton gauze ground is of a more greenish yellow, and its weft stripes are of cotton instead of silk. It is 20 inches (50·8 cm.) wide and 4 feet 4 inches (1·3 m.) in length, but the decorative borders at the ends are only 5 inches (12·7 cm.) wide, consisting of a wide central pattern and two narrower ones divided by multiple weft stripes.

[Text continues on p. 65]

Albania EG1
Serbs EF6

A
5
286
291
294
531

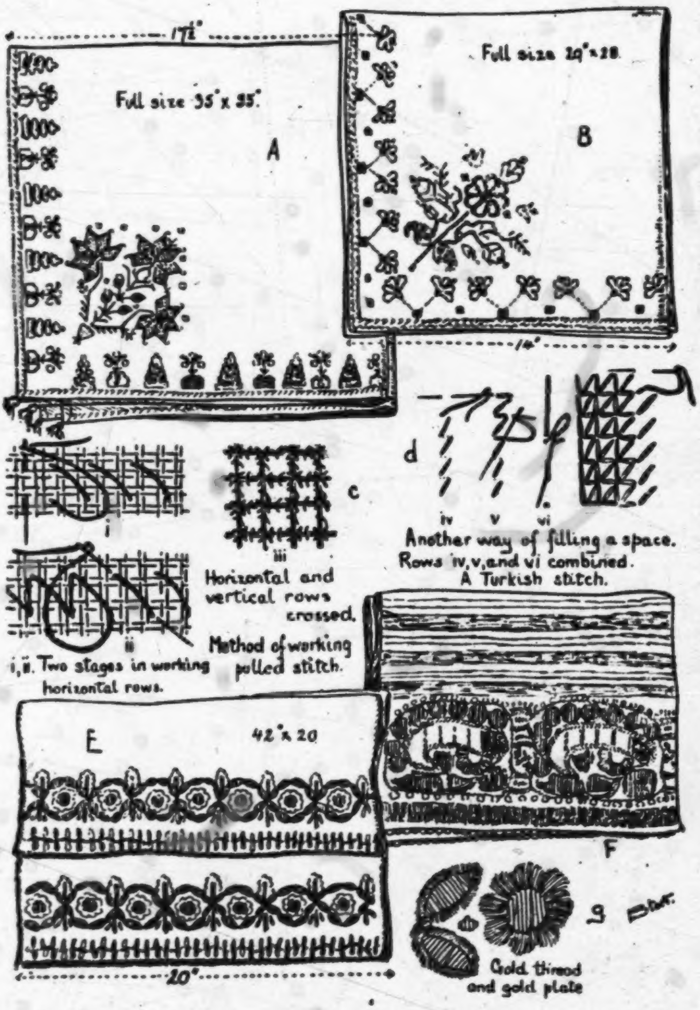

17½"
Full size 35" x 35".
A
Full size 29" x 28
B
14"
d
iv
v
vi
Another way of filling a space.
Rows iv, v, and vi combined.
A Turkish stitch.
i
c
iii
Horizontal and vertical rows crossed.
ii
Method of working pulled stitch.
i, ii. Two stages in working horizontal rows.
E
42" x 20
F
20"
g
Gold thread and gold plate

PLATE XV.—A, B, Two head squares from Prizren. c, d, Details of stitches used on them. E, F, Two head scarves from Scutari and N. Albania. g, Detail of E.

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia
Albania EG1

292

The narrow borders are brocaded with the six-armed cross or star which can be 294
seen at " C " on Plate X. These are worked in series in yellow and red silk and gold 531
thread. 286

The main central band has an hour-glass shaped motive consisting of one complete and two half lozenges, worked in gold thread, alternating with a single lozenge in coloured silk having a gold centre, and above and below it lines with right-angled triangles at each end worked in gold and red. The whole pattern is brocaded in with free spools just as in the previous example and, " . . . the woman who wove it and several other head-dresses had a husband, born crippled, who begged in the streets of Scutari. They lived in a miserable one-roomed hovel, a large part of which was occupied by her loom, by means of which she supported herself, her husband and as many of her children as survived. (An addition came every year). The family slept in a heap on the ground by the loom on which she worked these gorgeous patterns. You bargained for the price, paid for so much gold thread and silk, and left choice of design and colour to her. She had no patterns and did it all out of her head. The gold thread came from Austria but the silk was locally spun". (M.E.D.).

No. 1937·9. This head scarf is one of the handsome old ones with weft stripes 291
and brocaded borders worked in red, yellow and green wool. It is very similar in 294
design and lay-out to the one figured at " C " on Plate X, except that in addition to 531
the decorated ends there is also a band of decoration in the middle, and in place of
the cross-like motive at " b " there is a conventional four-petalled flower. 286

The material is a native-woven cotton cloth 18 inches wide, in natural colour, with brown weft stripes of varying width in the plain section on either side of the middle. The widest of these brown stripes has a simple spot motive worked mainly in red.

The scarf which is just over four feet long has a fringe of red and yellow tassels at either end, and its general effect is very handsome.

No. 1936·61. The eighteen inch wide cotton cloth used for this head-dress has a central portion of plain tabby weave of a rather muslin-like texture, and five ornamental borders totalling 11 inches wide at either end of its length of 5 feet 3 inches (1·6 m.). Their ends are unusual in that the four borders of brocaded pattern, on which the motives are mostly similar to those of the other Zadrima head scarves, are worked on a weft stripe of yellow as background.

The central border of the five, which with these intervening coloured weft stripes forms the ornamental end, is differently produced. The motives are the usual double lozenge and hour-glass arrangement, worked respectively in white cotton and green wool on a background of red, with smaller lozenges of gold thread and yellow wool to fill in the spaces, but the whole pattern had been tapestry-woven and not brocaded.

This method is also employed in the decoration of some of the hand towels and, although the process is exactly the same as that employed for the heavy aprons described in Section I, when carried out in very much finer threads the effect is very different.

Albania EG1 ●
Serbs EF6
Montenegrins EF5

A
291 **No. 1935-32.** This is another head scarf of hand woven cotton of a muslin-like
294 quality, with heavier weft stripes of a coarser cotton thread used double. It has
●531 three narrow brocaded borders in red and yellow at the ends measuring 3¼ inches
286 over all, in which the motive at " b " on Plate X forms the two outer borders, and
the double lozenge and hour-glass motives fill the central one.

This is the least interesting of the examples of head-dresses.

CHAPTER XVI.

Footwear.

S Throughout Albania and Yugoslavia both men and women peasants and people
M of the mountain tribes wear two pairs of socks and a sandal, " opanga " or " opanke,"
A of roughly dried hide over them when out-of-doors. Both their pairs of socks are
Y knitted from rather coarse strong wool, the inner ones are usually white and the outer
291 ones of gay colours handsomely embroidered or braided.

281
286
531

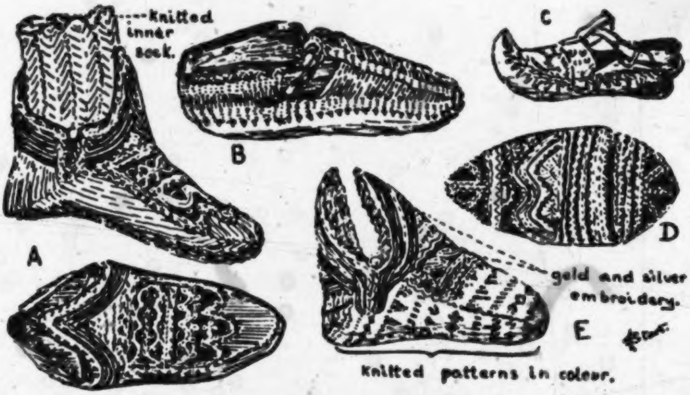


FIG. 9.—A, Silver braided knitted outer with inner sock. Grouda, W. Albania. B, String opanke with leather sole from Montenegro. C, Child's opanke of leather from Nish. D, Knitted outer sock with needle worked decoration. E, Outer sock from Kastrati tribe.

" The two layers of sock are needed to protect the sole of the foot as the hide used in the sandals or ' opanke ' is thin and pliant. On entering the house the opanke are removed and the decorative over-sock forms a slipper." (M.E.D.).

A There are six pairs of over-socks in the collection, and two pairs have their
inner socks still inside them.

286 **No. 1935-73.** Three of the styles are shown in Fig. 9. The drawing at " A "
291 is of a particularly handsome example from Grouda, in Western Albania. The over-
531 sock is knitted from violet wool with the back of the heel and the front of the foot
294 decorated by plaited silver braid and cord, outlined by a plait of black and silver.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1 ●
Montenegrins EF5
Serbs EF6

A
Half a dozen rows of black silk braid strengthen the top, and a button and loop 286
fasten the short side-opening. An indication of the braid pattern appears in "A", 291
where both a side and top view of the over-sock are given and the feather patterned
welt of the inner sock is also shewn. 536 ●

Another set of two pairs of socks, also from Grouda, have a knitted foundation 294
of reddish-violet wool and are braided in silver and black in a similar design to those
just described. The pair of white inner socks have a fancy welt.

No. 1937-18. An example from Northern Albania is figured at "E". In this pair of over-socks the black knitted portion has a number of simple geometrical patterns worked into it as shown in the drawing, these are in cerise, red, orange, emerald and gold thread, and produce a gay result. The top edge is strengthened as in the previous cases with many rows of black braid and some silver braid and cord, and a small rectangular panel of silver braiding decorates the top of the foot.

No. 1935-74. The specimen drawn at "D" in Fig. 9 is ornamented quite differently, being entirely embroidered not braided. The foundation is of knitted black wool, and on the top of the foot there are rows of chain-stitch in fine gold thread alternating with a white vandyke pattern worked like needle-point. The heel and toe are decorated with lines of white chain-stitch flanked by herringboning on either side, and in the centre there are two scallops outlined with white and gold thread chain-stitch and vandykes. Between these scallops and the toe are some small conventional flowers in scarlet and white. The under part or sole of the sock is also decorated with rows of white herringboning and scattered red and white spots.

No. 1936-52. Another gay pair was made for Miss Durham by a Moslem refugee from Gashi. The knitted portion has a lemon yellow sole, and the upper part at the toe has some concentric lozenges in emerald, violet, lemon, white and crimson.

The open edge is heavily braided with rows of plaited black wool, and filling in a rectangular space below (such as "E" in Fig. 9) is a patch of violet felt ornamented with rows and triangles of silver braid.

No. 1937-17. This pair of over-socks is knitted from red wool, and was made and embroidered for the Krasnichi tribe of Moslem Albanians. The scheme of decoration is very like that of 1935-74, the white vandyke border is used on toe and heel in exactly the same way as the herringboning in "D" (Fig. 9) and the main pattern on the top of the foot is similar, though more carefully planned; it consists of two big vandykes outlined with many rows of gold and black chain-stitch divided into three sections by rows of little white needlepoint vandykes. Rows of gold
chain-stitch worked at right angles fill in the spaces.

M
291
No. 1936-62. The pair of Montenegrin "opanke" illustrated at "B" in 281
Fig. 9, have hide soles and neatly worked tops of white twine. "When newly made 294
the soles are soaked in oil till pliable. They then mould themselves to the feet, and
give the toes and sole a good grip on rocks. The soles of this pair are worn through
as I tramped many miles in them." (M.E.D.).

S
291
No. 1936-64. A child's "opanke" from Ni is 1 drawn at "C" in Fig. 9. It is 294
of orange and red leather with a little appliqué of cloth and some silver thread 531
embroidery on the toe.

[Erratum, read "Niš".— Analyst]

11:Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Serbs EF6
Albania EG1
Montenegrins EF5

CHAPTER XVII.

Accessories from the Southern Area.

S
A
291
286
531
294

Amongst the odds and ends of the collection are some interesting accessories to costume of which the most important are sketched on Plate XV.

No. 1937-8. Perhaps the daintiest of them all is a hand-woven, natural coloured muslin apron from Prizren ("A" on Plate XVI). It has silk weft stripes arranged alternately in groups of five narrow and one broad, with seven narrow stripes.

As the apron is made of two pieces of the 18 inch wide material with the selvedges going across, the silk stripes appear lengthwise in the garment. The two selvedges are joined by a silk lacing stitch.

Down either side there is a plain muslin stripe about 2 inches wide, which is charmingly embroidered in silk. The flowers are worked in pairs, first two in pale pink with a deep pink border, then two in blue with a gold thread border. The leaves at the back of the flower are outlined in green and sometimes filled in with a pink pulled-stitch, similar to "c" on Plate XV, sometimes with satin-stitch in gold thread. The leaves sprouting from the main stem are outlined in pinkish brown and filled with satin-stitch in gold, and the green main stem has a line of gold thread down the centre. A portion of the pattern, giving some idea of the stitches used is enlarged at "b" on Plate XVI.

No. 1935-89. A gold galon and gold braided trouser end for a Moslem woman's full trousers or trousered skirt (Plate VI e) is shown at "C" on Plate XVI. The gold work and braid are mounted on a stiff foundation and lined with white cotton material and, being very stiff, help to keep the lower edges of the garment from the ground.

"Similar bands were used by the Christian women of the district, but they were usually red." (M.E.D.).

M
291
531
286
[175]

No. 1938-50. A man's cap from Montenegro, drawn at "D" on Plate XVI, has symbolic colouring. The crown is of red felt and is "in memory of the blood shed at the battle of Kossovo, and the black silk border which is finely gathered on to the crown represents mourning for the defeat." (M.E.D.).

In this battle, in 1389, the Serbian empire was destroyed by Sultan Murad I and their king killed. The letters "H I", worked in raised gold thread inside a space outlined by five rows of gold braid, are cyrillic letters representing the Roman ones 'N I', for King Nikola I who, during his reign 1860-1918, obtained recognition of the independence of Montenegro in the Treaty of Berlin, 1878.

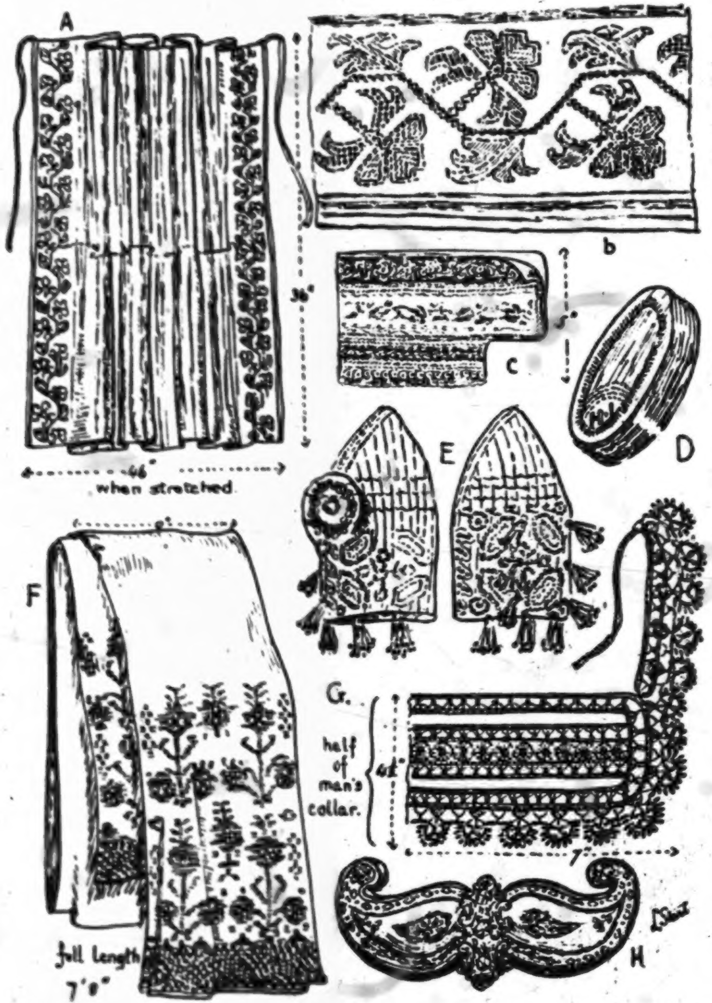
No. 1938-64. At "E" on the same plate the front and back of a knitted and beaded glove from Montenegro is drawn. It is one "such as were worn by old men in the winter, although such elaborate ones were already becoming uncommon in 1907". (M.E.D.).

The glove has the finger part knitted in blue and red stripes, with three rows of spots of yellow on the blue, but the wrist portion has a pattern of elongated hexagons and a cross-like motive in blue on a red ground. The diagram with the thumb part

[Text continues on p. 70]

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1
Serbs EF6
Montenegrins EF5
Contemporary Macedonians EF8


A
b
36"
C
D
E
46"
when stretched
F
G.
half of man's collar.
4½"
7"
H
full length
7'0"

S
A
291
531

M
291
531

S
A
291
531

C
291
301
531

PLATE XVI.—A, Silk striped apron (Prizren). b, Section of embroidered border. C, Gold braided ankle band for woman's full trousers. D, Man's cap from Kossovo. E, Man's glove. F, Girdle for woman's trousers. G, Man's collar. H, Silvered copper buckle.

Albania EG1
Serbs EF6
Montenegrins EF5
Contemporary Macedonians EF8

291 in it shows a portion of this pattern, which has not been covered like all the rest with
531 white beads, and a yellow chain-stitched outline. Little tassels of brown, blue and
286 green with white beads at the ends also form part of the decoration.

No. 1935-72. A delightful girdle for a Moslem woman's trousers of hand-woven
A muslin has very handsome decorated ends worked in Turkey red, with tiny spots of
S blue, yellow and white.

291 The pattern is clearly shown at " F " on Plate XV, the upper part has been
294 woven in by means of a number of small spools, as many as twenty-five might be
in use on the loom, as each perpendicular bit of the pattern needs its own spool. A
286 similar effect could be got by darning, but such long strips of vertical pattern would
not be as evenly worked.

531 The border at the end is either needle-woven or again fine spools used, but this time on the bare warp thread whilst in the loom, and it is therefore more akin to the tapestry method of working a pattern, with the warp thread pulled more tightly so as to leave holes. This method and style of pattern is sometimes called Persian open-work. The edge of the girdle is rolled and carefully whipped over with a cotton thread.

No. 1935-24. One half of a man's festival collar, worked in needlepoint in cream silk, is shown at " G " on Plate XV, and is a charming example of this method of producing lace.

Picots, solid buttonholing to form squares and triangles, and wrapped bars are the chief stitches used in making the patterns. The two narrow strips of fine linen probably formed a foundation for working upon.

" This is a similar type of collar to the one made fashionable by Byron." (M.E.D.).

No. 1935-23. An everyday collar for a man's wear is also included in the collection. It again has two strips of a coarser linen as foundation, and is decorated
A mainly by several rows of overcast scallops and picots worked in coarse cotton.

291 **No. 1937-15.** This specimen is a pair of crimson silk brocade sleeves, joined by
531 a printed cotton back, for a Moslem Albanian woman's dress. " They were bought in
294 Scutari in 1903 and could be attached to the shirt or blouse for wear under a jelek or
a giubba " (M.E.D.). The pointed cuff is trimmed with gold braid and a motive
C worked in gold cord.

291 **No. 1939-2.** The remaining sketch on Plate XVI is of a silvered copper buckle
301 such as would be worn over her corded waistband by the woman from Monastir
531 (Bitolj), whose costume is illustrated on Plate IX.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Household Linen.

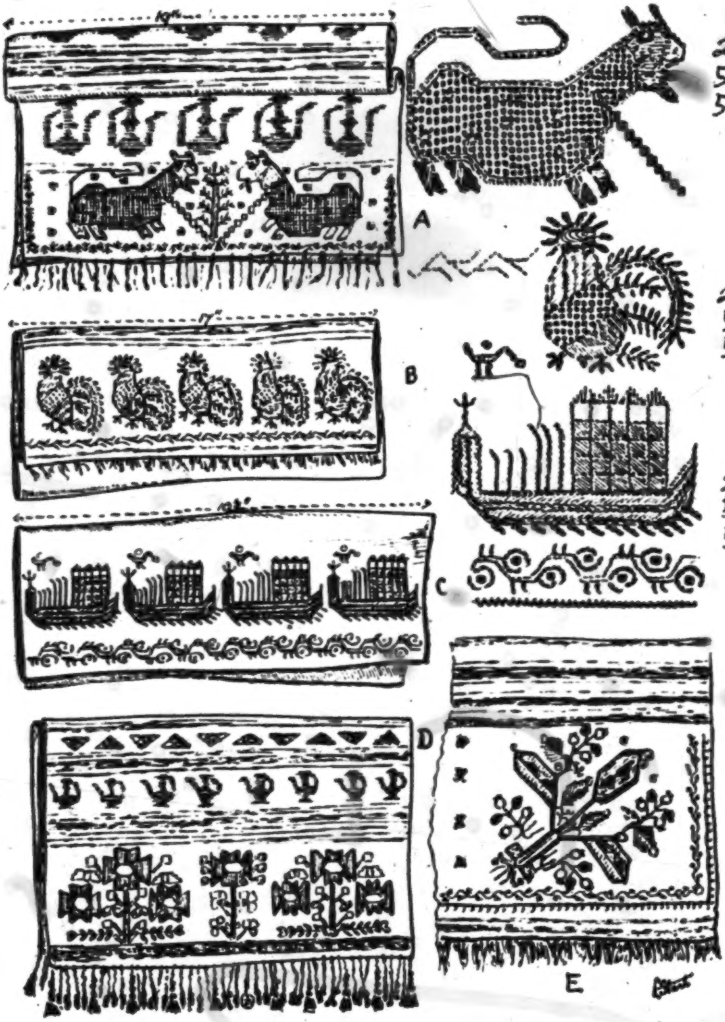
A
= Y A. **" Marama " or Towels.**

286 There are thirteen towels in the collection, two of these " marama " for every
515 day [illegible] have coloured weft stripes at the ends, the rest are guest or ceremonial towels
531 and have ornamented ends, seven are embroidered and four are decorated with
583 borders worked in by fine spools of small size, the appearance of the designs being
like fine darning.

[Text continues on p. 72]

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1
Serbs EF6
Montenegrins EF5



A
286
515
531

S
286
515
531

A
S
286
515
531

M
286
515
531

PLATE XVII.—" Marama " or towels. A, With " ibrik " or spouted water vessel, from Prizren. B, Cock design, from Kosova villayet. C, Ark and dove pattern, from Prizren. D From Kolašin. E, Design showing Turkish influence, from Prizren.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia EF1

Albania EG1●

Serbs EF6

A
Y
583
515
●531

"As a rule these embroidered towels are from wedding outfits, the bride's coffer." (M.E.D.).

No. 1937·11. Perhaps the most interesting of the embroidered group is an old marama bought at Prizren in 1908, which is probably Moslem Albanian work. It is of fine hand-spun and loosely woven cotton rather like a muslin, with groups of wide, double weft stripes in cotton and finer weft stripes in silk.

A
286
515
531

In its length of four feet there are five plainly woven bands, three inches wide, decorated with free spool-woven "ibriks" or water vessels, and the plainly woven ends are embroidered. (Plate XVIIA).

A
[171
474
264]

"The ibrik is a spouted vessel used to pour water on guests' hands before and after a meal. As no forks are used fingers needed washing, and it is probable that the native was taught hand-washing at meals by the Turk, who was not such a bad fellow as some people make out. 'Marama' and 'ibrik' are both Turkish words." (M.E.D.).

The two tethered beasts are worked in a violet-red silk in pulled stitch ("c" Plate XV), with outlines in pale blue and cream of the Turkish stitch shown at vi. in "d" on the same plate. This stitch, in apricot pink and pale yellow with a pale blue outline, is also used for filling in the animals' legs.

The "tree of life", to which the beasts are tethered by chains made of squares of gold thread, has a stem of gold plate worked diagonally bearing green leaves. The spots are worked in gold plate and the whole design has affinities with Persian pattern.

S
286
515
531

No. 1937·12. Another "marama" of a similar weave, also with stripes weft of cotton and silk, has its ends embroidered with a procession of boldly stylised cocks, gaily worked in aniline dyed silks and gold thread (Plate XVIIB). Although the use of aniline dyes indicates that this towel is not very old, the pattern is probably a traditional one.

The body of each cock is outlined and the feet are worked in black, the head and most of the body is filled in with a flat or satin stitch in gold thread, as indicated by the slanting lines in the enlarged drawing, with a band of pulled stitch across the middle worked in violet. At the extreme edge there is a narrow border worked in coral pink, a colour which is also introduced as a small patch on the cock's neck.

S
A
286
515
531

No. 1937·13. A motive representing "the dove returning to the ark" is repeated at the ends of a guest towel made of machine woven muslin (Plate XVIIC).

"This marama was obtained from Prizren and might be either Christian, Serb or Albanian work. The Ark seems to be based on the state galleys of the Middle Ages when Venice held the Adriatic coast, and is probably a traditional design. The curious running pattern below looks as though it might be symbolic, possibly a conventionalised dove, just the head and legs." (M.E.D.).*

The dark lines in the drawing are all worked in green in Turkish stitch, the bank of oars in the same stitch in red, and the dove in violet. The slanting lines represent flat or satin stitch worked in gold thread. Turkish stitch in violet, with a gold thread line down the centre, is used for the little border below the ark design. The whole of the plain part of the towel has a rolled edge very neatly oversewn, but where

---

* M. E. Durham: "Some Balkan Embroideries." *Man.* Vol. XXIII, No. 5, 1923.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albanija EG1
Serbs EF6
Montenegrins EF5

S
A

the patterned section comes this is replaced by a very fine picot edge worked in 286
orange silk. 515

531 ●

[171]

No. 1937·5. One half of an end of a gaily embroidered "marama" is drawn at "E" on Plate XVI. The material is hand-woven cotton of a muslin-like texture, which again has both silk and cotton weft stripes. The pattern shows a strong Turkish influence, the towel being bought in Prizren in 1908. Prizren was then in Turkish terri.

Gold thread and black silk help to tone down the gay, but rather hard, aniline greens, red, pink and violet, and the final result is bright but pleasing. Gold thread is used for the running border, lining the stems, filling in the white berries of the drawing and the square spots. The large and the fern-like leaves are solidly filled in with a variant of the Turkish stitch, in which the stitches are sloped both going and returning so that it is like two rows of a slanted running stitch. A rough fringe of the warp ends finishes off the lower edges. The selvedges at the sides have not been finished off in any way, and the carry over of the spools of silk and doubled cotton which were used for the stripes leave it rather untidy.

No. 1936·40. Another towel of similar material to the last, but with a whipped selvedge, has a design of crimson roses with green, gold and black leaves. With the exception of a little pulled stitch in gold, the stitches used are also similar, but there is in addition a charming little border near the lower edge. The towel is another example from Prizren and the design is of Persian origin.

A
286
515
531

No. 1936·58. A muslin marama from Scutari has whipped selvedges and a border at the ends of highly conventionalised flower sprays worked in pale blue, dull violet and pale blue silk in Turkish stitch, with flowers formed of three squares filled in with gold plate.

A border below the main pattern consists of double buds or flowers in gold plate which somewhat resemble crosses.

No. 1937·14. The last specimen of an embroidered towel is of machine-woven material and has a flower design without special interest.

M
286
515
531

No. 1935·32. A very fine old "marama" from the Kolašin district of hand-woven cotton with wide weft stripes of a coarser cotton has six rows of the "ibrik" motive and four rows of a triangular motive woven on the plain material between the stripes.

Both these designs are woven in by means of small free spools, or possibly needles, and the same thick cotton weft is used as that for the stripes. The handsome border at the ends (Plate XVIID) is also woven in by a number of free spools, producing a result like fine darning in which the needle would go over one thread and under one thread of the fabric alternately.

The only materials used are Turkey red and black cotton, and a very fine gold thread.

The flowers are centred with gold and have red petals with gold spots, the whole being outlined with a band of black. Leaves and other details are chiefly outlined in red and filled in with gold. A weft stripe of red near the end has inserts of little triangles on the gold, and an amusing fringe made of the twisted warp ends is decorated with red and black beads, probably Venetian, small Turkey red tassels and an imitation coin.

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1
Serbs EF6

A
286
515
● 531
[574]

No. 1937·10. A guest towel given to Miss Durham by Dom Simeone, a Catholic priest of Djakova, in Albania, was woven by his sister. It is of fine cotton with wide weft stripes of coarser thread and has a few narrow silk stripes bordering the plain cloth of the ends, which are decorated with a spool-woven pattern worked in wool, dyed with aniline dyes. The colours used are a hard pink, violet, blue, dark red and emerald, and the result is somewhat harsh compared with the other examples. The design of a stiff stem with three very conventional flowers is vaguely Turkish but the little borders on either side of the main pattern, consisting of two rows of circular spots, are rather charming.

Dom Simeone's initials D.S.C. are worked in red cross-stitch.

No. 1935-35. The two last "marama" with decorated ends have some of their motives brocaded in by free spools, but also have borders worked in the tapestry manner on the warp threads, whilst the cloth is still in the loom, in the style often called Persian openwork*, which is akin to needleweaving but much finer.

The example whose number is quoted above, is of hand woven cotton material 17 inches (43·18 cm.) wide and 4 feet (1·2 m.) long, and has five Persian open-work borders in Turkey red and white at the end, divided by coarse cotton weft stripes. Above this group of narrow border patterns there are two rows of "ibriks" in red filling the angles of a chevron pattern in white which has yellow four-petalled flowers at its angles. These designs are worked in with free spools.

The five open-work borders consist of two outer ones with tiny red rectangles on a white ground and three wider ones composed of chevrons in white filled in with red triangles; the whole border measures 6½ inches (16·51 cm.) in width, and has a rich appearance.

No. 1936-57. This "marama" from Scutari is unusual on account of its size, being made of two widths of material each 13 inches (33·0 cm.) wide and measuring 7 feet (2·1 m.) in length.

It is of hand-woven cotton almost covered with broad and narrow weft stripes of a thicker thread, and the decorated borders at the ends are 7 inches (17·8 cm.) wide. The whole border consists of six narrow ones with a broader one in the centre, worked in pink, red and white, all divided from one another by groups of narrow weft stripes. The patterns are all geometrical, and based on arrangements of squares and triangles, and the six narrower ones are of Persian openwork, whilst the broader central one is brocaded with free spools.

A
S

A twisted fringe of the warp ends finishes off the whole.

515
531
286

No. 1936-53. One of the two "maramas" for everyday use is of coarse, hand-woven cotton and has a group of Turkey red weft stripes at each end. It was bought in Prizren and used personally by Miss Durham.

No. 1936-47. The other, also of coarse, hand-woven material, has an arrangement of broad and narrow stripes of gold plate at the ends.

A

B. **Bedspreads.**

286
513
583
531

No. 1935-29. A gauze bed-cover from Scutari (Skodar) with warp and weft stripes in red and white, the wider red ones having a line of yellow or green down their centres, is an example from the latter end of the 19th Century, and formed part of a bride's outfit. The crossing of the pairs of red stripes with pairs of white stripes produces a gay, tartan-like effect.

---

* T. de Dillmont: "Encyclopædia of Needlework."

11: Start E-4 (no date) 1939 EF1 Yugoslavia

Albania EG1

Montenegrins EF5

A
286
513
583
531

The cover measures 8 feet (2·4 m.) by 5 feet 6 inches (1·7 m.) and is made of three widths of material which are joined by needlepoint insertion. Picots with three knots are worked closely along the two edges, and then these are joined by bars of knotted stitchery.

The ends and a little way up each side are also ornamented by similar picots into which a row of wrapped scallops, with smaller picots in bullion stitch, is worked.

These needlepoint trimmings are carried out in red, yellow and green silk, the foundation picots in red, and the scallops in three-inch lengths of each colour in series. Tassels of the mixed colours are added at the corners.

No. 1935-25. A delightful white silk gauze bedcover from Scutari which also formed part of a bridal outfit came from a Catholic family.

A
[731
727]

" After the Balkan Wars of 1912-13 there was much distress and things from old family chests were offered for sale. This was one." (M.E.D.).

The spread measures 7 feet 8 inches (2·3 m.) by 5 feet 9 inches (1·7 m.) and is made of three widths of gauze seamed together. Each width of material has groups of stripes near the selvedges consisting of one wide and three narrow stripes of white, five narrow red and three pale green ones ; measuring altogether 4½ inches (11·4 cm.) across.

As two groups of these stripes are joined at the seams three wider groups appear to divide the cover into thirds with narrower bands down the sides. The ends are hemstitched and the hems ornamented by two rows of wrapped buttonholing, into which at distances of two inches little triangles of buttonhole stitch are worked, finished off by a floral motive done in an arrangement of picoted scallops and decorated with three gold sequins.

These little needlepoint motives are worked in sequence in red, green and a soft pink and the bedcover as a whole is charming.

No. 1936-57a. The strips of needlepoint insertion 4 feet 9 inches (1·4 m.) long and 2 inches (5 cm.) wide, and the 9 feet of inch-wide edging are intended for trimming another bedspread. Aniline dyes have been used for the silk thread, and purple, orange, yellow, maroon, emerald and pink are used in sequence for the circular motive in the centre of the insertion and for a few inches along the edge. The final effect is somewhat garish.

C. **A Cloth, possibly for a table.**

M
286
531

No. 1936-44. " A black and dark blue cloth from Kolashin, bought off a dealer in Montenegro, is a curious piece of weaving and I never saw another like it. It is evidently [illegible]d-made, native work." (M.E.D.).

This cloth which measures 40 inches (1 m.) by 29 inches (73·7 cm.) is made of two stripes of narrow material, which is tabby-woven in fine black wool, there being 32 warp and 32 weft picks to the inch.

It is entirely covered with a large lozenge design, almost filling the width of the material, bordered by five diagonal lines of small squares and each lozenge enclosing twenty-five repeats of a four-petalled flower in white with a dark blue spot in the centre (Fig. 10).

The whole of the pattern is produced by the use of a large number of free spools, for instance, in the diagonal lines of squares forming the divisions between the big lozenges a new spool is added for every alternate eight warp ends forming a small square, working over and under the next eight warps, and then passes on to the next groups of eight lower down.

In using the spools of white thread each line of pattern is worked backwards and forwards before the next two throws of weft are made.

Albania EG1 ●
Sorbs EF6
Montenegrins EF5

M
286
531

It requires seven spools to work each flower, and an attempt to show how much is worked by each is made in Figure 10, where lines enclose the work done by the individual spools.

Some warp stripes in white form a border down the selvedges, and white weft stripes enclose a small square repeat in white and blue which divides the main pattern from the ends.

Twisted and knotted warp ends form a fringe which finishes off the whole.

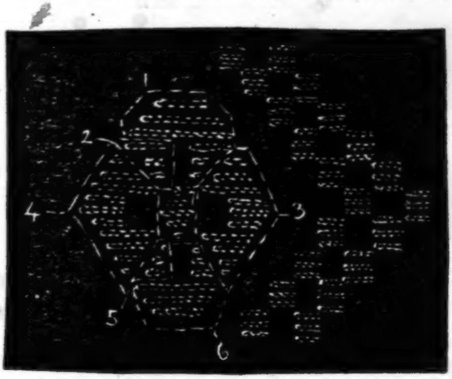


Fig. 10.—A motive from the Kolašin cloth, showing portion of pattern worked by each spool.

S
A
M
Y
286
● 531
868
174

The study of such a collection of work as this impresses one with the artistic achievement of the peasant peoples of these two mountainous countries where the conditions of life are hard, and where the arts of weaving and embroidery have grown out of the daily needs of the people and that inborn desire to make homely things beautiful.

Much naive charm, as well as expert manipulation, is expressed in the variations of the patterns in embroidery and tapestry weaving that have descended for generations from mother to daughter, and the technical skill displayed in the workmanship can be the more appreciated when one realizes the limitations imposed by the use of home grown, spun and dyed materials, and primitive tools. The tribal groups or social communities which form the nucleus of most villages have played a large part in perpetuating traditional patterns and craftsmanship, and have therefore some responsibility for many of the beautiful pieces of work.

The more sophisticated garments worn in the towns, particularly in Albania, owe something of their attractiveness to Byzantine art, which has come through Turkish influence, and is traceable in the fine braided patterns worked by the Albanian tailors, which both in beauty of design and workmanship are unsurpassed elsewhere.

In conclusion, I should like to express the personal pleasure I have had in working through this interesting and valuable collection so generously given to Bankfield Museum by Miss Durham, and my indebtedness to Dr. Hodge, the Keeper, for affording me the opportunity of doing so.

Manchester University,
May 1939.

533

533 MUSIC--musical form and structure (e.g., scale, pitch, tone, tempo, rhythm); melody; harmony; vocal music (e.g., singing, humming, chanting); instrumental music (e.g., accompaniment, solo playing, orchestras); occasions for music; song styles (e.g., work songs, drinking songs, dance songs, war songs, love songs, lullabies, sacred music, dirges and laments); musical training and appreciation; composition of music; specialization (e.g., composers, minstrels, musicologists, musicians); organization (e.g., choirs, bands, orchestras); etc. See also:

Property in songs	424	Musical texts	539
Palliation of labor with music	461	Musical performances on the stage	545

585 The presents were tied up in two gaily coloured handkerchiefs. We went into the yard. The ladies joined hands and so did the men, and [533] stood in opposite rows singing alternate verses. The men asked if the bride was ready, and the ladies sang she was a lump of sugar. The youth who was acting as gift-carrier was then sprinkled with holy water by the mistress of the house, and went on his errand. All was over for that day. On Monday, at 9 a.m., we were called to the bridegroom's house. [534] A large party of male relatives and friends was gathered there, with a violin, tambouritza, and concertina. The bridegroom and his two witnesses sat in the yard on chairs. I went to the women's room. The [262 display was gorgeous. On full-dress occasions the Scutarene Catholic 301] ladies' dress touches the sublime. The exquisite fineness of the embroidered white silk veils, the skill with which they were draped; the coral and gold stitched "salman" which gleamed through the veil and stood in a peak over the forehead; the long tassels of seed-pearls or filigree gold that hung from the ears; the lavish display on neck and breast of great gold coins, and the great scarlet cloaks made up a scene of real magnificence. Each lady sat, a vast heap, on the floor, her huge purple-black "branaveks" (bloomers) billowing round her and the skirts of her scarlet stiffly embroidered "djuba" spreading like a peacock's tail behind her, with all the solemn dignity of an Eastern [262] idol. Coffee and piles of sweets circulated. An empty chair in the corner awaited the bride. Then an ox-cart creaked down the lane. The oxen were decked with marigolds. They brought the bride's coffer. We went to meet it. The women joined hands and sang a song of greeting, while with difficulty ten men carried the huge painted chest into the women's room. It contained all the bride's clothing; all her husband's underclothing (she has to make him at least two dozen of everything); and all the house-linen (likewise her work). Two of the bridegroom's female relatives now went in a gaily decorated carriage to fetch the bride. The horses' heads were beflagged with the coloured handker- [291] chiefs which play a large part in the life of the people. The ladies took with them a parasol for the bride and the scarlet cloak ("japangi"), which is the gift always of the bridegroom to the bride, and is worn by married women only. The bride was to be conveyed to the cathedral.

The bridegroom then entered the women's room to say farewell. [777] He wept real tears and was dragged away weeping and resisting, the ladies sprinkling him with holy water as he left. After a long wait, punctuated with coffee, sweets, and rakia, a cry arose: "They are coming!" In the carriage were the two female bride-leaders, neither of whom may be the mother. A sister, aunt, or sister-in-law may take [777 the duty. Between them sat the bride motionless, rigid, and closely 842] veiled; and opposite sat a little boy whose presence is necessary to

enable her to bear male children. The ladies again sang songs of greeting. 585
Then the two bride-leaders manipulated the bride as though she were [777
a lay figure. She was absolutely passive. They raised her to her feet, 842]
set her feet one after the other, shod in the wedding-boots, on to the
steps of the carriage, and then on the ground. They then draped her
with the red silk handkerchief sent her yesterday, and pinned it to the
top of her head. Supported under the armpits she was slowly shuffled
across the yard. It was but a few yards long, but her passage took full
ten minutes. She was pelted with sweets, which a crowd of children
gathered, and sprinkled with holy water, and led into the women's
room. The bridegroom then arrived on foot and went to the men's
room. I followed the bride. She was led backwards, and seated, still
blinded by the veils, upon the chair in the corner. Her hands were
laid on her sash and nervously grasped a folded handkerchief. Her
immobility as her attendants handled her was so inhuman as to be
almost horrible. One of her leaders carefully lifted a corner of her
head-coverings and gave her lemonade to drink under it. The attendants [272]
themselves were then ceremoniously served with refreshments. They
then removed her wedding-boots and put on the slippers, raised her
to her feet, lifted a corner of her veil, said good-bye under it, and
withdrew. The poor bride still stirred never a finger, but the violent [152]
heaving of her breast showed her on the verge of hysterics. She pulled
herself together and the ordeal continued. One of the bridegroom's
female relatives unpinned the red handkerchief from the bride's head
and held it as a screen before her. Behind it her headdress was changed.
Her white veil was removed, and a yellow beflowered silk one substituted.

The great moment had now come. We were to see her face. A lady on each side of her threw back the veil and showed her off. She was exposed to a crowd of staring females. Her head dropped modestly. Her attendants each placed a finger under her chin and raised it again. The sweat streamed down her face. They wiped it. They straightened her wide coat, settled her sash, and waved the flies off her. Such was her Spartan heroism that when a fly, unobserved by the attendants, crawled up her face, she did not even by a twitch show that she was alive. Then a front row of chairs was arranged and all the men came in. The bridegroom, witnesses, and father took their seats. The background was crowded with miscellaneous youths. They stared with all their eyes at the luckless girl, who in vain dropped or turned her head, only to have it put straight again.

Only the bridegroom held his head down and would not look. His 533
witnesses grasped his chin and made him look, and he faltered, "But 585
I've seen her already."

The wedding song then began:—

533 How beautiful is the bride, Mashallah, Mashallah.
585 She has a forehead for a "perishan" (gold ornament of coins, etc.).
Her eyebrows are like braid, Mashallah, etc.
Her eyes large as coffee cups, Mashallah, etc.
Her nose is like a gold coin ("muskala").
Her cheeks like sweet cake ("gurabi," given at night by the bride
to the bridegroom).
Her mouth is like a casket, Mashallah, etc.
Her teeth like pearls.
Her neck like a lily. Her figure is like a standard

585 sang the ladies, the men roaring: "She is, she is!" in a high falsetto, pressing their hands on their ears, and the small boys yelling "Mashallah," a strange cry at a Catholic wedding. All the time her two attendants [152] patted, straightened, and wiped the bride. My neighbour whispered to me: "They often faint." I anxiously watched her panting and swaying, and was relieved when the bridegroom left the room and the men followed. The ladies then bent the bride's knees and she plopped on to the chair. By now she was almost hypnotized, and mechanically at intervals tried to rise, but was at once replaced unless a child came in, when it was correct for her to rise for a moment. Then came midday and the wedding dinner, to which I did not stay. The bride is allowed to withdraw for a time. She does not eat with the guests. Her attendants [264] put little bits of food into her mouth. If very modest she does not take it, but when left alone secretly consumes some food she has hidden in her marriage coffer. On my return she was again enthroned. I was given three tumblers of wine and a dish of sweets and told to consume them, and did my best. I was then given a special view of all the bride's ornaments, and invited to return at night for the final ceremony. This I did not do. It was described as follows: The two attendants prepare the bed at midnight. They undress the bride and put a long silk shirt on her; lay her forcibly on the bed, and withdraw. The two male [833 533] witnesses then lead or drag in the bridegroom and prepare him. The wedding guests all stand outside the door when the couple are left alone, and sing epithalamia of an encouraging nature and shout advice through the keyhole. The bride has to feed the bridegroom with the "gurabi" (cake) she has brought in her wedding coffer.

The company sings continually till told the marriage has been consummated. In a short time the bride and bridegroom emerge completely redressed. She wears a married woman's dress. They are greeted as man and wife and at last left in peace.

585 574 The whole of the next week the bride may be visited at any hour of the day and must not speak a word, but sit rigid as before.

At the end of the week she has a holiday and goes back to her own people on the Sunday. On the Wednesday her husband is invited to

342 dwellings immediately enables one to make the distinction between the natives of this district. The comfortable handsome stone houses, with large galleries on the upper stories before the living rooms and the stables below, denote the typical Albanian peasant homes. And in the immediate vicinity, the small reed huts tenanted by the gypsies.

563 197 [166] 191 There are two kinds of gypsies in this interesting country: one is the same as the English variety, speaking the quaint old Romany, although knowing at the same time the language of the country. This branch of gypsies is the eternal wanderer, constantly moving from one district to another, pitching their temporary tents wheresoever they will. [443] Their keenest interest is in horses and they live by their tradings and quite often entirely by their wits. The other kind of gypsies is those, who, having forgotten almost all of their Romany, speak only Albanian, and a little Turkish where they are old enough to have experienced the Turkish occupation of Albania. Essentially lazy, these broken-up 533 536 563 tribes live mostly in the towns, gaining their daily bread in the simplest and most convenient way possible for them: singing and danc-

ing, accompanied by the women on tambour-
533 ines and they by the men on violins and
535 cornets. Their dances are picturesque in their native costumes with their hair either flowing or bound up, according to the particular dance. For those who may interpret their dances, there is a rich abundance of narrative in store for the reader. The harmony of tambourine, violin and cornet is not at all unpleasant when played by skilled musicians. The singing, however, is not harmon-
563 ized, the performers using only one voice.
[461] Regardless of where these gypsies may live they earn their living in the same way, and being too lazy to cultivate even a small truck-garden, they lead easy, happy-go-lucky exist-
[427] ences, and they have their huts free of rent, provided they work a few days out of the year for their ground landlord, Shevket Bey. Strange as it may seem, these wandering,
[326] anchorless people are about the only local blacksmiths found in this country, for the Albanians proper have a curious aversion to this occupation.

245 After leaving this quaint little town of Bradshesh, and penetrating into the heart of Albania towards Elbasan, large, beautiful

rally terminate in a fainting fit, while others have frequently to be restrained by their friends from doing themselves grievous bodily harm in their excitement. 763

The men of the family receive visits of condolence from those of their own sex, standing in the courtyard. 764 The formula in which sympathy is usually expressed is, "May you continue to enjoy good health," the speaker at the same time putting his right hand on the shoulder of the mourner. The latter responds, "May our friends be well," and the visitor enters the house to express in the same way his sympathy to the women of the family. The corpse is washed and laid out according to the usages of the faith, Christian or Moslem, professed during lifetime, and is dressed in its best clothes, which are, however, taken off before burial. And now begins the formal wailing round the body, in which the women of the family are assisted by their neighbours.

The majority of the dirges used are, like those of 764 the Greeks, conventional, every woman having her 533 memory well stored with a *répertoire*, from which she [462] selects those suited to the occasion. They are sung antiphonically, a verse or couplet being first chanted as a solo, and then repeated by the rest in chorus. The nearest relatives first lead the chant, and continue without interruption until either their voices or their memories are exhausted. It is then the turn of the other women, who, when they consider that one has had the lead long enough, stop her with a sign, and another lifts up her voice. Among the dirges sung for a youth killed in battle the following, which is in the Tosk dialect, is one of the oldest and best known.

764
533 The ideas expressed in it may also be found in Greek and Roumanian folk-song.

[539]
Kyabése's bridge hard by,
Slain by treach'rous foes I lie.
Comrades, greet my mother well,
Bid her the two oxen sell;
Give the money to my Life,
To my dear, my promised wife.
Asks mother what doth me betide,
Say, I have wedded here a bride.
Asks she who holds me with her charms,
Tell her, three bullets in my breast,
Six in my legs and in my arms.
Asks she who came as bidden guest,
And at my wedding feast was seen;
The crows and ravens, say, were there;
They have the friends and neighbours been,
And they devoured the wedding fare!

Sometimes animals and inanimate objects, with which the deceased has been associated in his lifetime, are poetically represented as missing him and mourning his loss, as in this lament for a Tosk chieftain who has met with a violent death:—

[539]
Derwen Agha, *vah!*[1] all slain
Lie thy followers on the plain!
Hear thy sword cry from the wall,
"Where's my lord?" in sorrow's thrall,
"Where's my lord, that he no more
Draws and waves me as of yore?"
Hear thy charger from his stall,
"Where's my lord?" complain and call,
"Where's my lord, to fill my rack,
Girth the saddle on my back?
Where's my lord, that he bestride me,
Gaily through the mountains ride me?"

---

[1] The Albanian exclamation of distress.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

For the untimely death of a young wife, not yet a mother, the following may serve as a specimen :— 764 533 ●

O willow-wand so golden,
  No townswoman more slight;
O beautiful of feature,
  As partridge on the height!

[539]

O swift as weaver's shuttle,
  Where wilt thou henceforth bide?
O partridge on the red rock,
  Thy dower in chest must hide!

Where wilt thou be this summer,
  Reft from thy dear lord's side?
O beauteous dancing vine-branch,
  Thou wast a virgin bride!

Like blade of grass thou grewest,
  Refined as finest gold,
And thy short life, O joyless!
  Few joys for thee did hold.

A mother's grief is expressed in these, the opening verses only, of a long dirge for an only son. As I have previously had occasion to mention, the women of South Albania especially manifest an excessive degree of grief for the death of children, and often refuse, when left childless, to survive them.

764
533
539

O Death! O thou who know'st no ruth!
  Why rob me of my son?
Why tear him from my loving arms?
  My boy, my dearest one!

No pity hadst thou in thy stroke!
  Before thou laidst him prone,
Why torture him with cruel pains?—
  My boy, my dearest one!

764
● 533
[539]

Remorseless, Death, I know thou art,
Yet, from a mother lone,
How couldst thou take her only son,
Her boy, her dearest one?

Why didst thou not, my treasured child,
My only darling son—
Why didst thou not resist his blow?
My boy, my dearest one!

Ah! knew'st thou not, within my heart,
Should'st thou from me be gone,
Thou ope'st a wound must ever bleed?
My boy, my dearest one!

[152] Sometimes, too, as among the Greek women, a mourner finds no adequate outlet for her grief in the conventional dirges, and, inspired by sorrow, bursts into an improvised lament for the lost son, brother, or husband, extolling his virtues and bewailing his fate.

696
763
152

It is said that when an Albanian of the mountains is led to execution by the authorities for any crime but that of theft, which is by these people alone considered disgraceful, he walks to his doom with head erect and bearing dignified, improvising as he goes his own dirge, in which he relates the circumstances that have led to his premature departure from the world. His mother and sisters follow him to the place of execution, their hearts devoured with grief, but wearing smiles on their lips, in order that their relative may, on his side, show no sign of weakness. Intently they listen to his death-song, the words of

789 good luck to us and to our flocks!" Before the
372 family sit down to supper a small quantity of food
from every dish on the table is placed upon the burning log. Some branches of a cherry tree are also put on the fire, and, when partially burnt, are taken off again and kept.

857 Soon after midnight, the boys, in companies of from
533 ten to fifteen, go singing from house to house, and
receive, in reward for their carols, a ring-cake from each housewife.

527 On the Eve of St. Basil (January 1) the fire is
789 also kept burning all night, and the half-burnt cherry
787 branches are again thrown on and withdrawn, to be
wholly consumed on the Eve of the Epiphany, when
[372] the ashes are collected and strewn in the vineyard.
The fire of St. Basil's Eve is often watched by an expectant mother, who thus hopes to ensure an easy confinement. In the morning people wash themselves and their children with "unspoken-over" water, and draw omens from the character, gay or sad, of the person who first enters the house. A cock is also sacrificed, for it is auspicious to spill blood in the house on St. Basil's Day.

789 On the Eve of Epiphany the fire is also kept alight
all night, and in the morning the character of the
[787] coming seasons is prophesied from the set of the
wind. If a south wind blows, it indicates a full harvest and sickness; if the wind is from the east, a scanty harvest and a healthy year are predicted; if from the north, a late spring. The Christians, on the Feast of Epiphany, sprinkle their vineyards with holy water, in the hope of ensuring a plentiful crop of

returned home. Said he to his wife, "Go and invite your brothers to dinner." 539

Arrived at their house, she said, "We beg you to come and dine with us," and they followed her home. They began to eat the *pastourma*, but tried in vain to chew it, for it was not cooked.

"How is this," they asked, "that you give us raw meat?"

"It is the same meat you had on the spit the other evening," replied the husband. "I have served it to you precisely as you roasted it yourselves."

"What! Was it thou who gave us such a horrible fright?"

"I myself. But let us be comrades all the same."

And comrades they were.

Though the Albanians cannot be called a musical 533
people, singing is the favourite pastime of both men [517]
and women. Their airs have little variety, being for
the most part monotonous recitatives, and the singer's
merit depends upon his success in rivalling the violin, [534]
mandolin, or flute, by which his song is accompanied,
in prolonging the last note. The songs are generally 533
long ballads, which recount the victories of the tribe, 173
the doughty deeds of ancestors, of the family, or the exploits of some national hero. For in the songs of the Skipetars the later history of the country is preserved, and in those of the Ghegs more particularly may be found the record of how they obstinately resisted, yard by yard, the Turkish advance into their mountains, and were only subdued at last by the

533 173 overwhelming numbers and equal pertinacity of the foe. The record, too, of every insurrection, and they have been many, has thus from 1572 downwards been orally transmitted from generation to generation, keeping alive in the memory of the Albanians the heroism of their ancestors, and inciting them in their turn to similar deeds of daring.

533 538 The songs vary greatly in literary merit. Poetical talent seems now to have died out in the country, though formerly Albania had her national poets, the last of them (so far as I can ascertain), Hussein Mollah, having lived in the eighteenth century. The old ballads are consequently far superior to those of more recent date, which consist chiefly of detached couplets, and are very episodic, though they describe with sufficient accuracy the events they profess to record. In the more remote highlands some very ancient historical ballads are preserved, but unfortunately none of these have yet been collected.

One of the most striking songs of the Skipetars commemorates the revolution of 1572 under Ibrahim Pasha of Scutari. The result of this insurrection was the recognition by the Porte of its leader as Pasha of Scutari, he being the first Albanian since the conquest who had been allowed to assume that title. The song is, unfortunately, too long to give in full, but the following opening and concluding lines may give some idea of its spirit:—

539 No! no! our country only must we mother call,
For on her breast she us has nourished all.
She is the wife we to our bosoms press,
Who wakes within our hearts love's tenderness.

Where is the man, love of such mother, wife, 539
Who holds within his heart, counts not his life
As naught, as naught whatever he
May sacrifice, to keep his loved one free.

• • • • •

Come! Oh, ye generous sons, brave children, come!
And you, ye cherished husbands, hasten home.
Come to the arms of those who, with your fall,
Would have lost loved ones, country, home, and all!
Come back and rest from war's dread strife and din,
And teach your sons a hero's name to win!

The following ballad graphically describes a struggle which took place in 1795 between the Ghegs under Mahmoud Pasha of Scutari and the Tosks under Kourd Pasha of Berat. 533 173

Beat, beat, O valiant hearts of Ghegs, with noble pride! 539
The hosts of Tosks we've scattered far and wide; 173
For warrior Scutari has now at length,
With Roumeli's famed hero tried her strength.

To Hussein Mollah hear them call with glee,
"Now onward march, Tabácchi and Terzi,
Tosk has met Gheg. Come thou, our Laureate,
And make a song this fight to celebrate."

Kourd Pasha's at Berat, there let him bide;
Mean is his rank to stand Mahmoud beside;
What's he before Mahmoud Pasha, our lord?
How dares he 'gainst his master draw the sword?

Rebel is Kourd Pasha and *verlazi*,[1]
To his liege lord a traitor foul is he;
With fear he trembles when afar the drum,
Three hours[2] away, proclaims Mahmoud doth come. [805 822]

---

[1] One who takes arms against his suzerain.
[2] Distance in the East is always calculated by time

538 776 banner beside it, and on it hang his sword, stained with the blood of the Turk:

539
Within its blade Death yet shall sleep,
And, 'neath that sombre tree,
The arms of their erst dreaded foe,
Shall they now silent be?

No! When the wind shall furious blow,
And waves my flag around,
When whinnies my good charger there,
My sword makes clanking sound,

The Turk shall hear, and, tremblingly,
He'll turn, with bated breath,
With visage blanched, and hear behind
Him, swiftly following, Death.

[854 533] The Gheg mother, in her mountain home, rocks her little ones to sleep and amuses their waking hours with such lullabies as these:

I.

539 854
"*De! De!* Lambkin mine,
Where didst thou this even dine?"
"In the fields where waters flow,
'Neath the trees where cherries grow,"

"Tell me what thou there didst see?"
"Two twin birdies on a tree."
"What song did they sing to thee?"
"*Chili! Chili! Mangouli!*

I saw the old woman
'Mong corn ears all ripe;
I heard her a-playing
Upon the black pipe!"

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

stood that the killing was an accident and it 628
caused no blood feud. Accidents, he remarked, will happen anywhere, and he spoke of the death toll of automobiles, which at that moment seemed as far from my knowledge as the twenty centuries that separated us from them.

"Through the Land of the Eagle the news is 533
sung," the second gendarme began a new song, 186
thumbs against his ears and sixty-pound pack on his back, as he ascended the rocks above us. Cheremi took it up, repeating each line as the other improvised it, and under his breath Rexh translated them for me, storing them away in his memory, from which I later transferred them to my notebook. As I listened I glanced at Rrok Perolli, disguised servant of the new government about which they were making the song, but his face wore a cheerful and unconcerned expression, like a mask so perfect that it seems real.

"Through the Land of the Eagle the news is sung—— (It has a double rhyme as they sing it, Mrs. Lane, but I do not know the English to make it rhyme in your language)," said Rexh, apologetically.

"What have the men of Tirana been doing?
I am a son of the mountain eagles;
I do not give up my nest while there is life in my claws;
I do not yield to the gendarmes!
I will drown them in their own blood.
Rise, rise, and go to the door.
There is a sergeant with twenty soldiers.

PEAKS OF SHALA

[533] Ho! Ho! Sergeant, I am not the man you think!
186 I will not bow and be led to the slaughter.
I will not be killed like a lamb for the men of Tirana,
I am a goat and will fight!"

"What do they mean about sergeants and soldiers?" I asked Perolli, and he said, "These tribes do not understand that the new government in Tirana is an all-Albanian government. They don't think as a nation; they think as tribes. They think the government is a Tirana government, trying to destroy their liberty as the Romans and the Turks and the Austrians and Italians and the Serbs and the Greeks and the Peace Council tried to do. They know that the Peace Conference in Paris arranged to divide Albania into three parts, giving one to Greece, one to Italy, and one to Jugo-Slavia (and would have done it if Greece and Serbia had been strong enough at the moment to grab a third of a hornets' nest and if we hadn't driven out Italy). They know there is a connection between the Peace Conference and the League of Nations, so, now that the Albanian government is a member of the League, they think that the men of Tirana have joined their enemies. They were so dangerous that we had to send soldiers up here to burn the houses of the Shala chiefs. But everything will be all right as soon as we can get the government going and begin building schools and roads up here. They just don't understand yet."

000 Political discussion was cut short by one of the men who had run ahead a few miles to inform the

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

000 and shower, of small grassy plateaus and quick dips down cliffsides, and struggles up again, beside and through waterfalls that drenched the rocks with spray for yards around. Our muscles were now accustomed to the exercise; they complained hardly at all, and with occasional pauses for rest beneath the wooden crosses set at long intervals along the trail we went gayly, accompanied by the shrill songs of the men.

"Marke Gjloshi is putting on his jacket," sang the leading man.

533
539
"Marke Gjloshi is putting on his jacket," repeated Cheremi, for this was a song he knew well, a song of Shala made in the days of the Turks, and, repeating each line alternately, they sang:

"Marke Gjloshi is putting on his jacket.
He goes to the Pasha and makes complaint:
'The Mohammedan has cursed the cross of my Christ!
He has cursed it, and I draw my pistol,
My death-spitting pistol, I draw it
And blow him to bits. He is scattered,
He is scattered like leaves on the rocks.'
The Pasha is angry, the Pasha is crazy,
The Pasha goes mad and the bugles blow
And the guns are out, the gendarmes are out!
Marke Gjloshi is away on the road,
Away on the road a long way,
All the long way through the six tribes.
The Arabian Sea stops him, the Arabs stop him,
Arabs of the sandy sea, black Arabs.
There he stands, there he fights with the gendarmes.
'O Marke Gjloshi, what will you tell the nations?
What will you tell the Five Nations?'

PEAKS OF SHALA

'I will tell the consuls the Sultan is to blame, 533
I will tell to God the Sultan is to blame. 539
But they will not free me,
But they will not let me go
Back to my tribe, back to my own tribe.
They tear me in pieces, they send me far away,
Far away to the other side of the sea.
My greetings, my greetings, to the lost six tribes!'"

So in the mountains they sing the tales of the men who have been driven from them, to become khedives of Egypt, pashas, themselves, of Turkey, political leaders in Italy, great surgeons of France. From all these countries men are coming back now to make the new free government of Albania, and here among the mountaineers we were walking with Perolli, an agent of this government, who dared not say who he was, for danger of death.

000 "I ask myself sometimes why God did not make me born in a happier land," said Perolli, as we looked out over scores of miles of valleys inclosed by the sky-touching mountains, dotted meagerly with the tiny stone houses. "But then I think, He has made me an Albanian, and given me the most beautiful and the most unhappy land in all the world, for His own purposes."

And he spoke of roads through these mountains, railroads, mines, great power plants, all feeding the people, giving them comforts and luxuries and knowledge. For all of Albania, beneath six feet of upper soil, belongs to the government, as well as all the water power, and we

PEAKS OF SHALA

000 The woman, who had been sitting quietly listening to this, now rose and very quietly, without saying farewell, slipped out of the firelight, and in a moment, by the sound of the closing door, I knew she had left the house. But there was something about my last glimpse of her back that makes me believe she is still clamoring for her house, and will be until long after her baby sons are grown and married. Unless she gets it sooner.

● 533 There was a little silence after the woman had gone, and then one of the youths, compressing his ears with his thumbs, began to sing.[1] He sang softly, for an Albanian mountaineer, but the high, clear notes filled the house like those of a bugle. He uttered a phrase and paused; Cheremi repeated it and paused; and, so [illegible]ging alternately, repeating always the same musical phrase with changing words, they chanted long songs of war and adventure, old legends of men whose lives had been worn into myths by the erosion of centuries.

The music, strange and nostalgic, seemed to follow a scale quite different from ours, a simple scale of five notes, thin and vibrating like a violin string.

000 [551] "Sing one of the songs of your land, Flower," said Cheremi to me, politely. All the Albanians addressed us by our first names, as is the custom, for among them the last name is merely the possessive form of the father's, and it is dropped in conversation. Long since my name had been

---

[1] [At house in Albanian mountains -- Analyst]

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

war was ended. He will sing it for you, if you 000
want him to."

He was a grimy man, barefooted, ragged, and 533
incredibly whiskered. But he carried besides his [534]
rifle on his back an old beautifully made musical instrument somewhat resembling a mandolin, with a long neck ending in a carved ram's head. It was strung with fine wire, and he handled it proudly; the wire, he said, had come from Scutari. In his father's day it had been strung with horsehair and played with a bow, but at the time of his own marriage he had sent to Scutari for the wire, and he now played it with a finger nail. Fresh cigarettes were rolled and adjusted in holders, knees were crossed comfortably, and the song began.

It was only a fragment—the last song of all 533
the songs about that great war of the dragon and 539
the drangojt above the Dukaghini mountains. The strangely pitched twang of the wire accompanied the words, chanted in a wild rhythm to the rain-filled valley of the Lumi Shala:

"The ora of Shala came from the deathless forest,
From the wood that is always green beyond the Mali Nicaj.
The ora of Shala saw the war in the air above the forest,
She saw the war in the air above the crashing peaks,
She saw the blood of the dragon spilled on the rocks.
Ho lo! Ho la! The head of the dragon falls!
Ho lo! Ho la! Two heads of the dragon are dead!
Ho lo! Ho la! Three heads of the dragon fall on the rocks!
The men of the earth are saved!
The ora of Shala screamed the word that the earth was saved.

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

533 Three times the ora of Shala screamed,
539 And her scream was heard on the Mali Nicaj,
Her voice was heard on the Chafa Morines,
And the Lumi Shala ran through the valley of Shala.
Three times the ora of Shala called,
And the ora of all the mountains came to her call,
They came like sparks from a fire to the ora of Shala.
'Oh, my sisters, this is the word from the battle.
The dragon is dead and the world is saved!
The brave drangojt have saved the world.
The mountains stand without moving forevermore,
And the waters go back to their places,
For the brave drangojt have saved the world.
We will make a feasting for the saviors of the world.
My sister, go to the field for grain,
Cut it and thresh it and grind it,
Make bread and bake it well.
My sister, go to the mountains among the flocks,
Find a sheep with a lamb beside her,
Ask the sheep to give you her milk
For we make a feast for the brave drangojt.
My sister, go to the tree that is hollow.
To the tree where the honey is made,
And ask the bees for their yellow honey.
My sister, here is a knife that is sharp;
Strike true, strike deep, strike quickly,
And bake the meat in a heated pit.'
The first ora came with bread on her head,
The second ora came with a sack of milk,
A milk sack made from the skin of trees.
The third ora came with her hands full of honey.
The fourth ora came with two roasted animals,
Large roasted animals, hot and brown.
Now we can go to our brave drangojt.
The hair of the ora was unbound,
And their heads were crowned with flowers,
And the beauty of the world was their garment.

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

The ora of Shala came first to the Mali Riges, 533
The ora of Shala came to the camp of the drangojt. 539
'I hope we find you well, heroes of the earth,
Long may you live, the courage of the world.'
Then rose and spoke Lleshi of Lleshi,
Chief of the tribe of the Merdite drangojt.
'Welcome to you from wherever you come.
Where have you been hiding your beauty?'
'I am the sister of the ora of the Merdite,
She who is guarding the Mali Mundelles.
I am the ora of Shala.
Long live the heroes who have killed the dragon,
Long live the warriors who have saved the world.'
Then on the grass they sat for the feasting.
All the ora turned back their sleeves,
Making ready to serve the heroes.
The first ora broke the round loaf of bread,
The second ora brought the hot roasted meat,
The third ora brought the bowl of yellow honey,
The fourth ora poured the milk from the sack.
All the ora brought good water from the spring,
And the drangojt drank from the cup of their hands.
When the feasting was ended they left that place,
They washed their hands in flowing water,
They lay by a fire on a carpet of leaves,
And they spoke of many things pleasant to hear.
They spoke till the star of the dawn came out
Above the peaks of the Mali Mundelles.
The star of the daylight came out,
For the power of the dragon was broken.
This was the feast of the Merdite drangojt
After the last great war with the dragon."

The player ran his finger down the wire in a final weird whine, and the instrument lay silent on his knees. "That is all I know of that one," he said. "But if the American *zonyas* would like

PEAKS OF SHALA

579 Shala in summer, until the coming of Durgat Pasha.

"After that came the treason of Essad Pasha, and, having then neither house, nor sheep, nor sons, nor tobacco, but only my rifle——"

We must interrupt, to bring him back to Durgat Pasha, and he was astonished that more than that name was needed to make us understand. Had we never heard the songs of Durgat
533 Pasha? Durgat Pasha, who in 1912 came from
539 the Sultan of Turkey to subdue the Sons of the
Eagle? Durgat Pasha, who burned and killed, from the Mali Malines to the Malit Shkodra? He bent over the instrument on his knees, twanged three wild notes from it, and sang:

"Seven Powers had called a council,
Seven Powers met and said,
'Shqiperia is no more in our hands,
All Shqiperia is not in our hands.'
Then rose Durgat Pasha and took his gun.
'Leave this to me for three years.
O Sultan, I go for three years.
When I return the Shqiptars are yours.'
Durgat Pasha came past the white lake,
Durgat Pasha to the Mali Malines,
Durgat Pasha to the Mali Shoshit,
Durgat Pasha and five thousand soldiers.
He sends word to Hasjakupit,
'You shall send your rifle to me.
'Thirty Turkish pounds have I paid for my rifle,
Thirty pounds for my own rifle,
But I leave houses and lands and go with my rifle.
Thirty houses I leave behind me.'
These were the words of Hasjakupit.

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

533
539

'Thirty houses I leave behind me,
And into Montenegro I go.
I go to King Nichola of Montenegro;
He will give me meat and bread.'
Durgat Pasha on the top of the mountain,
Durgat Pasha with Shala around him,
Durgat Pasha had no bread or water,
Durgat Pasha's rifles had nothing to eat.
And the fighting men of Shala were all around him,
The fighting of Shala was terrible.
Durgat Pasha went out of his way to Puka.
Puka and Iballa greeted him.
When he came to Bashchellek
All of Scutari came to greet him.
The people of Scutari were frightened.
Durgat Pasha was going to die,
And Scutari rubbed his face with a sack,
Scutari gave him food and drink.
Then rose Salo Kali of Scutari.
'My rifles I cannot give,
I have made *besa* with one hundred men;
Our rifles are not for Durgat Pasha.'
'Leave the *besa*, Salo Kali,
Take your hammer and shoe the horses.
That is your business, Salo Kali.
What have you to do with rifles?'
'I have made *besa* with one hundred men;
Our rifles are not for Durgat Pasha.'
Durgat Pasha rubbed his forehead.
'I have never seen this kind of people,
I never saw a nation like Shala or Shoshi.
What can be done with the Shqiptars?'
These were the words of Durgat Pasha.

"That is the song of Durgat Pasha," said the bandit. "When I came home from the fighting, the men of Durgat Pasha had burned my house,

725

past when killing will solve our problems. Stupidity! But sometimes I think the whole world is stupid."

We agreed with little assenting sounds, our minds too much occupied with the difficulty of the way to spend energy on words. We were absorbed in the narrow, slippery trail running rust red along a cliff that wept iron. Only when we paused for breath did we see the beautiful valley of the Lumi Shala beneath us. The rain was falling gently now, a wavering veil of gray chiffon over the mountains that ran a scale of paling blues to the white peaks in the west. Below them little fields were green, burgeoning woods were faintly rainbow misted with colors of new leaves, and there was a foam of plum blossom and a sudden rosy note from a solitary peach tree.

533 We looked in silence. And when we resumed our toiling way, Perolli began to sing. It was a song with springtime in it, a song like the valley of the Lumi Shala, an Albanian song of strangely pitched half notes and indescribable transitions, breaking at intervals into the burbling melody of a bird's throat. We listened entranced; we begged him to sing it again.

"It is called 'The Mountain Song,'" he said. "But it isn't one of the songs of the trails; it is a song of the large villages of Kossova. I think it isn't more than fifty or sixty years old, because it is a love song. Love songs are new in Albania, and you find them only in the villages." And he sang:

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

533 "How beautiful is the month of May
When we go with the flocks to the mountains!
On the mountains we heard the voice of the wind.
Do you remember how happy we were?

"In the month of May, through the blossoming trees,
The sound of song is abroad on the mountains.
The song of the nightingale, ge re ge re ge re.
Do you remember how happy we were?

"I would I had died in that month of May
When you leaned on my breast and kissed me, saying,
'I do not wish to live without you.'
Do you remember how happy we were?

"I wish again for the month of May
That again we might be on the mountains,
That again we might hear the mountain voices.
Have you forgotten those days of beauty?"

Again and again he sang it, while we tried to follow with our voices those unwritten notes that express so much more clearly than any words the beauty and fleetingness of spring. And when, unexpectedly, we came upon five young men drawn up in a line to greet us, we could not believe that the way had been so short and that we had come to the village of Shala.

It was indeed Shala, and in a moment we were being welcomed by the padre and escorted up a stone stairway into his rooms above the church.

These were better rooms than Padre Marjan's; the windows were not broken and the walls were solid. But they were bitterly cold, and this priest was not our Father Marjan. He was

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

POSTSCRIPT

ooo by those who know Tirana. It is the sunset hour, and all Tirana goes walking in the colored evening air. Tirana goes walking down the smooth Durazzo road, the road that is white and firm beneath the feet, from the turn beyond the barracks all the way to the sea. The Cabinet Ministers of Albania go walking in a row, sedately, their hands behind their backs, and in the middle walks Ahmet Zogu, elected by Parliament Prime Minister of Albania. Six even paces behind them marches their escort, a single row of soldiers.

533 539 The eastern mountains are catching the last light of the sun and making magic with it. Plum purple, orange gold, mauve and violet and blue, the colors shift and change, and the air is faintly golden over the green plains where the mountain men are gathering as they used to gather in the evenings long before Athens was built. Holding hands in long lines, moving in a stamping circle, they are singing songs improvised by their leader, who, with a handkerchief in his hand, acts in pantomime the verses he creates. The strange, wild song in which they have clothed and preserved the tales of all their heroes of two thousand years is heard far over the green plains, where flocks of sheep are coming home with little tinkling of bells.

> "Ahmet Bey,[1] the Beautiful! O! O! Ahmet Bey! [they sing].
> Ahmet, the Son of the Mountain Eagle!
> His wings spread out and cover us,

[1] [Chief of the Mati. for role in 1922 rebellions, see cat. 116, pp 306-345 --Analy

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

POSTSCRIPT

533
539

The shadow of his wings is over us,
His claws are terrible to our foes.
Ahmet Bey, the Beautiful! O! O! Ahmet Bey!
The men of Dibra came with their rifles,
Elez Jusuf, the chief of the Dibra,
Mustapha Kruja and Zija Dibra,
The Toptani family, curse of Albania,
Hamid Toptani, with nine hundred soldiers,
Nine hundred soldiers armed by Italians,
Came from Durazzo to murder Albania.
Ahmet Bey, the Beautiful! O! O! Ahmet Bey!

"Elez Jusuf goes back to the Dibra,
Besa of peace he has given to Ahmet.
Hamid Toptani flees through the mountains,
Cursed be the trees that give him hiding.
Zija Dibra is sent to Stamboul,
Zija Dibra, exiled from Dibra.
Five thousand napoleons, fine of Durazzo,
Five thousand napoleons, fine of Tirana.
Five villages burned. Let the market place tell
Names of the men who were hanged there at dawn.

"Ahmet Bey, the Beautiful! O! O! Ahmet Bey!
He set three hundred men to work on the roads,
He built a good road from Tirana to Durazzo,
He makes electric lights in the capital of Albania.
O! O! Ahmet Bey, the Beautiful! O! Ahmet Bey!"

THE END

576 574 meat, and, since several hours might pass before the sheep or kid had been killed and made ready, it was often past midnight before we had eaten.

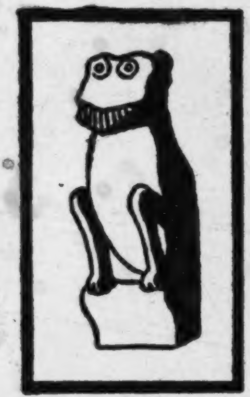
While the meal was cooking we variously slept or talked and let the bodyguards dry damp clothes by the fire or massage our weary limbs. Sometimes, to beguile the time, one of the ● [533] company would recite from the long epic poems in which the Albanians record the exploits of their heroes. They were weird, monotonous laments, sung in a high-pitched nasal voice to the accompaniment of a one-stringed mandolin. An hour [273] or so before the meal was served flasks of *raki* would be brought, accompanied by *mese* of onions, cheese, and sometimes hard-boiled eggs or lumps of grilled meat. *Raki* is a fiery, colourless spirit, made from the pulp of grapes, or sometimes, like *slivovitz*, from plums. Among the mountaineers it was usually home-brewed, and varied greatly in quality and strength. The principal guests would each receive a small flask, the shape of an old-fashioned burgundy flagon, and holding perhaps half a pint, while the rest of the company fared according to the resources of the host, sharing a flask between two or three. Toasts were drunk to the traditional greeting of " *Tungjatjeta* " — " May your life be prolonged " ; and, though the mountaineers habitually drank to excess, they seldom failed to comport themselves with grave, if sometimes mellowed, dignity.

When the cooking was done Maclean, as the chief guest, would be asked if the meal might be served ; there was never [521] conversation after meals, and so the greatest compliment which he could pay his host and fellows was to ask for a postponement. 264 As soon, however, as he had given his assent, a circular wooden table some five feet in diameter would be carried in, standing about six inches from the ground. Round this a dozen of us would assemble, sitting cross-legged, but in a crocodile, each sideways on to the table so as to make room for as many as possible. We would then each be given a spoon as our sole piece of cutlery and with this helped ourselves to the more liquid dishes at the centre of the table. There were no plates, so that each spoon plied steadily backwards and forwards

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania EG1

CHAPTER XII

Two Kinds of Music—" There was a Young Man of Durazzo "—Rhythms—The Band in the Park—Gipsy Dancing Girls—Ghouls in the Cemetery—Twilight.



STONE DOG
ON CHURCH WALL

● 533 I FOUND two kinds of music in Albania—the modern imported article as performed by a brass band in front of the President's house at Tirana, and the true music of the country, which is now played and kept alive only by gipsies. The brass band music was of the usual popular order—American jazz (the players had been trained in the States), the Barcarolle from " The Tales of Hoffman ", the Toreador's Song from " Carmen ", extracts from " Faust ", and so forth, decently played but uninspiring. The gipsy music, on the other hand, was extremely stimulating, and at the first hearing I became keen to learn, if possible, something about it. So while I was at Elbasan I mentioned my desire to Mr. Lef Nossi, and he at once arranged—through the police—for some gipsy girls to come to my inn and sing to me so that I might have an opportunity of hearing and transcribing some real Albanian tunes. Exactly why the

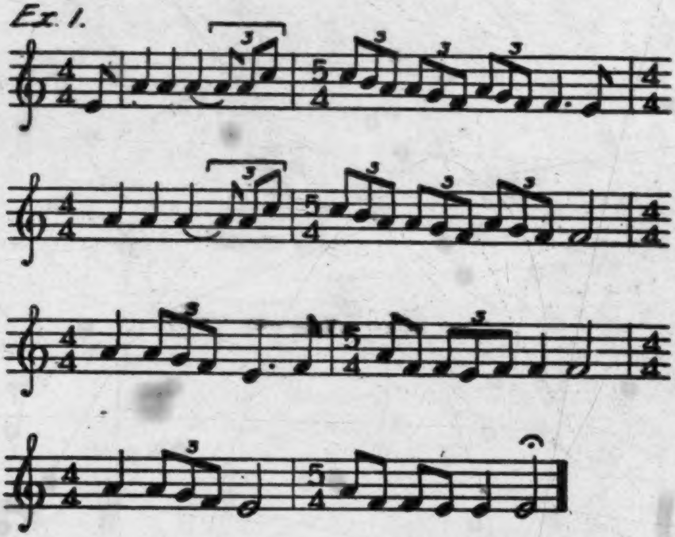
police should have had to be first approached I am not quite 533
clear, but at all events a gendarme brought the girls and stayed in the room until the conclusion of their performance. Probably they were members of a certain profession, but as to that I did not enquire.

There were four of them[1] in all—two girls of eighteen 291
or so, and two older women. The girls wore the traditional 533
dress of the dancer—a short dark-coloured bodice of velvet, and Turkish trousers of an amplitude that would make the widest Victorian crinoline look meagre. Yards and yards of material must have gone to the making of them, and yards more to the numberless frilly petticoats which showed through the thin stuff of which the trousers were made. Brightly-coloured handkerchiefs were bound round their heads, and long braids of black hair hung loose. Neat shoes, pointed and high-heeled, peeped out beneath the vast trousers. Gathering the ample folds of their garments around them they seated themselves on chairs, while the older women squatted on the floor. All had big tambourines. Then, according to the usual custom, cigarettes were handed round and tiny cups of black coffee, of which we all partook —the gipsies, the gendarme, Mr. Lef Nossi, my host Osman Arapi, and myself. These ceremonies concluded, the concert 533
started. Swaying gently from side to side and beating a rhythm with their fingers on the tambourines, the girls began to sing. I got out paper and pencil and tried to write down the tune, and after a good many repetitions evolved the following approximate transcription :

[1] [i.e. gipsy dancing girls -- Analyst]

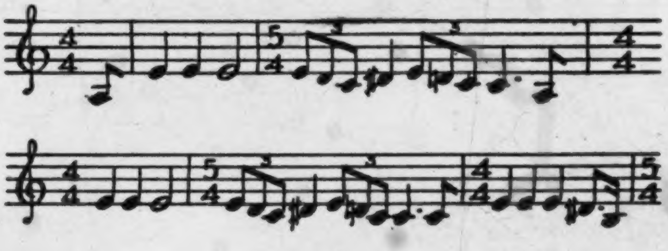
To the Land of the Eagle

533 *Ex. 1.*

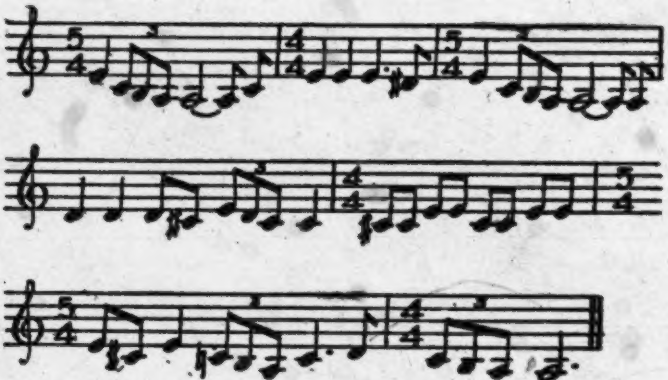


The song, I was told, concerned the adventures of a certain young man of Durazzo who was inveigled away by gipsy girls and robbed of all he possessed. I am afraid it was hardly a drawing-room song, and I refrained from asking for more details either of this or of a second song, of which the tune, as nearly as I could get it, was as follows :

Ex. 2.



Rhythms



Of a third tune, which was exceedingly intriguing and which I should have much liked to transcribe in its entirety, I could secure only the opening phrases, and these but very roughly ; after that it became too intricate and too elaborate for my powers of transcription.

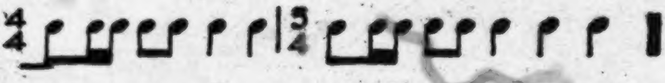
" Our music ", said Mr. Lef Nossi, " is very difficult "— and I heartily agreed with him.

A musician reading these tunes may perhaps wonder wherein lay the difficulty. Any intelligent student could, he will think, write them down correctly at almost the first dictation. The difficulty arose from the fact that the tambourine rhythms which accompanied the songs were not only very elaborate but were strongly marked, and appeared to have little relation to the tune itself, which was smooth and had no outstanding accents or strong beats whatsoever.

To the Land of the Eagle

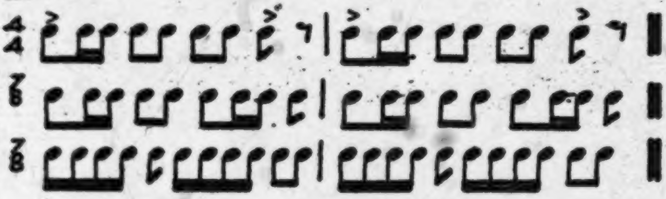
533 A favourite tambourine rhythm was the following :—

Ex. 3.



Other rhythms which I heard then and later were :—

Ex. 4.



The same evening, happening to stroll out to a little park on the eastern outskirts of the city, I met the gipsy girls again. They were part of a troupe of musicians which was performing there. The band consisted of a clarinet, a violin, and six big tambourines, and the players sat cross-legged on a bench under an acacia. There was a little refreshment hut or bar behind, and tables were set out on the grass. It was a very pleasant place to while away an hour or two.

The music, though not quite the same as the music I had heard in the morning (being, in fact, modern whereas the other was old), was equally interesting. The rhythms, as before, were complicated, and there were many unexpected progressions as well as curious scale passages which seemed to belong to no particular key. Tonality, us we know it, was practically non-existent, and its absence gave the music

533 a character and charm impossible to describe. Many Western listeners would doubtless class it vaguely as "Oriental", and dismiss it as of no further significance, but there is a great deal more in it than such people may think.

The gipsy girls, as soon as they saw me, smiled broadly, and on the conclusion of the item in which they were engaged came across to my table for backshish. One of them I sketched, to the intense amusement of the others. Then they returned to their places on the bench and the music
[535] began again. Presently one rose and began to dance—a slow, swaying dance with body movements but with little
[292] foot work. She was soon joined by another. Both were wearing the short bodices and vast trousers I have already described. From a Mohammedan cemetery which adjoined the park a party of Moslem women in ghoul-like black draperies and veils watched the proceedings. I wondered what their thoughts were. Did they envy the gipsies? Or
000 did they find compensation for the dullness of their own lives in a sense of virtue and moral superiority?

The cemetery was entirely overgrown with bracken, and only the occasional appearance above the greenery of a tombstone higher than its fellows indicated what the place really was. I thought of certain cemeteries of England and Western Europe with their serried rows of staring white headstones, their glass-covered imitation flowers, their monuments—so ugly and so pretentious—and I wished that they too, could be overgrown with bracken.

533 182 [534] Still another mechanism[1] is that of art, expressed chiefly in singing to the *oud*, or *gusle*, as it is more familiarly known to outsiders. Singing hour after hour to the accompaniment of this one-stringed instrument, and sometimes throughout the night, warriors recount the deeds of their ancestors, and even of their contemporaries. By using traditional verse forms and a stereotyped vocabulary they can compose new epics as they sing, and recite old ones verbatim. Like illiterate bards elsewhere, they have prodigious memories. *Gusle*-singing stirs the mountaineer to action as surely as bagpipe music fires the Highland Scot, thus rousing men to heroic deeds for which they may later pay dearly. It is a part of the whole com-

---

[1] [for maintaining equilibrium in Gheg society -- Analyst]

182 533 plex of feuding, like that other and minor art form, the embroidered and crocheted decorations on the mountaineer's clothing by which he announces defiantly from the limit of eyesight his exact familial and political affiliation.

All of these cultural mechanisms[1] belong to Moslems and Catholics without distinction. They make up by far the greater part of the emotional life of the people, and it is no wonder that Albanians say that they are not "religious." These customs are psychological means of reinforcing the habits of behavior by which the mountain people maintain their adjustment to their environment, and as such are pertinent to our present study.

---

[1] [see cat. 116, pp. 37a – 38 b -- Analyst]

534

534 MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS--idiophones (e.g., clappers, gongs, rattles); membranophones (e.g., drums); cordophones (e.g., zithers, lutes, harps); aerophones (e.g., flutes, pipes, trumpets); special instruments (e.g., bullroarers), complex mechanical instruments (e.g., piano, organ); care and repair of musical instruments; etc. See also:

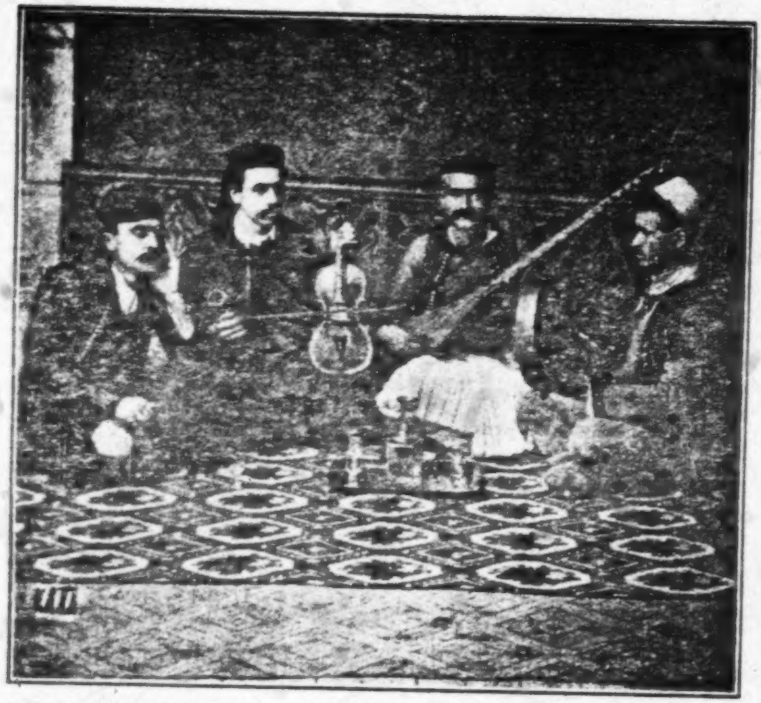
Drum signaling	202	Sound recordings	216
Radio	207	Musical supplies industry	549

585 The presents were tied up in two gaily coloured handkerchiefs. We
went into the yard. The ladies joined hands and so did the men, and
[533] stood in opposite rows singing alternate verses. The men asked if the
bride was ready, and the ladies sang she was a lump of sugar. The youth
who was acting as gift-carrier was then sprinkled with holy water by
the mistress of the house, and went on his errand. All was over for that
day. On Monday, at 9 a.m., we were called to the bridegroom's house.
[534] A large party of male relatives and friends was gathered there, with
a violin, tambouritza, and concertina. The bridegroom and his two
witnesses sat in the yard on chairs. I went to the women's room. The
[292 display was gorgeous. On full-dress occasions the Scutarene Catholic
301] ladies' dress touches the sublime. The exquisite fineness of the embroidered
white silk veils, the skill with which they were draped;
the coral and gold stitched "salman" which gleamed through the veil
and stood in a peak over the forehead; the long tassels of seed-pearls
or filigree gold that hung from the ears; the lavish display on neck and
breast of great gold coins, and the great scarlet cloaks made up a scene
of real magnificence. Each lady sat, a vast heap, on the floor, her huge
purple-black "branaveks" (bloomers) billowing round her and the
skirts of her scarlet stiffly embroidered "djuba" spreading like a
peacock's tail behind her, with all the solemn dignity of an Eastern
[262] idol. Coffee and piles of sweets circulated. An empty chair in the corner
awaited the bride. Then an ox-cart creaked down the lane. The oxen
were decked with marigolds. They brought the bride's coffer. We went
to meet it. The women joined hands and sang a song of greeting, while
with difficulty ten men carried the huge painted chest into the women's
room. It contained all the bride's clothing; all her husband's underclothing
(she has to make him at least two dozen of everything); and
all the house-linen (likewise her work). Two of the bridegroom's
female relatives now went in a gaily decorated carriage to fetch the
bride. The horses' heads were beflagged with the coloured handkerchiefs
[291] which play a large part in the life of the people. The ladies took
with them a parasol for the bride and the scarlet cloak ("japangi"), which
is the gift always of the bridegroom to the bride, and is worn by married
women only. The bride was to be conveyed to the cathedral.

The bridegroom then entered the women's room to say farewell.
[177] He wept real tears and was dragged away weeping and resisting, the
ladies sprinkling him with holy water as he left. After a long wait,
punctuated with coffee, sweets, and rakia, a cry arose: "They are
coming!" In the carriage were the two female bride-leaders, neither
of whom may be the mother. A sister, aunt, or sister-in-law may take
[177 the duty. Between them sat the bride motionless, rigid, and closely
842] veiled; and opposite sat a little boy whose presence is necessary to

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 Albania EG1

534



OLD-FASHIONED GROUP OF ALBANIAN MUSICIANS

(facing p. 248)

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

returned home. Said he to his wife, "Go and invite your brothers to dinner." 539

Arrived at their house, she said, "We beg you to come and dine with us," and they followed her home. They began to eat the *pastourma*, but tried in vain to chew it, for it was not cooked.

"How is this," they asked, "that you give us raw meat?"

"It is the same meat you had on the spit the other evening," replied the husband. "I have served it to you precisely as you roasted it yourselves."

"What! Was it thou who gave us such a horrible fright?"

"I myself. But let us be comrades all the same."

And comrades they were.

Though the Albanians cannot be called a musical people, singing is the favourite pastime of both men and women. Their airs have little variety, being for the most part monotonous recitatives, and the singer's merit depends upon his success in rivalling the violin, mandolin, or flute, by which his song is accompanied, in prolonging the last note. The songs are generally long ballads, which recount the victories of the tribe, the doughty deeds of ancestors, of the family, or the exploits of some national hero. For in the songs of the Skipetars the later history of the country is preserved, and in those of the Ghegs more particularly may be found the record of how they obstinately resisted, yard by yard, the Turkish advance into their mountains, and were only subdued at last by the 533 [517] [534] 533 173

PEAKS OF SHALA

000 "Try them on the 'Merry Widow,'" I said, knowing that that music had come to us from [334] the Balkans, and they laughed aloud at the strains of that famous waltz. "Albanian gypsy music," said they, and from somewhere in the shadows they produced a sort of musical instrument, cunningly carved from pine, in shape like a long, thin mandolin, strung with horse hair, and on this with a hair-strung bow they played us the real "Merry Widow" waltz. "You have gypsies in your country, too," said they, and we thought how the centuries have transformed the wandering bands of ragged entertainers into our press-agented musical-comedy companies; how the commercial age had divided fortune telling, thieving, and music into complex and separate activities.

At eleven o'clock Cheremi broke reluctantly from the merry group and, approaching us stealthily, whispered his request to be permitted to go home for the night. His house lay only four hours away, perhaps forty miles by our measurements; he had not seen his family for two years, and he wished to visit them. He would be back before dawn. We gave him permission, and one of the villagers went with him, to guard him from the village dogs.

231 Then we learned that when darkness came the dogs were let loose, and after their loosening only the boldest ventured outside stone walls. And the long wolf howl that rose and quavered and sank and rose again along the trail that Cheremi

war was ended. He will sing it for you, if you 000
want him to."

He was a grimy man, barefooted, ragged, and 533
incredibly whiskered. But he carried besides his [534]
rifle on his back an old beautifully made musical instrument somewhat resembling a mandolin, with a long neck ending in a carved ram's head. It was strung with fine wire, and he handled it proudly; the wire, he said, had come from Scutari. In his father's day it had been strung with horsehair and played with a bow, but at the time of his own marriage he had sent to Scutari for the wire, and he now played it with a finger nail. Fresh cigarettes were rolled and adjusted in holders, knees were crossed comfortably, and the song began.

It was only a fragment—the last song of all 533
the songs about that great war of the dragon and 539
the drangojt above the Dukaghini mountains. The strangely pitched twang of the wire accompanied the words, chanted in a wild rhythm to the rain-filled valley of the Lumi Shala:

"The ora of Shala came from the deathless forest,
From the wood that is always green beyond the Mali Nicaj.
The ora of Shala saw the war in the air above the forest,
She saw the war in the air above the crashing peaks,
She saw the blood of the dragon spilled on the rocks.
Ho lo! Ho la! The head of the dragon falls!
Ho lo! Ho la! Two heads of the dragon are dead!
Ho lo! Ho la! Three heads of the dragon fall on the rocks!
The men of the earth are saved!
The ora of Shala screamed the word that the earth was saved.

2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910)1928 EG1 Albania EG1
Montenegrins EF5

M
535
291

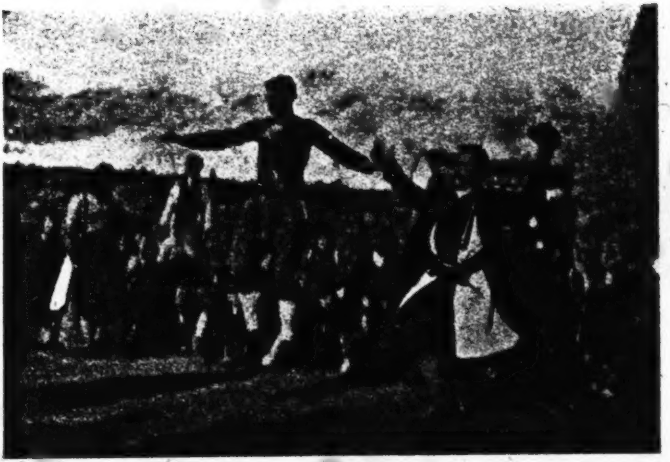


PLATE V.—MONTENEGRIN DANCE

A
534

PLATE VI.—KRSTO AND IKÉ (GUSLE-PLAYING)

[Facing p. 129]

To the Land of the Eagle

291
531 I stopped one morning at a shop where an old man was busily embroidering a cloak. It was one of the great cloaks which are worn by the Scutari ladies, and the work was very intricate and fine. One of the completed cloaks—a voluminous garment of terrific weight—hung at the front of the shop. I asked the price. The embroidery was black on a scarlet ground and covered the whole cloak in a pattern of spirals. It must have taken him months to complete, yet all he asked for it was two napoleons (32s.), and I daresay, 000 had I made him an offer, he would have accepted less. In order to show it off the better he put the cloak on and strutted up and down outside—an impromptu mannequin parade which much amused the onlookers. I fear he was disappointed when I went away without making a purchase, but if one bought all the beautiful and cheap things one saw when travelling one would have to charter a ship to bring them home.

● 534 One little purchase I did make, however, when wandering one day in the country outside Scutari. This was a small pipe on which a shepherd lad was playing a most fascinating modal tune. At first he refused to part with it, but his father, who came out from an adjacent cottage, settled the question by taking it away from him and thrusting it into my hand. The boy looked glum at this summary disposal of his property, but a handful of small coins consoled him, and before I left he was happily engaged in making another. The pipe had five double fingerholes—its two reed stems being side by side—and terminated in a bell-mouth made

from a ram's horn. It was fastened together with beeswax 534
into which tiny coloured beads had been driven to form a pattern. At the mouthpiece end were inserted two short lengths of straw cut in a peculiar manner, and it was the vibration of these straws which produced the pleasant, oboe-like sound; though when I got back to the hotel and tried the instrument, much to my disappointment no sound whatever came. There is evidently a knack in playing it which I do not possess. Similar little pipes have been known in the Balkans for many centuries. They are, without doubt, the early ancestors of the reed instruments—clarinets, oboes, English horns and bassoons—of the modern orchestra.

The principal tobacco-growing districts of Albania are 277
Elbasan and Scutari. The tobacco of Elbasan is usually considered the better, though the cigarettes of Scutari suited my personal taste and I preferred them to the Elbasan cigarettes. I think that the leaf was chosen with more care and that the blending was superior. At both places they are cheap, the price of a packet of twenty being half a krone (2½d.). Many of the local people, however, prefer to carry loose tobacco and roll their own. Pipe-smoking is rare, and the pipe-smoker has to have tobacco specially cut for him. Cigars are not available, the reason being that, although they could be made, nobody could afford to buy them. The crop at present grown is only sufficient to supply the home demand, and, with the exception of a small quantity to Zara on the Dalmatian coast, no tobacco is

533 182 [534] Still another mechanism[1] is that of art, expressed chiefly in singing to the *oud*, or *gusle*, as it is more familiarly known to outsiders. Singing hour after hour to the accompaniment of this one-stringed instrument, and sometimes throughout the night, warriors recount the deeds of their ancestors, and even of their contemporaries. By using traditional verse forms and a stereotyped vocabulary they can compose new epics as they sing, and recite old ones verbatim. Like illiterate bards elsewhere, they have prodigious memories. *Gusle*-singing stirs the mountaineer to action as surely as bagpipe music fires the Highland Scot, thus rousing men to heroic deeds for which they may later pay dearly. It is a part of the whole com-

[1] [for maintaining equilibrium in Gheg society -- Analyst]

535

535 DANCING--dance styles (e.g., imitative, pantomimic, symbolic, stylized); technique (e.g., movements of the head, trunk, and limbs); gestures, postures, and their symbolism; solo, pair, and group dancing; choreographic patterns; extemporization and formalization; rhythm; musical accompaniment; occasions for dancing and associated dance forms (e.g., war dances, shamanistic dances, ballroom dancing, tap dancing); participants and spectators; dancing places (e.g., dance halls); dance costumes and paraphernalia; emotional expression in dancing; training in dancing; specialized dancers and dance leaders; choreographic arts allied to dancing (e.g., figure skating); etc. See also:

Gestures	201	Dance performances on the stage	545
Postures	516	Night clubs	547
Skating	526		

342 dwellings immediately enables one to make
the distinction between the natives of this
district. The comfortable handsome stone
houses, with large galleries on the upper
stories before the living rooms and the stables
below, denote the typical Albanian peasant
homes. And in the immediate vicinity, the
small reed huts tenanted by the gypsies.

563 There are two kinds of gypsies in this in-
197 teresting country: one is the same as the
[140] English variety, speaking the quaint old
191 Romany, although knowing at the same time
the language of the country. This branch of
gypsies is the eternal wanderer, constantly
moving from one district to another, pitching
their temporary tents wheresoever they will.
[443] Their keenest interest is in horses and they
live by their tradings and quite often entirely
by their wits. The other kind of gypsies is
those, who, having forgotten almost all of
their Romany, speak only Albanian, and a
little Turkish where they are old enough to
have experienced the Turkish occupation of
Albania. Essentially lazy, these broken-up
533 tribes live mostly in the towns, gaining their
535 daily bread in the simplest and most conven-
563 ient way possible for them: singing and danc-

ing, accompanied by the women on tambour-
533 ines and they by the men on violins and
535 cornets. Their dances are picturesque in their native costumes with their hair either flowing or bound up, according to the particular dance. For those who may interpret their dances, there is a rich abundance of narrative in store for the reader. The harmony of tambourine, violin and cornet is not at all unpleasant when played by skilled musicians. The singing, however, is not harmon-
563 ized, the performers using only one voice.
[461] Regardless of where these gypsies may live they earn their living in the same way, and being too lazy to cultivate even a small truck-garden, they lead easy, happy-go-lucky exist-
[427] ences, and they have their huts free of rent, provided they work a few days out of the year for their ground landlord, Shevket Bey. Strange as it may seem, these wandering,
[326] anchorless people are about the only local blacksmiths found in this country, for the Albanians proper have a curious aversion to this occupation.

245 After leaving this quaint little town of Bradshesh, and penetrating into the heart of Albania towards Elbasan, large, beautiful

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

484

562
777 small objects, which they themselves have worn, as
789 talismans to ensure their safe return, and during their
often protracted absences they resort to various
787 methods of divination, either with or without the aid
of a professional wise woman, in order to discover
how their beloved spouses fare, where they sojourn,
and how they are occupied.

The men on their side are not free from home-
152 sickness, and many are the pathetic little exile-songs,
593 in which their longings for their native mountains,
and for the beloved ones from whom they are, for a
time, separated, find expression. One may serve as a
specimen:

[539] Now in Bender, now in Buda,
Bide we lone and desolate.
Patience, heart! What boots complaining,
So it hath been willed by Fate.

Yet this grievous bitter exile
Cannot longer still be borne;
Is't naught that we like felons wander
From Fatherland as outlaws lorn?

Who the exile's griefs can number?
Say whose woes can equal mine?
E'en the viper, should she sting me,
Poisoned by my blood would pine!

527 The amusements of the Albanian women are, for
535 the most part, limited to birth and wedding festivities,
at which singing and dancing are the principal features.
Albanian dances are of two kinds: the Pyrrhic, as it
is called by travellers, which is usually indulged in
by the men, and a kind of "kerchief dance," which is
affected by the women, the two sexes always performing
separately. The women dance in couples,

holding each other with one hand while they execute 527 a step composed of shuffles and leaps, and not particularly 535 graceful, waving at the same time over their heads a kerchief, or scarf, with their disengaged hand. Another dance of a pantomimic character is sometimes performed at weddings for the amusement of [585] the company. Three masked men, in the characters of a man, his wife, and his servant, perform a burlesque representing the weakness of man and the unfaithfulness of woman. The husband expresses by gesture his despair at seeing his wife make eyes at the wedding guests, while her servant, armed with a broom in lieu of a gun, threatens to shoot her mistress's lovers.

The Albanians are, as M. Dozon remarks,[1] "without 191 literature, without art, and almost without a history." Their language, which is difficult to learn and difficult to pronounce, is a complete mosaic of fragments borrowed from many sources, though a native element naturally predominates. Greek and Turkish words 197 abound, and many of Slav and Latin origin have [192] become part of the vernacular. The language of the Skipetars is also divided between the two dialects spoken respectively by the Tosks and the Ghegs, though there is no well-defined line of demarcation between them. The purest Albanian is said to be spoken at Elbassan, the inhabitants of which according to the native saying:

> "Turk of Stambolhit [Constantinople],
> Skipe of Elbasanit,"

are looked upon as representative Skipetars. The total neglect of the mother tongue has been due in

---

[1] *Manuel de la Langue Chkipe*, pp. 1 and 163.

Ghouls in the Cemetery

533 a character and charm impossible to describe. Many Western listeners would doubtless class it vaguely as "Oriental", and dismiss it as of no further significance, but there is a great deal more in it than such people may think.

The gipsy girls, as soon as they saw me, smiled broadly, and on the conclusion of the item in which they were engaged came across to my table for bakshish. One of them I sketched, to the intense amusement of the others. Then they returned to their places on the bench and the music
● [535] began again. Presently one rose and began to dance—a slow, swaying dance with body movements but with little
[292] foot work. She was soon joined by another. Both were wearing the short bodices and vast trousers I have already described. From a Mohammedan cemetery which adjoined the park a party of Moslem women in ghoul-like black draperies and veils watched the proceedings. I wondered what their thoughts were. Did they envy the gipsies? Or
000 did they find compensation for the dullness of their own lives in a sense of virtue and moral superiority?

The cemetery was entirely overgrown with bracken, and only the occasional appearance above the greenery of a tombstone higher than its fellows indicated what the place really was. I thought of certain cemeteries of England and Western Europe with their serried rows of staring white headstones, their glass-covered imitation flowers, their monuments—so ugly and so pretentious—and I wished that they too, could be overgrown with bracken.

538

538 LITERATURE--literary styles; poetry (e.g., epic, lyric); verse forms (e.g., couplets, stanzas); poetic techniques (e.g., meter, rhyme, alliteration); prose forms (e.g., tales, sagas, proverbs, fiction, short stories, essays); narrative plot and structure; literary subjects and themes; characters (e.g., animals, men, gods); treatment (e.g., realism, fantasy, allegory, satire); composition; literary conventions; recitation and narration (e.g., occasions, audiences); specialists (e.g., poets, prose authors, story tellers, ghost writers); etc. This category is reserved for generalized descriptions of literature. For literary texts, and analyses and commentaries related to specific literary works see 539. See also:

Stylistics	196	Riddles	524
News stories and magazine articles	204	Lectures	544
Books and their publication	214	Mythology	773
Esthetic ideals and canons of taste	517	Sacred literature	779
Wit and humor	522	Humanistic studies	814

CHAPTER X.

ALBANIAN WOMEN: THEIR CULTURE-BELIEFS.

779 Though speaking the same language, observing the same customs, and cherishing the same traditions and aspirations, the Albanians, as may have been seen from the foregoing chapter, are, in matters of religious belief, divided by three Creeds, the Moslem, Orthodox Greek, and Roman Catholic. The Moslems constitute about one-half of the population, and of the remaining half the majority follow the rites of the Eastern Church.

797 175 After the loss of their independence the Albanians began by degrees to abandon the faith of their forefathers for that of their conquerors. Islam, however, made but slow progress among them until towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the Porte promulgated a law assuring the possession of their property to those Albanian families who would bring up one of their sons in the Moslem faith. A Tosk proverb [538] says, "Where the sword is, there is the faith;" and the advantages which a nation of mercenary soldiers could not fail to find in belonging to the religion of the dominant race, soon made conversion so general that the populations of whole villages, towns, and even districts would simultaneously apostatise to Islam. Wholesale perversions, such as these, have

CHAPTER XII.

ALBANIAN WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POESY—FOLK-TALES.

THE subject of Albanian folk-lore attracted many 114 years ago the attention of Von Hahn, whose *Albanesische Studien* and *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen* are well known to folk-lorists throughout Europe. Other collections have since been made by French and Italian students of the language and lore of the Skipetars, not only in their native land, but also in their colonies in Italy, Sicily, and the Greek Islands, where, though long settled, they still remain a distinct race.[1]

Long contact with the neighbouring Greeks has, 538 in South Albania, naturally resulted in much inter- 177 borrowing of folk-tales, and it is often difficult to determine to which nationality a story originally belonged. M. Dozon finds also traces of a Slav origin in several tales contained in his collection, which may have been introduced either by the Bulgarians of Upper Macedonia, or by the Montenegrin settlers in Northern Albania. The pious Pagano-Christian element, as M. Dozon calls the legends of [773] Saints which are found both in Greek and Armenian

---

[1] See, for instance, Jubany, *Raccolta, &c.;* and Dozon, *Contes Albanais* and *Manuel de la Langue Chkipe.* A small collection, untranslated, referred to by M. Dozon as *L'Abeille Chkipe,* but of which I have not been able to learn the exact title, has also been published at Cairo.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

538 177 773 folk-tales, is, however, almost entirely absent from those of the Albanians. Of the so-called religious legends current among the Skipetars, some are of Christian and others of Moslem origin. The following explanation, given by the highlanders, of the [262] reason for the Moslem's distaste for pork, savours, however, rather of Bektashí scepticism. One day, they say, Mohammed went out in company with a Christian on a thieving expedition. Finding nothing else to lay their hands upon, the pair took possession of a sow, which, having killed, they proceeded to divide by drawing lots. As luck would have it, the head, shoulders, and best parts of the carcase fell to the Christian, while the Prophet received as his portion only the tail and the hams. Discontented with his share of the spoil, Mohammed proclaimed the pig unclean, and forbade his followers to eat thenceforward of its flesh.[1]

538 773 Some of the sayings proverbially current among the Albanians have their origin in myths, which are for the most part of a religious character. The phrase, "The drop has fallen," used with reference to any one who has died suddenly, with the connected imprecation, "May the drop fall on thee!" are thus explained. While the rebellious angels were falling [776] from heaven into the abyss, the angel Gabriel called a halt, and every one stopped exactly where he happened to be at that moment. Some had already reached the regions below the earth, others were on the earth itself, while a third section were still in mid-air, where they have remained suspended ever

---

[1] Compare Hecquard, *La Haute Albanie*, p. 310.

since. If the tears of remorse which they are continually shedding happen to fall upon a human being 538 773
he dies instantaneously. "Suspended devils" also occur in the Armenian legend of the Fall, already related.[1]

The saying, "Eat him, wolf, and make him burst, O Michael," refers to the part played by Satan in the following legend. When God created Adam, Satan, after inspecting him, observed that he did not think highly of His handiwork, and believed himself capable of producing something better. The Lord took Satan's remarks in good part, and gave him leave to try his hand at creation. Satan then kneaded some dough, as he had seen the Lord do, and fashioned it into the shape of a wolf, which he asserted to be equal to God's handiwork. "Thou must give thy creature life," said the Lord to him, "as I have given to mine." So Satan set about doing this, and he blew into the wolf till his black head became red and blue, but to no purpose, for it still remained lifeless. The Lord, finally becoming weary of his vain attempts, struck the wolf on the side with a staff and gave him life. Hence it is that the wolf has a hollow beneath his ribs. God then said to the wolf, "Creature, devour thy creator." What the Archangel Michael has to do with the story does not, however, appear.[2]

Another legend concerning the Devil describes him 538
as fastened by a chain of enormous strength to a 776
rock. The whole year through he gnaws at the links,

---

[1] Vol. i. p. 272.

[2] Von Hahn, *Albanesische Studien*, p. 165.

538
776
which, by Easter Eve, have become very thin. On the morning of Easter Sunday, however, the Saviour arrives with a new chain with which He again secures Satan to the rock.

539
A graceful little myth is related in some parts of Albania concerning the origin of the Cuckoo and the *Gyon*, or *Gyonit*, which is, I believe, a species of small owl. The story goes that the cuckoo and the gyon were brother and sister, and had a brother named Gyon, who had been killed. Various causes are assigned for his death in the different versions of the story, that current among the Ritza tribe being that he was accidentally stabbed by his brother with a pair of scissors. In order the better to mourn his loss, the surviving brother was changed into the bird gyon, and the sister into a cuckoo. And so the gyon calls his brother all night long by his name, "*Gyon, Gyon!*" and the cuckoo in the daytime sings, "*Kou! Kou!*" which means, "Where art thou?"[1] In Elbassan, however, it is also said that the sister was changed into the blue flower, which is called the "cuckoo flower," or "cuckoo's bread," and when a woman finds this flower in the field she sings:

Cuckoo, cuckoo, more than cuckoo,
Saw'st thou me?
Saw I thee?
Saw'st thou thy dear brother, Gyon?
How they slew him like an ox?
Blood a spoonful,
Flesh a cupful;
Give me both thine hands!

[524
857]
[1] It has occurred to me that the call of "Cuckoo," used by children both in the East and in the West when playing hide-and-seek, may have its origin in some such bird legend.

She then takes hold of the flower with both hands 539
and lays her head upon it.

Almost every Albanian tribe has a more or less 173
mythical tradition of its origin, which is generally traced to some single ancestor. Of these I have already mentioned two, the legends of the Miridite clans of the Clementi and the Castrati. Another tradition, however, traces the descent of the entire tribe of the Miridites from one man, who, like the favourite hero of fairy tales generally, was the youngest of three sons. His father, according to the story, lived on Mount Pastrik, near Diakova, and at his death the three brothers divided their poor inheritance, the eldest taking the saddle (*Shalla*), the second the sieve (*Shosh*), the third receiving only the salutation of "Good-day" (*Mir día*). As is, however, always the case in such stories, the prosperity of the portionless one greatly excelled that of his brothers. For while they became the founders of the clans called Shialla and Shoshi, in remembrance of the saddle and sieve they had respectively inherited, he who had been dismissed with an ironical salutation bequeathed it as a name to a far more numerous and powerful tribe, the *Miridites*.

Out of so many charming folk-tales it is a difficult 114
matter to choose the best or most characteristically 538
Albanian. I have, however, limited myself to those [121]
of which the originals are available, in order to obtain the precise names of the Supernals described in them, many of whom are disguised by their French translator under the name of *Lamie*, and by Von Hahn under the Teutonic *Elfe* or *Kobold*. As mentioned in

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

114 the previous chapter, most of these magical beings
● 538 have their equivalents in Greek folk-lore, but the Liouvía is peculiar to Albania, and has, so far, been found only in two stories, the following, and that entitled "Perseus" by Von Hahn.[1] The "Beauty
538 of the Earth," or "The World," is the subject of other stories, both Albanian and Greek, and also occurs in Greek folk-song under the same title.[2] This story, however, has a parallel in the Epirote Greek tale of "The King's Son and the Beardless One," in which the hero, a king's son, is personated by a beardless muleteer, a blind *Drache* being substituted for the Liouvía, and an old lame horse for the old man of the Albanian version. The king's son throws pieces of meat to the *Drache*, who recovers his sight, and out of gratitude swallows the hero, who, while in the creature's stomach, learns the language of birds, an attainment which afterwards serves him in good stead. In one of the Greek variants the Beauty is described as "The Golden-haired One," and all the maidens of the town form her train.[3] The incident of stealing the magic dress occurs also in the Bulgarian song of "The Samodiva Married against her Will."[4]

---

[1] *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, No. 98.

[2] See Passow, *Carmina, &c.* : 'Η ὡραία τοῦ κόσμου.

[3] Von Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen;* and the story of "The Twins" in Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια.

[4] See vol. i. p. 352.

When our hero returned, they repeated to him the 539 words of his wife. Without losing a moment, he bought three pairs of iron shoes, and set out in search of her. On the spot at which he had arrived when the last pair was worn out he built a khan, where travellers might eat and drink without paying, and he questioned them as to what they had seen on their journeys. One said, "Not far from here I had let my water-cask fall, and it rolled to the bottom of a ravine. When I went down to find it, I saw twelve maidens bathing in a fountain."

At these words our hero rushed out of doors, and the traveller having described to him the spot, he approached the bathers unperceived, seized the dress of his wife, and threw it into the fire which they had kindled in order to wash their clothes. Her dress burnt, the Beauty had no means of escaping him again, for in it was contained all her magic power, and she returned with her husband to the king.

The story of the "Maiden promised to the Sun" is [538 171] made up of two separate episodes, both of which have their variants in the folk-lore of the Greeks and Bulgarians. In the Greek variant[1] of the first part of the story, the maiden is stolen by a ray of sunshine which enters through the key-hole, and carries her to his master. Two hares are commissioned to take her back to her mother, who silvers the tail of the surviving one as a reward for its services. A Bul-

---

[1] Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, No. 41.

539 garian ballad[1] also describes the stealing of a maiden by the Sun. Prayers addressed to Nature-powers, as to the Sun in this story, are not uncommon in Greek and Albanian folk-tales, though the name of God is occasionally substituted for or added to them.[2] The following is, however, the only instance of the Sun or other power voluntarily relinquishing his captive. In [538 171] a Greek parallel to the second part of the story, Τὸ μαχαίρι της σφαγῆς, &c., "The Knife of Slaughter,"[3] a Gipsy woman is substituted for the slave. The incident of the man transformed to stone by a spell is of frequent occurrence, as, for instance, in the story from the island of Astypaleá, Τὸ χρουσσὸ ἄλογο, "The Golden Horse,"[4] and in the Gipsy story of "The King's Son and the Daughter of the Dervish."[5]

The Maiden who was Promised to the Sun.[6]

There was, and there was not.[7] There was once a queen who had no child, and she prayed continually the Sun to give her one, were it only a girl; when [582] she should be twelve years old,[8] she added, the Sun could have her back again.

Finally the queen had a daughter, and she went who had heard him. So they built a hut for her to live in. But she did nothing but weep and recount her misfortunes. The king having heard her once or twice lamenting in this way, approached and asked her why she wept; so the maiden told him her story. Then the king took her for his wife, and as for the slave, he cut her into a thousand pieces, the biggest of which was not larger than that! 539

---

[1] Dozon, *Chants Bulgares*, No. xli.

[2] See, for instance, Von Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, Nos. iv. v. liv. and cxli.

[3] Hahn, Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια, p. 49, translated by Geldart in the little volume somewhat too ambitiously entitled *The Folk-lore of Modern Greece.*

[4] *Ibid.* p. 80.

[5] See below, p. 370.

[6] Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. vii.

[7] The usual preface to an Albanian folk-tale. The Magyar formula, *Volt, nem volt*, has the same meaning.

[8] The marriageable age.

The following story strikingly illustrates the fatalistic beliefs entertained by the Albanians in common with the generality of Orientals. The incident of the substituted letter is of common occurrence in Greek as well as Albanian folk-tale.[1] 829 538

The Story of the Child; or, The Fates.[2]

There was once an old man and an old woman who had no children. At last, after I don't know how many years, God gave them a son, and their joy had no bounds when they found that the Lord had at length thus remembered them. Two nights had passed since it was born, and the third was coming on when the Three Women would appear to assign to the infant its destiny.[3]

The same night it rained so heavily that no one dared put his nose out of doors for fear of being carried off by the water and drowned. However, who should arrive in the midst of the rain but a Pasha,

---

[1] See, for instance, "The Three Brothers and the Dev," p. 156; Dozon's "La Boîte Merveilleuse," *Manuel, &c.*, No. xviii., *Contes*, No. xi.; and Hahn's Tinote story of "Kosta and the Drakos," in the *Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια*.

[2] Dozon, *Langue Chkipe*, No. xx.; *Contes Albanais*, No. xiii.

[3] See p. 244.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539 wards the Pasha's son-in-law arrived to fetch the article ordered. The blacksmith gave him the handkerchief, which he carried to his father-in-law.

When the Pasha saw him alive before his eyes, he trembled in every limb; but what was his grief when, on opening the handkerchief, he found the head of his son! However, he made no sign, but gave this order to his groom—"To-night, if the horses fight, leave them alone, so that my son-in-law may go down and quiet them. Do thou, however, be behind the door, with a bludgeon in thy hand, and the moment he appears, smash his skull."

"Very well," was the reply.

During the night, the horses having begun to fight, the Pasha called to his son-in-law to go and quiet them, but his wife persuaded him not to get up, saying that they would soon stop. The Pasha, who thought that this time he was really dead, went out of his room and crept softly towards the stable. The groom thought it was the son-in-law coming, and with one blow struck him dead.

Then the youth took the power into his own hands, and became Pasha in place of the other. And so it all fell out as the Third Woman had foretold, at the time of his birth, that he should supplant the Pasha.

Our story is done. The youth was lucky, and may we be luckier still!

538
171 The following story of The Three Brothers and the Three Sisters has many parallels in Greek folk-tale. In an Epirote variant the sisters are married respect-

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

ively to a lion, a tiger, and an eagle,[1] and in the 538
others we have besides the "Mother of Night," the 171
Mother of the Sun, of the Moon, and of the Wind, who protect the princess against their own sons.[2]

The Three Brothers and the Three Sisters.[3]

There were, and there were not. There were once 539
three brothers who had three sisters, and they married them, and gave the first to the Sun, the second to the Moon, and the third to the South Wind.[4]

Some time afterwards, I don't know how long, the brothers said to each other, "Let us go to our sisters and see how they fare." So without wasting time they made ready for the journey, took their provisions, and set off. As they were going the night overtook them when they were on a plain near a mountain. So they stopped there, took out their provisions, and made a fire. Supper finished, the eldest of the brothers said to the others:

"Lie down and sleep, and I will watch and keep guard for fear that some one might come to rob or kill us."

So the two younger ones slept, and he mounted guard. Presently a Koutchédra, seeing the light, came up, and, her mouth watering at the sight of the men, she threw herself upon the one who was watching, to eat him. But he with a shot from

---

[1] Hahn, Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια; No. 12, *Gr. und Alb. Märchen*, No. 25.

[2] *Ibid.* No. 10.

[3] Dozon, *Langue Chkipe*, No. xxiv., *Contes Albanais*, No. xv.

[4] *Youga.* In Albanian, as in Servian and Bulgarian, the moon and the south are masculine, and from this circumstance M. Dozon was of opinion that this story is of Slav origin. [821]

539 returned to the king, who, on seeing them, was quite overjoyed, and gave a splendid feast in their honour.

This is the end of the story.

● [538] The following comic story is a good illustration of the adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief."

Mosko and Tosko.

There were once two brothers, who were robbers by trade, and they had a sister for whom they had long sought a husband of their own quality. Years passed, and one fine day they met on the road a man whom they asked, "Where goest thou? Wilt thou join us, and have our sister for thy wife? We will give her to thee, for we have long wanted a husband for her."

"Done," said the other, "and that shall not prevent our being comrades." So they gave him their sister.

One day, as they had not seen their sister for some time, Mosko and Tosko went to pay her a visit. The husband happened to be absent, having gone to the mill. You must know, however, that there was some [251] *pastourma*[1] hanging in the loft.[2] Arrived in the house, Mosko said to his sister: "My dear sister, give me some water." She went to fetch the water-barrel, and gave it to him. After having drunk, Mosko asked Tosko if he were not likewise thirsty. "Yes," he replied, and his brother passed him the barrel. Then Mosko said to Tosko:

---

[1] Smoke-dried meat.

[342] [2] *Taras*, the space between the unceiled rafters of a cottage and the roof.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

533
173
overwhelming numbers and equal pertinacity of the foe. The record, too, of every insurrection, and they have been many, has thus from 1572 downwards been orally transmitted from generation to generation, keeping alive in the memory of the Albanians the heroism of their ancestors, and inciting them in their turn to similar deeds of daring.

533
538
The songs vary greatly in literary merit. Poetical talent seems now to have died out in the country, though formerly Albania had her national poets, the last of them (so far as I can ascertain), Hussein Mollah, having lived in the eighteenth century. The old ballads are consequently far superior to those of more recent date, which consist chiefly of detached couplets, and are very episodic, though they describe with sufficient accuracy the events they profess to record. In the more remote highlands some very ancient historical ballads are preserved, but unfortunately none of these have yet been collected.

One of the most striking songs of the Skipetars commemorates the revolution of 1572 under Ibrahim Pasha of Scutari. The result of this insurrection was the recognition by the Porte of its leader as Pasha of Scutari, he being the first Albanian since the conquest who had been allowed to assume that title. The song is, unfortunately, too long to give in full, but the following opening and concluding lines may give some idea of its spirit :—

539
No! no! our country only must we mother call,
For on her breast she us has nourished all.
She is the wife we to our bosoms press,
Who wakes within our hearts love's tenderness.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891

EG1 Albania EG1

The following little Tosk song refers to an unsuccessful rising in South Albania about 1835:— 538

From Corfu they tidings bear, 539
Tafilbouz is landing here; 173
On Avlona's shore he lands,
Three detachments he commands.

To the mosque they crowd and shout,
"Hodo, from thy house come out!"
Now may Allah be his shield,
If to them should Hodo yield!

O Hodo, O Sadik, Bekir, and Karafili!
Simon the Liap's brave sons!
'Mid the rattle of the guns,
They have fall'n, unhappy ones!
May the rest be lucky!

The national songs, as well as the folk-tales, of the land of their forefathers are also sacredly cherished by those Albanians who, as before mentioned, for centuries past have been settled in Southern Italy and Sicily. There the exploits of the heroic Scanderbeg are still celebrated, and at their feasts they sing how the hero of Croia [538]

Of hares and capons ate the flesh, [262
Of partridges the heads ate; 264]

and how

His cups and forks were all of gold,
And of fine silk his napkins.

The women, too, in their Easter dances, relate how, as he went forth to battle, Death met him on the road, and revealed to him the secrets of the Book of Destiny; how he called to him his young son, and bade him tie his horse to a cypress on the seashore, plant his 538 776

538 776 banner beside it, and on it hang his sword, stained with the blood of the Turk:

539
Within its blade Death yet shall sleep,
And, 'neath that sombre tree,
The arms of their erst dreaded foe,
Shall they now silent be?

No! When the wind shall furious blow,
And waves my flag around,
When whinnies my good charger there,
My sword makes clanking sound,

The Turk shall hear, and, tremblingly,
He'll turn, with bated breath,
With visage blanched, and hear behind
Him, swiftly following, Death.

[854 533] The Gheg mother, in her mountain home, rocks her little ones to sleep and amuses their waking hours with such lullabies as these:

I.

539 854
"*De! De!* Lambkin mine,
Where didst thou this even dine?"
"In the fields where waters flow,
'Neath the trees where cherries grow,"

"Tell me what thou there didst see?"
"Two twin birdies on a tree."
"What song did they sing to thee?"
"*Chili! Chili! Mangouli!*

I saw the old woman
'Mong corn ears all ripe;
I heard her a-playing
Upon the black pipe!"

Vizier. In your name I will give these things to your people, and they will be grateful.'" 579

We laughed hastily.

"But it is time to cut your beard and hang your rifle on the wall," Perolli suggested. "There is a free Albanian government now." 000

"But not a free Albania," said the bandit. "The government forgets that, and sits in council with the Powers that sold us to Italy and gave us to Serbia. Have you forgotten Kossova and a million of your brothers who are slaves to the Serbs?"

"I am of Ipek," Perolli answered him. "Nevertheless, I am first a Shqiptar and second a man of Kossova. And I remember our proverb that says, 'Better an egg to-day than a chicken next year.'" [538]

"We have also a saying, 'Better the nightingale once than the blackbird every day,'" replied the bandit.

"Let it be. 'Every sheep hangs by her own leg,'" Perolli retorted, rising.

The honors were with him. For the moment, the bandit could think of no proverb which would be a weapon, and could only reply to our courteous farewells by wishing us smooth trails.

"The good man of yesterday becomes a burden to-day and a danger to-morrow," said Perolli, as we went slowly along the ledge of trail. "Why is it that our minds do not change as rapidly as the world changes around us? These mountain men will cling to their rifles, though the time is

186 hour he had extracted from them the identity of the criminals and the fruits of the crime. By a gentleman's agreement there were no prosecutions, but the victims were fully reimbursed, with ten per cent interest for their trouble.

On Good Friday of 1939 King Zog entrusted Abas Kupi with the defence of Durazzo. His forces only consisted of a battalion of Albanian gendarmes and some tribal levies but, although hopelessly outmatched in man-power and in guns, he kept two of the Duce's divisions at bay for more than thirty-six hours. This gallant action, the only effective resistance offered to the Italian invasion, covered the King's escape and made
•[538] Abas Kupi a national hero. Indeed, as we learned from our agents, the mountain bards had already added verses celebrating his defence of Durazzo to the long epic poem in which the great exploits of Albanian history are recorded.

*669 Gani's advice that we should seek the help of Abas Kupi seemed to us sound, and we therefore asked Stirling to approach him, for he had known him well in Albania. Accordingly, a few days after the capitulation of France, the two met in the dingy lodgings which Abas had taken in Constantinople. The Albanians are usually given to prolonged ceremonial greetings, but, although it was five years since he had last seen Stirling, Abas Kupi asked at once:

"Will you English fight on?"

"I give you my word we will," Stirling answered.

"Thank God," said Abas Kupi, "for now the Italians are at last fair game for both of us." Then, his mind at rest, he remembered his manners and, with a smile, produced the customary greetings and enquiries: "*Tungjatjeta! A je mirë? A je shendosh? A je burri fortë?*" ("May your life be prolonged! Are you well? Are you in good heart? Are you a strong man?")

After devious transactions the necessary passports were obtained and Abas Kupi was brought to Yugoslavia. At our first meeting I was struck, as others have been, by his pronounced likeness, especially in profile, to certain of the portraits of Napoleon; a likeness accentuated by a lock of hair brushed forward on his forehead to hide the deep scar of a bullet wound

593 maternal uncle's children. Then when the bride joins her husband in his father's house, she will come directly under the supervision of her paternal aunt, a woman whom she has already seen, and who represents an extension of her own family in the strange household. Such an ideal arrangement still makes no provision for a selection of mates on the basis of personality adjustments. It merely makes the change from one household to the other a little easier than if the girl were a total stranger. Very often a girl's fiancé is killed and she has to marry one of his brothers, a cousin, or someone of an entirely different family, and there will be no familiar aunt to smooth things over, but instead a suspicious and exacting mother-in-law, with whom her only ties are through her husband.

583 It is no wonder that brides sometimes run
away. If they come home their fathers usually
return them. Not infrequently they elope and
if they are lucky settle in some city, or distant
countryside where the limb of Lek Dukagin's
● [538] law is not long enough to reach them. Gheg
epic poetry, which the traveler hears sung
night after night in private houses, hans, and
gendarmeries, dwells frequently on the theme
of elopement. One hears at length about
couple after couple, hopelessly in love, who
break all of the rules, run away, and meet a
tragic but inexorable fate. In the epics they
seldom if ever make good their escape. In real
life I believe that they sometimes succeed, and
their elopements, successful or otherwise, help
reduce the population of the mountains.

589 If a young woman is faced with a marriage
which she cannot bring herself to consummate,
and if she has enough strength of character to
take the following step, she can avoid matri-
mony by becoming a "sworn virgin" (fig. 10,
d).† She summons a meeting of the 12 elders
of her community and in their presence swears
perpetual chastity. By this means she not only
gets out of her engagement, but also prevents
a feud between her father's kin and those of
[838] her fiancé. At this point she becomes techni-
cally a man. She may or may not don mas-
culine clothing. She will carry a gun, and
fight like other men. She will plough and
reap, and do all of the tasks of a man. If she
breaks her oath, the elders will, in theory, burn

† [see Cat. 116, p. 110--Analyst]

CHAPTER XI

BAJRAKTARS

It is an Albanian tradition that when the Turks began to raise 104
Albanian levies for their army they chose specially brave tribes- 701
men to lead the levies and called them by the Turkish name of *deli*, meaning 'madman' or 'desperado'. At a later date they called them *spahis* (cavalrymen), and at a still later date *bajraktars* (standard-bearers), from the Turk *bajrak*, standard. So the word bajraktar conveys the business of the man so-called, and the origin of his title. He was the military leader of his tribe and owed his appointment to the Turks, not to his fellow-Albanians.

Neither delis nor spahis seem to have been blood ancestors of the bajraktars. Each tribe knows how its first bajraktar won his flag
but never says that he was either a deli or a spahi. In the folk-tales [538]
which purport to recount their deeds, the spahis figure not as heroes but as ordinary cavalrymen of the type we still find in
Algeria. Certain families, notably in Lumë and Yugoslav Losovë, [551]
are surnamed Spahi. These claim descent not from medieval bravos but from relatively modern cavalrymen, and they are not bajraktars. The memory of the delis and their deeds survives only in folk-tales and an occasional personal name. The bajraktar of Hot at the beginning of the century was Deli Metë Çuni. In the folk-tales the delis, more fortunate than the spahis, preserve their reputation as doughty fighters.

Tribal traditions agree that most *bajraks* were bestowed on the 703
original holder like a Victoria Cross, for valour in battle. The combats were generally against the Serbs and Montenegrins, natural enemies of the Albanians as they were their nearest neighbours, and had not ceased ever since they appeared in the Balkans to steal ancient Albanian territory. Some bajraks are said to have been gained hundreds of years ago, and others only a few generations since. The historical details in the traditions are generally meagre and the chronology vague, but these defects make on the whole for greater credibility, assuring us that no lively imagination has been at work. To minds running as Albanian

797 most of the surrounding land. The head of the fraternity received us in an upper room furnished in Turkish fashion with carpets, divans, and cushions. He was a big man with a great brown beard, a prominent nose, and a huge white hat, and he sat cross-legged in the Oriental way. After he had entertained us with coffee, cigarettes, and conversation, the harmonium was carried upstairs and deposited in the middle of the room—an astonishing anachronism in that atmosphere of Omar Khayyam—and hymns were sung to him for the good of his soul. Leaflets were left, as if by accident, on the divan, as well as a hymn-book—all printed in Albanian—and so a little more of "the Lord's work"
000 was accomplished. But I wished I could see into the dervish's mind and read what he really thought of it all. And I wondered what would happen if he were to turn the tables and attempt a little missionary work on his own account. The situation would have been unusual, and might have proved amusing.

The translation of the Bible into a somewhat limited language like Albanian has its pitfalls. In one of Mr. Kennedy's tracts the quotation "Blessed are the poor in spirit" occurred. This, unfortunately, had been rendered by the Albanian translator, and, more unluckily still, had been printed by the printer, as "Blessed are the weak-minded"!

● 538 The dervish, in answer to a question I put to him through Mr. Kennedy, said that there was no Albanian literature, and that such poetry and legend as there was had survived only through being handed down orally. This, he explained,

The Education Question

was due to the fact that Albania had for such a great part of 538
its existence been a subject race. Under Turkish domination the Turkish language was made compulsory and was taught in the schools, and Albanian books were confiscated. The Turks were followed by the Greeks, who were even more bitter against the printing of Albanian and subjected every house to a rigorous search and burned every Albanian book
that had escaped the Turks. Asking about education, I 871
was told that it is only very lately that the country has had a chance of settling down and attending to this very important matter. During the war it was occupied at different times by the Austrians, the Italians, and the French, and education, like everything else, was in a state of chaos. Now, however,

THE NEW SHOES

539

539 LITERARY TEXTS--texts, translations, and abstracts of folktales, myths, songs, and other individual literary products; critical analyses and commentaries thereupon; etc.

352 fashion, a well-scoured copper pan to mix the meal in,
[415 a wooden bowl or two, a few horn spoons, a copper
373 *ibrik*, or coffee pot, and a brass lamp. One of the two
412] rooms is used as a storehouse for the maize or grapes,
251 which are spread out and sprinkled with salt in order to
353 preserve them. The other serves as general living and
372 sleeping apartment, where the fire is made on the
floor, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof.
241 Each house has its garden well stocked with fruit
249 and vegetables, and its tobacco plot, surrounded by a
high loopholed wall. Each village has, too, its green,
361 in one corner of which is the paved threshing-floor,
243 where the grain is trodden out by horses.

142 The physical appearance of the women of Albania varies according to the district they inhabit, the tribe to which they belong, and the conditions under which they live. The Skipetars of the Drin and the Gheg and Miridite women of North Albania generally are tall, handsome, and well-made, having good complexions and not infrequently fair hair, which, as the following verse from one of their folk-songs shows, is much admired:—

● [539]

O maiden so tender,
No pipe of Vizier
Was ever so slender
As thou art, my dear!
The soft silken tresses
Of thy yellow hair,
The glad breeze caresses,
Like flax threads are fair.

183 They are also dignified in demeanour, capable of undergoing fatigue and hardship, and exceedingly Courageous.

then literally buried under a heap of stones, which are 684
piled upon and around her; and her husband has a right to slay the partner of her guilt wherever he may find him. Such cases are, however, of extremely rare occurrence.

Considering this rigidity of morals it is a rather 173
curious fact that two clans, or tribes—the Clementi and the Castrati—ascribe their origin to irregular connections between the daughters of shepherds and strangers, exiles from other countries. The stories are almost identical. That of the Clementi is as follows:—

A young man named Clement, clerk to a priest of 173
Moratcha, a district of Montenegro, weary of the 539
tyranny of his superior, ran away, and, not knowing which way to go, made for the road leading from Selze to Scutari. Arriving at a place called Tamara, he came upon a flockmaster of Triepsei, who, astonished to see a youth dressed as he was in such a place, inquired his business there. Without disclosing whence he came, Clement related his misfortunes, and declared his intention of going to Scutari in order to seek service with some family of position. Touched with pity, and fearing for him the dangers of the way, the shepherd invited the stranger to stay with him and help him to keep his flocks. Clement accepted the offer; and when the number of sheep he was to receive as wages was settled, he followed his new master home.

The shepherd was rich in flocks and lands, possessed of a second wife with a young family, and also of a grown-up daughter, Bubce, who was both ugly

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

1.73
539
and lame. Clement, being young and active, and also attentive to his new duties, soon gained the affection of his master, and, at the same time, that of his daughter, who, seeing no chance of ever being asked in marriage by her equal, took it into her head to make the shepherd lad fall in love with her. Clement long resisted the allurements of the uncomely Bubce, and pointed out to her the danger they would both run should any understanding between them come to her father's ears, and also the misery that would follow for her a union with a penniless man. "It is not our danger, but my deformity that thou fearest," the shrewd Bubce would reply, and, her devotion finally touching the heart of Clement, the lovers met frequently in secret.

Finding herself compelled to take her stepmother into her confidence, the latter, fearing that her husband's pride would impel him to some act of violence were the state of affairs to come suddenly to his knowledge, tried to prepare him for the news, and made him swear by St. Nicholas not to do harm to any one. [788] The angry father, in spite of his oath, at first threatened to kill both his daughter and her lover, and reproached them bitterly for the dishonour they had brought upon his house. Bubce, however, took all the blame upon herself, and her tears and prayers, joined to those of his wife, who reminded him of the oath he had sworn "by St. Nicholas," and which is of all oaths the most binding on an Albanian, finally prevailed with him. Clement might marry his daughter, but on condition that neither of them ever again should appear before him. So the couple

173
retired to the pasturage of Beston, which the shepherd 539
gave to his daughter, taking with them the sheep
which constituted Clement's wages. Here they [465]
settled down and prospered, leaving behind them
great wealth in flocks, and a numerous family of descendants.
At the present day the tribe of the 162
Clementi number 500 families, or 5400 souls.

Social morality is pushed to its extremest limit by 562
the Miridite mountaineers. Though their women 577
enjoy the greatest freedom, an unmarried girl cannot, out of doors, speak to a man not a relative of her family without risking the loss of her reputation, a calamity which few would care to survive. M. Hecquard cites a case in point, related to him by an Albanian *abbé*, which well illustrates the value that an Albanian girl sets on her honour. A man happened to remark in joke to a girl, the sister of one of his friends, and before several other persons, that he had seen her in conversation with a young man, whose
name he mentioned. On the following Easter Sunday, 796
when all the tribe were congregated, the girl, 788
who was under fifteen, on leaving the church after 762
partaking, as is customary on that day, of the Eucharist, 577
called God to witness to her innocence, and
seizing a pistol from one of her relatives, shot herself
through the heart. Two days afterwards, the man
whose careless words had been the cause of the 627
tragedy fell by the hand of the victim's brother.

Among the Albanians exogamy is the general rule, 583
which is carried out by the Miridite chieftains to the 184
extent of carrying off by force a woman from one of the neighbouring Moslem tribes. The wives of the

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

484
562
777 small objects, which they themselves have worn, as
789 talismans to ensure their safe return, and during their often protracted absences they resort to various
787 methods of divination, either with or without the aid of a professional wise woman, in order to discover how their beloved spouses fare, where they sojourn, and how they are occupied.

The men on their side are not free from home-
152 sickness, and many are the pathetic little exile-songs,
593 in which their longings for their native mountains, and for the beloved ones from whom they are, for a time, separated, find expression. One may serve as a specimen:

● [539]
Now in Bender, now in Buda,
Bide we lone and desolate.
Patience, heart! What boots complaining,
So it hath been willed by Fate.

Yet this grievous bitter exile
Cannot longer still be borne;
Is't naught that we like felons wander
From Fatherland as outlaws lorn?

Who the exile's griefs can number?
Say whose woes can equal mine?
E'en the viper, should she sting me,
Poisoned by my blood would pine!

527 The amusements of the Albanian women are, for
535 the most part, limited to birth and wedding festivities, at which singing and dancing are the principal features. Albanian dances are of two kinds: the Pyrrhic, as it is called by travellers, which is usually indulged in by the men, and a kind of "kerchief dance," which is affected by the women, the two sexes always performing separately. The women dance in couples,

over the infant. In the case of a boy all now touch 852
the cradle while they sing:

> *Poganik*, When the boy grows a man, [539 ●
> A weaver we'll make him,
> And money he'll bring us.[1] 562]

And for a girl:

> *Poganik*, When our girl grows up tall,
> She shall go to the valley
> And bring us much water.

The company now separate, each person carrying home with her a piece of the Poganik cake, which is believed to possess beneficial qualities, and distributes it among the members of her household. When they have left, honey and other delicacies are laid out for the refection of the Fateful Three, the dogs are shut up, and the gates left open.

Until the baby is forty days old neither mother 846
nor child must leave the house, nor, after sunset, the room, for fear of supernal beings. During this period the fire is carefully kept up, and an ember of it must on no account be given to a neighbour, or all kinds of evil will ensue. Whoever has occasion to enter the house after nightfall, must leap over a firebrand laid on the threshold. Music and singing are also rigidly refrained from for fear of attracting the powers of the air.

The ceremony of naming the child is performed by 553
the Christian Albanians according to the baptismal 852
rite of the churches to which they respectively 779

---

[1] Weaving was formerly a trade in high repute with the artisan class of Albanians, who left their homes to work in the towns where it was carried on. [463
286]

including boots and shoes of yellow leather embroidered with gold, together with a loaf of sugar, 585 [184] some coffee, and other customary trifles. The *dunti* is carried by two boys belonging to the bridegroom's family, both of whose parents must be living. As they arrive at the house the women and girls sing a song beginning :

O flaxen one, far whiter [539]
Than foam on Drin's wave-crest,
—— sends to thee the *dunti*,
All in a golden chest.

All the members of the family receive the boys at the foot of the staircase with every mark of respect, and conduct them to the reception-room. As the *dunti* is placed on a coffer, all present cry, "*Per heir*" (Good luck !) The envoys are seated in the place of honour, while all the family of the bride remain standing; refreshments, consisting of liqueurs and bonbons, are served twice, complimentary speeches are exchanged, and after about an hour of polite attentions, the boys depart. On the same day a youth is despatched by the bridegroom's parents to invite the guests for the following Monday. The formula he makes use of [574] is—"So-and-so is to be married, and begs you to come next Monday to the wedding with all your family, or, if you prefer it, let the head of the family come alone." At each house he receives in return for his invitation a present of a few piastres. The number of persons invited by each family is fixed according to the degree of kinship or friendship existing between them and the bridegroom's family.

The bride's family send out their invitations in the

Lower your crests, ye mountains high,
That we may the moon descry
Sailing through the azure sky.
Our bride her mother's counsels heard,
Who said, "My daughter, mark my word,
Love and respect your father new."
"That, mother will I gladly do—
I'll love and honour him alway
Who's given to me a bridegroom gay."

On Monday morning, the homes of both bride and
bridegroom are thronged with guests, sometimes to
the number of several hundreds. Each one brings an [431
oka[1] of coffee and another of sugar for the benefit
of the house, and at the same time presents the [422]
bride with a gold coin, the value of which varies [302]
with the degree of relationship of the giver. These
coins are subsequently strung into necklaces, and
constitute part of the personal property of a married
woman.

At early dawn the bride is dressed in her wedding finery, decked with all her jewels, and, at sunrise, is led to a corner of the principal reception-room. Here custom requires her to stand, motionless and speechless, with downcast eyes and hands crossed on her breast, until she starts for her new home. Two women, posted at either side, keep watch and ward over her, and the rest of the female guests, seated round the room on the divans, stare at the poor girl as if she were the idol of their worship. At meal-times, on this and the two following days, she eats alone, covered with a veil, though if she is anxious to make a good impression she will partake of food only

---

[1] About 2¾ lbs. avoirdupois.

585 if compelled to do so, in order to show how great is her regret at leaving the paternal roof.[1] In fact, her behaviour throughout is intended to typify her reluctance to exchange the single for the married state. [262 463] Meantime the guests divert themselves with liqueurs, coffee, and sweets, and the performances of the professional musicians hired for the occasion.

About ten o'clock a cart arrives from the bridegroom's abode to fetch the bride's baggage, which is [415 531] packed in a large wooden box ornamented with designs of flowers rudely executed. When it starts every one shouts, "*Per heir*" (Good luck!), and among [788] the Christians, several women accompany the cart outside the gate, sprinkling both it and its contents with holy water. A few minutes afterwards, all the male guests invited by the bridegroom's friends set out, preceded by his father, who leads a richly caparisoned horse on which the bride will ride home. As they leave the house the women sing:

[539]

Happy may thy journey be,
Eldest of our family.
Holy sign of cross now [illegible]ke,
To the right thy way then take.
If to us thou bring fair bride,
May the sugar-plums taste sweet,
If a foul one by thy side
That they bitter taste were meet.

585 262 Arrived at their destination, the party range themselves around the courtyard, where glasses of cognac and water, and sweets and sugar-plums of various kinds

---

[1] The Mongols of Tibet observe a similar custom. See *Journal of Sarat Chandra Das*, published by the Royal Geographical Society.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

are handed round by men-servants. During this 585 ceremony, which every one endeavours to prolong, the [262] bride, enveloped in a long cloak and covered with a veil, is led downstairs. She walks as slowly as possible, supported on either hand by an attendant as if infirm, and is hidden from all eyes by silken draperies held on either side of her path until she has been seated on her horse.

The procession then starts. The husband's guests walk first, then comes the bride, her horse led by a servant, supported on either side by her brothers, behind her follow the musicians and singers, the rear being brought up by her relatives and friends. Various songs are sung *en route*, of which the following may serve as a specimen :—

[539]

Our fair bride is on the way,
Like a pink, so fresh and gay.
At the door's our brideling fair,
Like the pink's her perfume rare.
In the courtyard is the bride,
She's a rose that's open'd wide.
On the stair the bride see now,
White as jasmine is her brow.
Now she comes within the room,
Her neck is like the lily's bloom.
" Bride of mine, now cease to grieve,
Let not sobs thy bosom heave."
" Bridegroom mine, can I be gay ?
I've my father left to-day.
From my home for ever torn,
It is meet that I should mourn."

The bride, on leaving the door of her childhood's 585 home, and at every street corner she passes, inclines

585 her head three times in token of farewell to the places she will never again, as a maiden, behold.[1] When her approach is announced to the women of her husband's family, they sing:

● [539]
"Bride, lost bride, what wouldst thou find?"
"The courtyard gate of my bridegroom kind."
"What, O bride, wilt thou give to me
If I show now his courtyard gate unto thee?"
"Shirts, O my bridegroom, all broidered and fine."
"Small is thy guerdon, O brideling of mine,
For I can take them, nor ask leave of thine."

Arrived at the bridegroom's home, the same precautions are taken in dismounting the bride as were observed in placing her upon her horse. The women of the house come down to receive her, and pushing her gently, lead her, as if against her will, into the nuptial chamber, where she is seated on cushions. When coffee has been served and partaken of, the bride's friends take their leave, the eldest among them saying in a loud voice:

"Until now she belonged to God and to us, now and henceforward she belongs to you and to God, who will protect her."[2]

As they retire, the last message of the bride to her mother is sung:

[539]
Stay, stay, O dearest brothers, stay!
A word to you the bride would say.
Stay, stay, O dearest brothers, stay!

---

[1] This observance may possibly have its origin in the propitiatory farewells paid by a bride, among the ancient Slavs, to her father's household gods. Compare Kovalevsky, *Modern Customs, &c., of Russia*, pp. 33-4.

[606] [2] This is intended to signify that if the bride is not well treated in her new home her parents will intervene on her behalf.

585
539

My greetings to my mother bear,
My greetings to my sisters fair,
Tell them my heart will love them e'er.
Stay, stay, O dearest brothers, stay!
Each day, when comes the even glow,
My prayers, on winds that softly blow,
For them to God on high shall go—
Stay, stay, O dearest brothers, stay!

As soon as the bride's relatives have left, the women raise her veil with the silver handle of a dagger, or some other object made of the same metal,[1] and whether she comes up to their expectations or not, they are in duty bound to sing:

How beautiful she is, the bride!
May God preserve her!
Her brow is high and white and wide,
May God preserve her!
Her eyebrows have the rainbow's curve,
May God preserve her!
Her eyes for coffee cups might serve,[2]
May God preserve her!
Her cheeks the rose's inmost fold
May God preserve her!
Her mouth a little box of gold
May God preserve her!
Her lips as red as cherries are
May God preserve her!
Her teeth than pearls are whiter far!
May God preserve her!
Like milk her skin is fair and white
May God preserve her!
Like cypress is she tall and slight
May God preserve her!

Among the Christian Albanians, the religious ceremony is now performed in the nuptial chamber, where 585

---

[1] Magical properties are attributed to this metal by the Albanians.
[2] Literally, "as large as coffee-cups"—*findjanes.*

[777]

764
533
The ideas expressed in it may also be found in Greek and Roumanian folk-song.

[539]

Kyabése's bridge hard by,
Slain by treach'rous foes I lie.
Comrades, greet my mother well,
Bid her the two oxen sell;
Give the money to my Life,
To my dear, my promised wife.
Asks mother what doth me betide,
Say, I have wedded here a bride.
Asks she who holds me with her charms,
Tell her, three bullets in my breast,
Six in my legs and in my arms.
Asks she who came as bidden guest,
And at my wedding feast was seen;
The crows and ravens, say, were there;
They have the friends and neighbours been,
And they devoured the wedding fare!

Sometimes animals and inanimate objects, with which the deceased has been associated in his lifetime, are poetically represented as missing him and mourning his loss, as in this lament for a Tosk chieftain who has met with a violent death:—

[539]

Derwen Agha, *vah!*[1] all slain
Lie thy followers on the plain!
Hear thy sword cry from the wall,
"Where's my lord?" in sorrow's thrall,
"Where's my lord, that he no more
Draws and waves me as of yore?"
Hear thy charger from his stall,
"Where's my lord?" complain and call,
"Where's my lord, to fill my rack,
Girth the saddle on my back?
Where's my lord, that he bestride me,
Gaily through the mountains ride me?"

---

[1] The Albanian exclamation of distress.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

For the untimely death of a young wife, not yet a mother, the following may serve as a specimen:— 764 533

O willow-wand so golden,
  No townswoman more slight;
O beautiful of feature,
  As partridge on the height!

[539]

O swift as weaver's shuttle,
  Where wilt thou henceforth bide?
O partridge on the red rock,
  Thy dower in chest must hide!

Where wilt thou be this summer,
  Reft from thy dear lord's side?
O beauteous dancing vine-branch,
  Thou wast a virgin bride!

Like blade of grass thou growest,
  Refined as finest gold,
And thy short life, O joyless!
  Few joys for thee did hold.

A mother's grief is expressed in these, the opening verses only, of a long dirge for an only son. As I have previously had occasion to mention, the women of South Albania especially manifest an excessive degree of grief for the death of children, and often refuse, when left childless, to survive them. 764 533

O Death! O thou who know'st no ruth! 539
  Why rob me of my son?
Why tear him from my loving arms?
  My boy, my dearest one!

No pity hadst thou in thy stroke!
  Before thou laidst him prone,
Why torture him with cruel pains!—
  My boy, my dearest one!

764
533
●[539]

Remorseless, Death, I know thou art,
Yet, from a mother lone,
How couldst thou take her only son,
Her boy, her dearest one?

Why didst thou not, my treasured child,
My only darling son—
Why didst thou not resist his blow?
My boy, my dearest one!

Ah! knew'st thou not, within my heart,
Should'st thou from me be gone,
Thou ope'st a wound must ever bleed?
My boy, my dearest one!

[152] Sometimes, too, as among the Greek women, a mourner finds no adequate outlet for her grief in the conventional dirges, and, inspired by sorrow, bursts into an improvised lament for the lost son, brother, or husband, extolling his virtues and bewailing his fate.

696
763
152

It is said that when an Albanian of the mountains is led to execution by the authorities for any crime but that of theft, which is by these people alone considered disgraceful, he walks to his doom with head erect and bearing dignified, improvising as he goes his own dirge, in which he relates the circumstances that have led to his premature departure from the world. His mother and sisters follow him to the place of execution, their hearts devoured with grief, but wearing smiles on their lips, in order that their relative may, on his side, show no sign of weakness. Intently they listen to his death-song, the words of

789 hearth, in order that he may take away with him all
788 danger from fire for the coming year.

St. John's Eve is observed in Albania with the
789 customary bonfire, to leap over which is considered so
372 salutary that even the old people venture to do so
at least once. A curious ceremony, performed about
this season, when the spring sowing is concluded,
may also be here mentioned. Standing with his
back to the plough, the farmer rubs part of the
[136] handle with earth in the belief that the wild swine
will thus be prevented from damaging his crops.

789 On the day on which the new moon is first seen, all possible work is avoided, and no important task of any kind, such as ploughing, sowing, or harvesting, is commenced, for it would be sure to be unsuccessful. The girls and children look at the moon through a sieve, and rub their faces with a piece of silver, while they sing:

● [539] Young moon!
Young maid!
Health to me;
Ill to thee!
Head as soft as dough be thine!
Head as hard as stone be mine!

777 The 9th, 19th, and 29th days of every month are
considered unlucky, as is also the Tuesday of every
week, for setting out on a journey, or commencing
any kind of work. Friday is also an inauspicious day
[241] for sowing, and Saturday for beginning to plough
or dig.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

538 776 which, by Easter Eve, have become very thin. On the morning of Easter Sunday, however, the Saviour arrives with a new chain with which He again secures Satan to the rock.

A graceful little myth is related in some parts of Albania concerning the origin of the Cuckoo and the *Gyon*, or *Gyonit*, which is, I believe, a species of small
● 539 owl. The story goes that the cuckoo and the gyon were brother and sister, and had a brother named Gyon, who had been killed. Various causes are assigned for his death in the different versions of the story, that current among the Ritza tribe being that he was accidentally stabbed by his brother with a pair of scissors. In order the better to mourn his loss, the surviving brother was changed into the bird gyon, and the sister into a cuckoo. And so the gyon calls his brother all night long by his name, "*Gyon, Gyon!*" and the cuckoo in the daytime sings, "*Kou! Kou!*" which means, "Where art thou?"[1] In Elbassan, however, it is also said that the sister was changed into the blue flower, which is called the "cuckoo flower," or "cuckoo's bread," and when a woman finds this flower in the field she sings:

Cuckoo, cuckoo, more than cuckoo,
Saw'st thou me?
Saw I thee?
Saw'st thou thy dear brother, Gyon?
How they slew him like an ox?
Blood a spoonful,
Flesh a cupful;
Give me both thine hands!

[524 857] [1] It has occurred to me that the call of "Cuckoo," used by children both in the East and in the West when playing hide-and-seek, may have its origin in some such bird legend.

She then takes hold of the flower with both hands 539
and lays her head upon it.

Almost every Albanian tribe has a more or less 173 mythical tradition of its origin, which is generally traced to some single ancestor. Of these I have already mentioned two, the legends of the Miridite clans of the Clementi and the Castrati. Another tradition, however, traces the descent of the entire tribe of the Miridites from one man, who, like the favourite hero of fairy tales generally, was the youngest of three sons. His father, according to the story, lived on Mount Pastrik, near Diakova, and at his death the three brothers divided their poor inheritance, the eldest taking the saddle (*Shalla*), the second the sieve (*Shosh*), the third receiving only the salutation of "Good-day" (*Mir día*). As is, however, always the case in such stories, the prosperity of the portionless one greatly excelled that of his brothers. For while they became the founders of the clans called Shialla and Shoshi, in remembrance of the saddle and sieve they had respectively inherited, he who had been dismissed with an ironical salutation bequeathed it as a name to a far more numerous and powerful tribe, the *Miridites*.

Out of so many charming folk-tales it is a difficult 114
matter to choose the best or most characteristically 538
Albanian. I have, however, limited myself to those [121]
of which the originals are available, in order to obtain the precise names of the Supernals described in them, many of whom are disguised by their French translator under the name of *Lamie*, and by Von Hahn under the Teutonic *Elfe* or *Kobold*. As mentioned in

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

The Liouvia[1] *and the Beauty of the Earth.*[2]

There was once a Vlach[3] who was very rich and 539 had a big sheep farm. A king once happened to be travelling that way, and stopped at his house, and the Vlach gave him the best of all he had. That same night the Vlach's wife gave birth to a son. The king made the father promise to have his son taught various languages, and gave him a cross, saying, "When thy son is fifteen years old, give him this cross and tell him to come to me in such and such a town." This said, he went away.

The Vlach did as the king had advised, and the boy learnt to speak several languages. On his fifteenth birthday, his father gave him the cross. He read the inscription it bore, which was, "I am the king, thy godfather; come to me in such and such a town." When he had read it, he said to his father:

"See what the king has written for me. I must go to him."

So the father gave him a companion.

On the way, the boy, being hungry, descended a ravine, at the bottom of which was a spring. When he had finished his meal, he saw his companion standing on the top of a rock with a great stone in his hand, and heard him say:

"Take off thy clothes, give them to me, and take [788] mine; then swear that thou wilt reveal to no man what has passed between us."

---

[1] This appears to me the most correct way of rendering phonetically the word *Λιουβία*.

[2] Dozon, *Manuel Chkipe*, No. xvi., and *Contes Albanais*, No. xii.

[3] See vol. i. chap. i., "The Vlachs."

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539
788
The boy pronounced this oath, "If I die and come to life again, then only will I denounce thee."

When they had changed dresses, the companion mounted the horse, and they arrived at the king's palace. The latter, on seeing the cross, took the youth who presented it for his godson, and, giving him his hand, led him to his private apartment. As to the son of the Vlach, he remained in the basement, and spoke to each person there in his own language.

539 The companion pretended to be ill. The king went to see him, and asked him what he ailed.

"I feel very ill," he replied.

"What shall we do for you?"

"Get me one of the cabbages guarded by the Liouvía."

"So many kings, and so many more powerful than I, have gone to take one, and have never succeeded," replied the king.

"Command the youth who is downstairs to go. If he refuses, threaten him."

Then the king said to the boy, "Willy, nilly, thou must go to such and such a place, and bring back a cabbage" (the companion pretended to be ill because he knew that if the son of the Vlach went for the cabbage, he would never come back).

The boy passed his days and nights in weeping, and knew not what to do. One night he saw in a dream an old man, who said to him, "My son, dry thy tears; this is what thou must do. Take forty loads of honey and forty loads of milk, and manage to arrive about noon, for then the Liouvía is out hunting, and is not in her den."

539

The next morning the youth asked the king for the provisions mentioned by the old man, and set out. On the road he met the old man he had seen in his dream. Said he, "Good luck, my son. But be sure when you get there to sweep out the lair of the Liouvía; then mix together the honey and the milk, and hide thee close by. When the Liouvía comes, she will eat half the honey and milk, and then she will leave her den, saying, 'Let him to whom I owe this kindness show himself; I would see him.' Then," continued the old man, "when she has said this, leave thy hiding-place, and say, 'Here I am.' She will ask thee how she can reward thee. Reply that thou wouldst have a cabbage, and she will give thee leave to choose one. Choose three of the finest, and eat them thyself, for they are very wholesome, and on thy way back come to me, and I will give thee another for the invalid."

The young man did precisely what the old man advised. In the afternoon, just two hours before sunset, the Liouvía came home, making known her approach by the noise she made in lashing her tail. She ate half of what the youth had brought, and then came out, saying, "Let him to whom I owe this kindness show himself," and the youth came out, saying, "Here I am," and it all fell out as the old man had foretold.

When they had become better acquainted, the Liouvía said to the boy, "You can come here as often as you like, and without fear." (Now this was the road that led to the abode of the Beauty of the Earth.) He then took his cabbages and left, and on

539 the way back he met the old man, who gave him what he had promised. When he arrived he gave it to the king.

The patient ate the cabbage, and declared himself cured; but, after a few days, he pretended to have a relapse. The king having asked him what he should do for him, he replied, "What I require is the Beauty of the Earth; tell this boy to go and fetch her."

"So many kings have gone, and have never returned."

"Well, if he refuses to go, threaten him."

The youth passed the day in tears, and knew not what to do. But at night the old man again appeared to him in a dream, and said, "Dry thy tears; this is what thou must do. Ask of the king a thousand lambs, four rams, a hundred loads of wheat, a hundred of honey, and ten brooms. On arriving kill the lambs, but it must be at noon, for then the wild beasts are not on guard, save the lions. There are two doors, one within the other, each guarded by two lions. When thou hast passed the outer door, throw the lambs to the eagles, the wheat to the ants, the honey to the bees; and when thou comest to the inner door, throw the four rams to the lions. Then enter without fear, but do not forget to sweep the walls, or they will fall upon you and crush you, and when you come to the door of the Beauty's room, you must sweep that too. All these animals, after having eaten, will ask thee what recompense they can make for what you have done for them. Ask of the lions a hair, of the bees, the ants, and the eagles, a feather each.

The youth did all that the old man told him. After eating, the animals cried, "Show thyself, O our benefactor; we would see thee!"

When he showed himself, they gave him a hair and three feathers, saying, "Each time that thou requirest our services, burn a feather or a hair, and we will be with thee."

Armed with the hair and the feathers, the youth, after having carefully swept the door, entered the apartment of the Beauty of the Earth. The Beauty soon appeared, attended by eleven maidens, and asked him, "Who art thou? What seekest thou here?"

"I am a man, as you may see, and I have come to carry thee off."

"So many others," she replied, laughing, "have come, and have not been able to carry me off." Then, going out of the room, she called the lions and asked them, "Why did you let this man come in?"

"Because," they answered, "we only get from you bad meat, and very little of that, while he has given a whole ram to each of us."

She then asked the eagles, "Why did you let this man come in?"

"Because," they replied, "he gave to each of us a lamb, while you left us without any food."

She next asked the same question of the bees and the ants. The former replied, "You gave us but wax, and he has given us honey;" and the latter, "You gave us only crumbs of mouldy bread, and he has given us corn."

She then asked the walls and doors, "Why did you let him come in?"

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539

"Because," they replied, "thou hast never swept us, while he has made us clean."

Then the Beauty of the Earth said to the son of the Vlach, "I will set you three tasks, and if you accomplish them I will be yours."

"Agreed," said the youth.

"This is the first. I will heap up together a quantity of wheat, barley, rye, and earth, and thou must separate them in one night."

"I will separate them."

"This is the second task. Thou must go to the two mountains which open and shut, and bring me thence some of the Water of Life."[1]

"I will bring it."

"Here is the third task. I will cover myself with a veil; these eleven maidens will do the same, and if you can distinguish me among them, I will be yours."

"Very good," replied the youth.

In order to accomplish the first task, he burnt the feather which had been given to him by the ants. "Can you," he asked, "separate all these grains of wheat, barley, rye, and earth in one night?"

"Certainly," replied the ants. So our hero lay down and slept. He awoke very early in the morning, but seeing all the grains in separate heaps, he had another nap, from which he was awoke by the Beauty of the Earth, who had just got up.

---

[1] The late Mr. Geldart, in the little book before referred to, translated this as "Deathless Water." I venture, however, to think that the Water of Life, the Oriental myth concerning which is related in a subsequent chapter, is here referred to. In a following story (p. 334) the hero is restored to life with a draught of "swallow's milk," also brought from a mountain which opened and shut.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539

"Let me sleep," he replied, "I haven't closed my eyes all night." But in a moment she came back again to the youth, saying:

"You have accomplished the first task, now let us see about the others."

For the second task he burnt the feather given to him by the eagles, who immediately appeared. Said he, "I would go to draw Water of Life from the two mountains which open and shut, but we must be there at noon, for then only do they remain open for half an hour."

He took a bottle, and they started. Arrived near the mountain, the eagles took the youth up on their wings, and carried him in; and with his bottle filled, he returned to the Beauty of the Earth.

For the third task he burnt the feather given to him by the bees, and when they appeared, he asked them, "What shall I do to recognise the Beauty of the Earth when she is in the midst of the eleven maidens, and all are covered with a similar veil?"

"Let them be veiled," replied the Queen Bee; "I will alight on the head of the Beauty, and thou must seize and hold her fast, for if once thou let her go, even I could not find her again."

Accordingly, when the maidens entered, all veiled and dancing in a ring, the youth seized the one on whom the bee poised, and did not let her escape. So finally the Beauty was obliged to accept him for her husband.

When they arrived at the palace of the king, he gave her to the invalid, and our hero resumed his place among the servants. On the following day the

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539 patient begged the king to kill the youth, and as he refused, he went himself down stairs, found our hero asleep, and slew him with his own hand. The Beauty, hearing of this, also went down, and found out from one of the servants, who was very fond of him, where his body was. She then had the dead youth carried to her own chamber, where she opened his mouth, and poured in some of the Water of Life, and he revived. Having thus "died and come to life again" he was able to tell the king who he was, and what his companion had done to him while coming from his father's house. Then, by the king's command, and in his presence, they led the pretended invalid outside the town to a place where were four trees. Having bent a branch from each, they tied him to them by his hands and feet, and the branches when let go tore him into four quarters.

Some time afterwards our hero wished to pay a visit to his father and mother. Before leaving, he gave to the queen a dress which he had bought for the Beauty of the Earth, and begged her not to give it to the latter until his return.

One day, however, when they were dancing, the Beauty refused to take part in the dance unless the dress left by her husband were given to her, Then all the maidens went together and begged the queen to give it to her. She refused, but the youngest went and took it by stealth. As soon as she had put it on, she said to the dancers:

"Farewell. Tell my husband, when he returns, that, until he has worn out three pairs of iron shoes, he need not hope to find me."

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

When our hero returned, they repeated to him the words of his wife. Without losing a moment, he bought three pairs of iron shoes, and set out in search of her. On the spot at which he had arrived when the last pair was worn out he built a khan, where travellers might eat and drink without paying, and he questioned them as to what they had seen on their journeys. One said, "Not far from here I had let my water-cask fall, and it rolled to the bottom of a ravine. When I went down to find it, I saw twelve maidens bathing in a fountain." 539

At these words our hero rushed out of doors, and the traveller having described to him the spot, he approached the bathers unperceived, seized the dress of his wife, and threw it into the fire which they had kindled in order to wash their clothes. Her dress burnt, the Beauty had no means of escaping him again, for in it was contained all her magic power, and she returned with her husband to the king.

The story of the "Maiden promised to the Sun" is made up of two separate episodes, both of which have their variants in the folk-lore of the Greeks and Bulgarians. In the Greek variant[1] of the first part of the story, the maiden is stolen by a ray of sunshine which enters through the key-hole, and carries her to his master. Two hares are commissioned to take her back to her mother, who silvers the tail of the surviving one as a reward for its services. A Bul- [538 171]

---

[1] Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, No. 41.

CONTINUED
ON
NEXT FICHE

539 garian ballad[1] also describes the stealing of a maiden by the Sun. Prayers addressed to Nature-powers, as to the Sun in this story, are not uncommon in Greek and Albanian folk-tales, though the name of God is occasionally substituted for or added to them.[2] The following is, however, the only instance of the Sun or other power voluntarily relinquishing his captive. In [538 171] a Greek parallel to the second part of the story, Τὸ μαχαίρι της σφαγῆς, &c., "The Knife of Slaughter,"[3] a Gipsy woman is substituted for the slave. The incident of the man transformed to stone by a spell is of frequent occurrence, as, for instance, in the story from the island of Astypaleá, Τὸ χρουσὸ ἄλογο, "The Golden Horse,"[4] and in the Gipsy story of "The King's Son and the Daughter of the Dervish."[5]

The Maiden who was Promised to the Sun.[6]

There was, and there was not.[7] There was once a queen who had no child, and she prayed continually the Sun to give her one, were it only a girl; when [582] she should be twelve years old,[8] she added, the Sun could have her back again.

Finally the queen had a daughter, and she went

---

[1] Dozon, *Chants Bulgares*, No. xii.

[2] See, for instance, Von Hahn, *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, Nos. iv. v. liv. and cxli.

[3] Hahn, Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια, p. 49, translated by Geldart in the little volume somewhat too ambitiously entitled *The Folk-lore of Modern Greece.*

[4] *Ibid.* p. 80.

[5] See below, p. 370.

[6] Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. vii.

[7] The usual preface to an Albanian folk-tale. The Magyar formula, *Volt, nem volt*, has the same meaning.

[8] The marriageable age.

539

to school every day. One day, as she was on her way thither, the Sun said to her :

"Remind thy mother to give me what she promised."

The girl repeated what the Sun had said. Her mother told her to say to him, "It is still too young;" and she gave this answer to the Sun.

On her twelfth birthday, as she was going to school, the Sun carried her off to his house. The mother awaited her daughter's return, but, seeing nothing of her, she concluded that the Sun had stolen her, as he had threatened. So she had the house painted black,[1] barred the door, which she never allowed to be opened, and sat all alone, weeping and lamenting.

The Sun had at his house, among other creatures, a Koutchédra. She, scenting the maiden, said, "I smell kingly flesh."

"It is my daughter," replied the Sun; "so see that thou touch her not."

One day he sent her into the garden to cut a cabbage, and, as she was cutting it, she said to herself, "Just as this cabbage cracks, so my heart is rent at the remembrance of my mother," and she burst into tears.

The Sun, who had observed this, asked her, "What hast thou to weep for? Dost thou grieve for thy mother?"

"I am dying of grief for her," she replied.

"Well, if thou wilt go home, call the animals that they may carry thee."

---

[1] See pp. 221 and 261.

539 She called several of the animals, and the Sun, on his side, sent for the Koutchédra, and said to her, "If thou bearest this maiden, and art hungry on the way, what wilt thou eat?"

"Herself."

"If thou art thirsty, what wilt thou drink?"

"Her blood."

Seeing that the Koutchédra was not be depended upon, the Sun told the maiden to call another animal. She called the Stag.

The Sun asked him, "Wilt thou carry this maiden home?"

"Willingly."

"If thou art hungry on the way, what wilt thou eat?"

"The green grass."

"If thou art thirsty, what wilt thou drink?"

"The cool water; only when we arrive her mother must give me three *okas* of hay."

The Stag took the maiden and placed her on his horns. As they went, he was hungry, and said to her, "Climb on this tree, and if any one passing asks you to come down, be sure not to do so before I return." So the girl climbed up the tree.

Presently there came by a Koutchédra, who, looking this way and that, perceived the maiden, and begged her to come down, so that they might gossip together.

"I shall not come down; I'm afraid you'd eat me."

"I won't eat you."

"Well, go home, and come back later."

The Koutchédra went off, and when the maiden saw the Stag coming back, she cried, "Make haste, for there is a Koutchédra coming to eat me."

She mounted again on the horns of the Stag, who set off at a gallop, and to every one they met he said, "If you meet a Koutchédra, don't betray us, but tell her that the Stag and the maiden have taken another road."

Arrived at the house of the queen, they knocked at the door, but no one answered. Then, while still knocking, the girl cried, "Open, *Néné!* (mother). It is thy daughter!"

At last the mother opened, and, seeing her daughter, was beside herself with joy.

The maidens of the quarter, hearing of her return, came to the queen and said, "Let her come with us, to walk about and amuse herself," and the queen allowed her. They went together towards a garden, and this garden had a big gate, which they could not open. But hardly had the queen's daughter touched it than it opened wide, and drew her in, closing again upon her immediately. Her companions waited for her, but seeing that the gate did not re-open, they returned in great distress to relate to her mother what had happened. And the mother became as desolate as before.

The maiden meanwhile walked about the garden, where she found men and animals all turned to stone. Among them there was a king, who held in his hand a paper on which she read as follows:

"The woman who is able to pass three days, three nights, and three weeks without sleeping, will I wed, for then shall I come again to life."

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

● 539

So she began to abstain from sleep, taking books and reading them. The three days, three nights, and two of the weeks had already passed when there came by a man selling slaves. She put her head out of the window[1] and asked him how much he wanted for a female slave.

"Whatever you please to give me," was the reply.

So she threw to the merchant a handful of sequins, let down a cord, and the slave fastening herself to it, she drew her up. She then said to her:

"Thou must watch for two or three nights, so that I may sleep a little, for it is long since I closed my eyes, because of the promise contained in the paper which the king holds; but thou must awaken me when the king comes to life. So after relating to her at length what was written in the paper, she laid down and slept. But the slave hastened to take off her clothes and put them on herself, so that when the king should come to life, he might marry her instead.

The three weeks passed, the king came to life.

"Who art thou?" he asked of the slave.

"I am she who has for three days, three nights, and three weeks remained without sleep," she replied; and he married her. He then asked who was the woman who lay sleeping there.

"It is a slave whom I bought because I was all alone."

When the maiden woke up, the king said to his wife, "What shall we do with this slave?"

"Send me to keep the geese," replied the princess,

---

[1] Probably of the *koûla*, or tower, built at one of the angles of the garden wall.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

who had heard him. So they built a hut for her to live in. But she did nothing but weep and recount her misfortunes. The king having heard her once or twice lamenting in this way, approached and asked her why she wept; so the maiden told him her story. Then the king took her for his wife, and as for the slave, he cut her into a thousand pieces, the biggest of which was not larger than that! 539

The following story strikingly illustrates the fatalistic beliefs entertained by the Albanians in common with the generality of Orientals. The incident of the substituted letter is of common occurrence in Greek as well as Albanian folk-tale.[1] 829 538

The Story of the Child; or, The Fates.[2]

There was once an old man and an old woman who had no children. At last, after I don't know how many years, God gave them a son, and their joy had no bounds when they found that the Lord had at length thus remembered them. Two nights had passed since it was born, and the third was coming on when the Three Women would appear to assign to the infant its destiny.[3]

The same night it rained so heavily that no one dared put his nose out of doors for fear of being carried off by the water and drowned. However, who should arrive in the midst of the rain but a Pasha,

---

[1] See, for instance, "The Three Brothers and the Dev," p. 156; Dozon's "La Boite Merveilleuse," *Manuel, &c.*, No. xviii., *Contes*, No. xi.; and Hahn's Tinote story of "Kosta and the Drakos," in the Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια.

[2] Dozon, *Langue Chkipe*, No. xx.; *Contes Albanais*, No. xiii.

[3] See p. 244.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539 who asked the old man for shelter. The latter, seeing that he was a man of importance, made him welcome, led him to the hearth, made up a great fire, and gave him to eat of the best he had. He then piled up in the corner a number of things so as to make room for the Pasha's horse, for part of the house was roofless.

The Pasha, warmed and fed, had now nothing to do but sleep. But how could he sleep when he had on his person I don't know how many thousands of piastres?

That night, as we have said, the Three Women were expected to determine the child's destiny. Well, they came, and sat down by the fire. The Pasha, when he saw them, was horribly frightened, but he kept quiet, and made no noise whatever.

Let us leave the Pasha, and attend to the Women.

The first said: "This child will not live long; he will die young."

The second said: "This child will live long, but he will die by the hand of his father."

Then the third said: "My sisters, what are you saying?—This child will live long enough to kill the Pasha here, to strip him of his power, and to marry his daughter."

Now, what the last had said must come to pass. They remained but a moment longer, and then disappeared.

The Pasha, who had heard everything, shivered with terror. He couldn't sleep a wink all night, and only thought of finding means of killing the baby. Next morning he said to the old man:

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539

"I also am childless; wilt thou not give me thy child? I will pay thee what thou wilt."

"How could that be?" replied the old man. "We have so longed for the birth of this child, and you would take him from us. Never!"

"Yes, yes; you will let me have him," said the Pasha, and he poured out of his bag three thousand piastres, which he offered to the father. When he refused to take them, the Pasha pulled out another three thousand piastres, because he was determined to kill the child. The sight of these six thousand piastres decided the father, but not the mother, who would not consent even after the Pasha offered another three thousand piastres.

Then the old man said to his wife, "What are you thinking of, wife? We don't even know if the child will live or not. Why, then, not give him up, and take all this money in exchange? Supposing we had had no child? But at all events thou knowest that the child will be better cared for than by thee, and we can go now and then to see him." And with such words he persuaded his wife.

To make a long story short, they took the nine thousand piastres, and gave up the child in his cradle to the Pasha, who placed it on his horse before him. Then they could not help sobbing.

"Don't fret," said the Pasha, "and come to see the child whenever you please."

As he went, however, he only thought of the best way of getting rid of the child, for he couldn't find in his heart to draw his poniard and cut its head off. What did he do? As he passed by a river, he took

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539 the cradle, threw it in, and then hurried off, so as not to hear the baby's cries.

The child, thought he, must have been drowned. On the contrary, however, it was saved, for on falling into the water its body went under, while its head remained above, so that it could breathe, and after being borne along by the current, it was finally left among some bushes which grew on the borders of a forest.

In this forest a herdsman kept his goats, and he was in the habit of leading them to the river every day about noon, to give them water. On this day, one of the goats, leaving the flock, went towards the baby, whose cries she heard. She placed herself over him, and put one of her teats in his mouth so that he could suck, and when he was satisfied she rejoined her companions.

When the time came to milk the goats, they saw that this goat had no milk, and the master said to the shepherd, "Why dost thou milk the goats in secret? Hast thou not enough to eat, that thou takest the milk which belongs to me?"

The poor shepherd protested with all his might that he knew not how it had happened. At last, the master said, "You stay here and work, and I will look after the goats this afternoon."

So he took the goats to graze outside the forest, and, towards sunset, as he led them to the river to drink, he saw the goat whose milk had failed leave the rest, straddle its legs, and give suck to the baby. Astonished, he went up to her, perceived the cradle with the new-born baby in it, and carried it home, acknowledging that his shepherd was not to blame. 539

It was not long before it was discovered to whom the child belonged, and the finder gave him up to the old man (who lived in the same village), so that he might take care of him and let him have him again when he was grown up.

To be brief, this is what happened. The boy, brought back by the old man to the flockmaster who had found him, showed himself so intelligent and so wise that he excelled all the other servants of this man, and was put over them.

One day the Pasha came to this village, of which he was the lord, and he lodged in the house where the young man lived. The latter, almost from the first day, pleased him and won his heart by his beauty, his modesty, and all his other good qualities.

On one occasion, the Pasha was praising the youth to the peasant, who said, "If you knew his story, you would be surprised in another way," and he told him all about it from beginning to end. What was the consternation of the Pasha when he discovered by this history that it was the child he had thrown into the river.

So what does he do? He hits upon another way of getting rid of him, and with that end he writes a letter to his wife, in which he says, "Order the bearer of this letter to be put to death, and when he is killed let them fire a salute, so that I may know and be glad."

The letter ready, he tells to the peasant that he wants a trusty man to take it to his wife.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

● 539 "Your lordship," replied the villager, "knows that I have no one more trustworthy than the young man of whom we spoke."

"Precisely. I had him in my mind. Let him take my horse, and let him come to me for the letter."

The youth took it, mounted the horse, and set out. On the road he was thirsty, and having found a spring, he dismounted from the horse, drank his fill, and lay down to take a nap. While he slept, a negro appeared, took the letter out of his bosom, and wrote another to this effect.

"The man whom I send to thee thou must receive with all honour, prepare for him a magnificent feast, and then marry him to our daughter. At the [585] moment the wedding crowns are placed on their heads[1] let a salute be fired, so that I may hear and take part in the rejoicings."

The letter finished, the negro folded and sealed it as the other had been, and then placed it in the bosom of the youth, who was not long in waking. Unconscious of what had happened, he continued his journey, and delivered the letter forthwith to the Pasha's lady. She had no sooner read it than she began to treat him with great politeness, gave orders for a great feast, and married him to her daughter, while salutes were fired by the gunners. The Pasha, hearing in the village the sound of the guns, concluded that the youth was dead. "At last I have got rid of him," he said to himself. So you may imagine what was his dismay when, on his return home several days afterwards, he saw him alive, and especially on finding him married to his daughter.

---

[1] "Placing the crowns," being a part of the Christian marriage ceremony, is somewhat out of place in the wedding of a Pasha's daughter.

So again he cudgels his brain to find a means of doing away with him. After thinking some time, he said to a certain blacksmith :-

"To-morrow I will send a youth for such and such a thing. Tell him to wait till thou hast made it; then, take thy big hammer and give him two or three blows with it, so that he die. That done, cut off his head, put it in a handkerchief, and give it to another youth whom I will send."

In the evening, having called his son-in-law, he said to him, "To-morrow thou must get up very early, and go to such and such a blacksmith, who will give thee something which I have ordered."

"I will not fail," replied the young man, and he went to bed. At daybreak he rose to go to the blacksmith, when his wife said it was too early, and persuaded him to lie down and go to sleep again. The Pasha, however, having also awoke, called his son and asked him if his brother-in-law had gone out.

"I will go and see," he replied, and he went to the apartments of his brother-in-law, whom he awoke, asking him if he had yet been to the blacksmith's.

"No," he said, "but I will go immediately."

But the Pasha's son thought to himself that, instead of waiting till his brother-in-law was dressed, it was better to go himself, so he went. Seeing him in the distance, the blacksmith took his big hammer, and with one blow he killed him; and, after cutting off his head, he tied it up in a handkerchief. Soon after-

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539 wards the Pasha's son-in-law arrived to fetch the article ordered. The blacksmith gave him the handkerchief, which he carried to his father-in-law.

When the Pasha saw him alive before his eyes, he trembled in every limb; but what was his grief when, on opening the handkerchief, he found the head of his son! However, he made no sign, but gave this order to his groom—"To-night, if the horses fight, leave them alone, so that my son-in-law may go down and quiet them. Do thou, however, be behind the door, with a bludgeon in thy hand, and the moment he appears, smash his skull."

"Very well," was the reply.

During the night, the horses having begun to fight, the Pasha called to his son-in-law to go and quiet them, but his wife persuaded him not to get up, saying that they would soon stop. The Pasha, who thought that this time he was really dead, went out of his room and crept softly towards the stable. The groom thought it was the son-in-law coming, and with one blow struck him dead.

Then the youth took the power into his own hands, and became Pasha in place of the other. And so it all fell out as the Third Woman had foretold, at the time of his birth, that he should supplant the Pasha.

Our story is done. The youth was lucky, and may we be luckier still!

538
171 The following story of The Three Brothers and the Three Sisters has many parallels in Greek folk-tale. In an Epirote variant the sisters are married respect-

ively to a lion, a tiger, and an eagle,[1] and in the 538
others we have besides the "Mother of Night," the 171
Mother of the Sun, of the Moon, and of the Wind, who protect the princess against their own sons.[2]

The Three Brothers and the Three Sisters.[3]

There were, and there were not. There were once 539
three brothers who had three sisters, and they married them, and gave the first to the Sun, the second to the Moon, and the third to the South Wind.[4]

Some time afterwards, I don't know how long, the brothers said to each other, "Let us go to our sisters and see how they fare." So without wasting time they made ready for the journey, took their provisions, and set off. As they were going the night overtook them when they were on a plain near a mountain. So they stopped there, took out their provisions, and made a fire. Supper finished, the eldest of the brothers said to the others:

"Lie down and sleep, and I will watch and keep guard for fear that some one might come to rob or kill us."

So the two younger ones slept, and he mounted guard. Presently a Koutchédra, seeing the light, came up, and, her mouth watering at the sight of the men, she threw herself upon the one who was watching, to eat him. But he with a shot from

---

[1] Hahn, Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια; No. 12, *Gr. und Alb. Märchen*, No. 25.

[2] *Ibid.* No. 10.

[3] Dozon, *Langue Chkipe*, No. xxiv., *Contes Albanais*, No. xv.

[4] *Youga.* In Albanian, as in Servian and Bulgarian, the moon and the south are masculine, and from this circumstance M. Dozon was of opinion that this story is of Slav origin. [821]

539 his gun stretched her dead on the ground. Then, drawing his poniard, he cut off her head, which he hid in his bag, after throwing her body into a ditch so that his brothers might not see it. He then resumed his watch. After some time he awoke them, and all three continued their journey.

On the second night they found themselves in another place. After having lighted a fire and supped, two of the brothers lay down, guarded by the second, who, as soon as a Koutchédra came up killed her, as his brother had done.

The third night, the youngest said to the others, "Go to sleep; it is now my turn to watch."

"No," they replied, "thou art too young; one of us must do that duty."

However, he would not consent, and so it was he who kept watch that night, and was, in his turn, attacked by a Koutchédra. As he was but young, he fired too soon, and when, having drawn his dagger, he threw himself on the Koutchédra in order to finish her, she, in a convulsion of pain, put out the light with a stroke of her tail. How was he to kindle it again; for he had not the materials? A fire happened to be burning on the top of the mountain, so he went towards it.

On the way he met the Mother of the Night, and asked her where she was going.

"I am going to make the day," she replied.

"Wait," he said, "until I have got a light."

"Very well, I will wait." But as he did not trust her word, he bound her so that she could not make the day.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

When he came near the fire, he saw upon it an 539 enormous cauldron with twelve handles. He lifted it up, and lighted his torch. By chance the brigands, to whom it belonged, arrived at that moment, and asked him who he was.

"A traveller," he replied. "My light had gone out, and I came here to re-light it."

"But how," they asked again, "did you manage to lift the cauldron? The twelve of us, when we want to take it off the fire, take hold of a handle each, and it is as much as we can do to lift it."

"I didn't find it very heavy," replied the youth, and he lifted it again.

"You must be the most valiant of men," said the brigands, "and you are the man to help us to rob the king."

So they set off, all the thirteen, to rob the king. Having made a hole in the wall, they entered the stable in order to steal the horses, and the boy remained outside. Left alone, he began to reflect.

"Until now," he said to himself, "I have never committed the smallest theft. There is but one thing to do—kill these men and run away." So he began to shout, "Quick! save yourselves; we are discovered!"

The robbers came out as fast as they could, but as each one appeared he cut off his head. After having thus killed every one, he entered the lower court, and stuck his poniard in the ground. Then, having relighted his torch, he unbound the Mother of the Night, and, returning to his brothers, they set out again together.

539 But let us leave them and go back to the king. When he arose, the sight of the twelve corpses and the dagger in the middle of the court astonished him greatly. Then he gave orders that a *khan* should be built at the cross roads, where every traveller would be lodged and fed gratis on condition of his relating all that he had done in his life, whether good or evil. This order was obeyed. Many people came to the *khan*, and lodged and slept without paying a *para*.

Chance willed it that the brothers too came and stopped at the *khan*. In the morning, as they were going away, they asked the *khandji* (innkeeper) how much was to pay. He replied, "Here we take no money; we only require every man to tell the story of his life, whether good or bad."

So the eldest told the story of what he had done, and among other things how he had killed a Koutchédra, and the second the same. But when it was the turn of the third, and he came to the adventure with the Koutchédra, and the robbers he had killed when they were in the act of robbing the king, the *khandji* cried, "Thou art the man whom the king seeks."

The two eldest brothers went their way, and we don't know what became of them. As for the youngest, the king, having heard his story, gave him his daughter in marriage, and made him the first person in the kingdom.

In that country it was customary, on the occasion of a royal wedding, to set at liberty several prisoners. Among the people then in prison was one half iron and half man, who had not been set free with the others, and who cried and complained continually. 539 Moved with compassion, the bridegroom begged the king to set him also at liberty. He was, however, condemned for life, and the bridegroom had to beg very hard before he would give orders to strike off his fetters. At the moment they were taken off the king's daughter was close by, and in a moment he had seized her and swallowed her, after which he instantly disappeared.

Horrified at this misfortune, the king drew his sword to kill his son-in-law. But he said, "I can find her again and bring her back, only you must give me a pair of iron shoes and an iron staff (because he had to undertake a terribly long journey), and I promise before the year is out to return with your daughter." And when the king had had made for him the things he required, he set out.

That evening he went straight to his sister, who had married the Sun.

"Who is there?" she asked, when he knocked at the door.

"So and so," he replied. The sister opened the door, and great was her joy on seeing her brother. But directly afterwards the Sun came, and, fearing that he might devour the new arrival, she pushed him into a chest. Hardly had the Sun entered than he asked, "What is there for supper?"

"Whatever there may be," was the reply.

"I smell fresh meat," said the Sun.

"No, you are mistaken; there is no flesh here," she replied again. But seeing that he began to look about for it, she added, "It were better for thee to

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539 eat me than to eat my brother, who came in just before thee."

"Let him show himself, and I will not hurt him."

So he came out of his hiding-place, and on seeing his brother-in-law the Sun shared the joy of his wife. He asked them if by chance they knew where Half-man-half-iron lived.

"No," they replied, "we know nothing about him; go and ask the Moon."

To make a long story short, the next evening he arrived at the house of his sister who had married the Moon; but they could tell him nothing, and so he went on to see the third, the wife of the South Wind. When he asked her the same question, she replied, "I don't know. But to-morrow, before daybreak, take that road which you see up there, and in such and such a place you will find a falcon so big that he cannot fly. Come up to him very softly from behind, seize him by the head, and say to him, 'I will kill thee if thou tell me not where Half-man-half-iron lives.' Then when he has told thee that, and also what thou must do, set out to seek him."

Accordingly, at daybreak, he mastered the falcon, who said, "I know where he is, but thou must give me so many *okas* of meat and then wait till my wings be grown, because I am old."

So he waited till the falcon's wings were grown, and collected a supply of meat to feed him with while he was flying, for the place they were going to was a mountain so high, so high, that no man had ever climbed it. They called it "The Other World," and it was there that Half-man-half-iron lived with the king's daughter.

At last he bestrode the falcon, placed before him the meat, and the bird began its flight. As they ascended, the youth gave him from time to time pieces of meat, but presently the supply was exhausted, and he had no more to put in his beak.

"I want meat," said the falcon.

"I have no more; it is all finished."

"You must give me meat, or I shall let you fall."

At his wits' end, the young man cut off a piece from his thigh and gave it to him, and then, as he still clamoured for more, from the other thigh. Arrived at the summit, the falcon, seeing his rider all bloody, vomited the pieces of flesh which he had swallowed, and the young man, on putting them back in their places, found his wounds healed.

Close to the spot on which they had alighted was a palace; he knocked at the door, and it was his wife, the king's daughter, who opened it. She knew him at once, and cried in her joy, "It is thou, my husband! How hast thou come hither, and who has carried thee?"

He told her of all his adventures, and while they were talking Half-man-half-iron came home. Fearing for her husband's life, she took him up to the loft and hid him there. He came in and asked:

"What is there for supper?"

"What there may be."

"I smell fresh meat," and as he said this, he chanced to see through a hole the man in the loft. In a second

539 he had caught hold of him, and drunk his blood. As for his skin and bones, he threw them out of doors.

The falcon saw these remains, and said:

"That is the young man whom I brought here. Let us be quick and fetch some swallow's milk so as to bring him back to life." And without loss of time he spread his wings, and sailed off towards two mountains which opened and shut, for it was there that swallows' milk was to be found. He arrived, filled his mouth, and returned as fast as he could. Hardly had the milk touched the lips of the youth than he came back to life. Entering the house, he said to his wife: "Pretend to be ill, and then say to Half-man-half-iron: 'We have lived so long together, and you have never yet revealed to me where your strength lies. I am going to die, so you need not fear to tell me.' Then he will tell you." Then the youth went away to sleep, for fear of being eaten up a second time.

So the king's daughter pretended to be ill, and questioned Half-man-half-iron as to where his strength lay. "In the broom," he replied.

When he had gone out she burnt the broom, but to no purpose, for his strength was not affected. Again she pretended to be ill, and pressed him with questions. Then he said: "My strength is in a wild boar which lives on such and such a mountain. It has a silver tusk; in this tusk is a hare, the hare has in its inside three pigeons, and in them resides my strength." This said, he went about his business. The princess went out, called her husband, and repeated to him what she had learnt. Without losing a moment, he set out for the mountain, where, finding a shepherd tending his sheep, he asked him where the great boar had his lair. 539

"Don't speak so loud," said the shepherd, "or he will hear you and come and devour us." But he made still more noise, so that at last the boar came up and rushed upon him, but he drew his dagger and defended himself bravely. While they were fighting thus, the boar cried:

"If I had only a root to sharpen my tusks with, thou would see!"

"And I," retorted the young man, "if I had only a cake of fine flour, some fried fish, and a jar of wine, *thou* would see too!"

In a moment the shepherd had brought what they mentioned. After they both had eaten, the boar his root, and the youth his cake of fine bread and fried fish, the fight began again, and continued till the youth had slain the boar. He looked at his tusks, saw that one was of gold and silver, and, having split it, he found inside a hare, and, having opened its stomach, he found inside three pigeons.

Let us now return to Half-man-half-iron. Hardly had the boar expired, than he felt bad; when the hare had been opened he felt worse, and could hardly stand. Then the youth cut the throats of two of the pigeons which he had found, and, holding the third in his hand, he returned to the house of Half-man-half-iron. The latter, when he saw him, tried to rise, but could not; and when the young man killed the last pigeon, he died on the spot.

The youth took his wife, mounted with her on the falcon's back, and descended from the mountain. They

539 returned to the king, who, on seeing them, was quite overjoyed, and gave a splendid feast in their honour.

This is the end of the story.

[538] The following comic story is a good illustration of the adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief."

Mosko and Tosko.

There were once two brothers, who were robbers by trade, and they had a sister for whom they had long sought a husband of their own quality. Years passed, and one fine day they met on the road a man whom they asked, "Where goest thou? Wilt thou join us, and have our sister for thy wife? We will give her to thee, for we have long wanted a husband for her."

"Done," said the other, "and that shall not prevent our being comrades." So they gave him their sister.

One day, as they had not seen their sister for some time, Mosko and Tosko went to pay her a visit. The husband happened to be absent, having gone to the mill. You must know, however, that there was some [251] *pastourma*[1] hanging in the loft.[2] Arrived in the house, Mosko said to his sister: "My dear sister, give me some water." She went to fetch the water-barrel, and gave it to him. After having drunk, Mosko asked Tosko if he were not likewise thirsty. "Yes," he replied, and his brother passed him the barrel. Then Mosko said to Tosko:

---

[1] Smoke-dried meat.

[342] [2] *Tavan*, the space between the unceiled rafters of a cottage and the roof.

539

"Hast thou seen it?"

"Yes."

"Hast thou seen it?" he asked again.

"Yes."

"Hast thou seen it?" he asked a third time.

"Yes," and this said, they left.

When the husband came home, he asked his wife if any one had been there.

"My brothers," she replied, "have been; it was long since I had seen them."

"Did they ask anything of thee?"

"They asked for some water to drink."

"Didst thou give them some?"

"I did."

"Did they both drink?"

"They did, and, while they drank, they said to each other, 'Hast thou seen it?' 'Yes.'"

"Nothing more?"

"They said nothing more."

The evening had now come, and the couple went to bed. During the night the two brothers returned. Mosko, standing at the door, imitated the mewing of a cat, while Tosko entered the house. The husband, hearing the voice of a cat, asked his wife where the *pastourma* was.

"In the loft," she replied.

Tosko, hearing this, climbed up hastily into the loft, seized the meat, and both made off. The husband, however, got up to see if the meat was in its place, and, finding it gone, he went in pursuit of the brothers. He overtook Tosko, to whom Mosko, tired of carrying the *pastourma*, had given it.

539

"Thou must be tired," he said to his brother-in-law; "give me the meat and I will carry it," and Tosko, thinking it was his brother, gave up the *pastourma*. Soon afterwards, Tosko, coming up with Mosko, asked him where the meat was.

"But thou hast it," he replied. "Hast thou forgotten that thou asked me for it, and I did give it to thee?"

"You gave me nothing of the kind," returned Tosko. Soon, however, it dawned upon him that this had been a trick of the husband's.

"Wait here for me," he said to his brother, "and I will bring it back." So he made haste, and got first to his sister's house. When the husband arrived, Tosko feigned to be his wife, and mimicked so well that the man gave the *pastourma* into his hands.

Having rejoined Mosko, they sat down together, and prepared to cook the meat. But the husband, who soon found out the trick that had been played him, went again in search of them, and finding them in the act of cooking their booty, what does he do? Well, there was close by a tree which had been half burnt, and with the charred wood he blackens his face till he looks like a negro, and then goes and sits opposite the couple grinning and showing his teeth. Tosko, who was turning the spit, no sooner caught sight of him than, taking him for a *lougāt*,[1] he in a fright woke his brother, who was lying asleep, and both ran off as fast as their legs could carry them.

The husband took possession of his property, and returned home. Said he to his wife, "Go and invite 539 your brothers to dinner."

---

[1] See preceding chapter p 280.

Arrived at their house, she said, "We beg you to come and dine with us," and they followed her home. They began to eat the *pastourma*, but tried in vain to chew it, for it was not cooked.

"How is this," they asked, "that you give us raw meat?"

"It is the same meat you had on the spit the other evening," replied the husband. "I have served it to you precisely as you roasted it yourselves."

"What! Was it thou who gave us such a horrible fright?"

"I myself. But let us be comrades all the same."

And comrades they were.

Though the Albanians cannot be called a musical 533
people, singing is the favourite pastime of both men [517]
and women. Their airs have little variety, being for the most part monotonous recitatives, and the singer's merit depends upon his success in rivalling the violin, [534]
mandolin, or flute, by which his song is accompanied, in prolonging the last note. The songs are generally 533
long ballads, which recount the victories of the tribe, 173
the doughty deeds of ancestors, of the family, or the exploits of some national hero. For in the songs of the Skipetars the later history of the country is preserved, and in those of the Ghegs more particularly may be found the record of how they obstinately resisted, yard by yard, the Turkish advance into their mountains, and were only subdued at last by the

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

533
173
overwhelming numbers and equal pertinacity of the foe. The record, too, of every insurrection, and they have been many, has thus from 1572 downwards been orally transmitted from generation to generation, keeping alive in the memory of the Albanians the heroism of their ancestors, and inciting them in their turn to similar deeds of daring.

533
538
The songs vary greatly in literary merit. Poetical talent seems now to have died out in the country, though formerly Albania had her national poets, the last of them (so far as I can ascertain), Hussein Mollah, having lived in the eighteenth century. The old ballads are consequently far superior to those of more recent date, which consist chiefly of detached couplets, and are very episodic, though they describe with sufficient accuracy the events they profess to record. In the more remote highlands some very ancient historical ballads are preserved, but unfortunately none of these have yet been collected.

One of the most striking songs of the Skipetars commemorates the revolution of 1572 under Ibrahim Pasha of Scutari. The result of this insurrection was the recognition by the Porte of its leader as Pasha of Scutari, he being the first Albanian since the conquest who had been allowed to assume that title. The song is, unfortunately, too long to give in full, but the following opening and concluding lines may give some idea of its spirit:—

● 539
No! no! our country only must we mother call,
For on her breast she us has nourished all.
She is the wife we to our bosoms press,
Who wakes within our hearts love's tenderness.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

Where is the man, love of such mother, wife, 539
Who holds within his heart, counts not his life
As naught, as naught whatever he
May sacrifice, to keep his loved one free.

* * * * *

Come! Oh, ye generous sons, brave children, come!
And you, ye cherished husbands, hasten home.
Come to the arms of those who, with your fall,
Would have lost loved ones, country, home, and all!
Come back and rest from war's dread strife and din,
And teach your sons a hero's name to win!

The following ballad graphically describes a struggle which took place in 1795 between the Ghegs under Mahmoud Pasha of Scutari and the Tosks under Kourd Pasha of Berat. 533 173

Beat, beat, O valiant hearts of Ghegs, with noble pride! 539
The hosts of Tosks we've scattered far and wide; 173
For warrior Scutari has now at length,
With Roumeli's famed hero tried her strength.

To Hussein Mollah hear them call with glee,
"Now onward march, Tabácchi and Terzi,
Tosk has met Gheg. Come thou, our Laureate,
And make a song this fight to celebrate."

Kourd Pasha's at Berat, there let him bide;
Mean is his rank to stand Mahmoud beside;
What's he before Mahmoud Pasha, our lord?
How dares he 'gainst his master draw the sword?

Rebel is Kourd Pasha and *verlazi*,[1]
To his liege lord a traitor foul is he;
With fear he trembles when afar the drum,
Three hours[2] away, proclains Mahmoud doth come. [805 822]

---

[1] One who takes arms against his suzerain.
[2] Distance in the East is always calculated by time

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

539
173

Scared at the sound, he in the tekkéh[1] hides,
His standards leaves, nor heeds what them betides;
Beard and moustache he tears with flowing tear,
And in a swoon at length he falls from fear.

Mahmoud his charger mounts, and riding out
His men before, now "Forward!" hear him shout;
"Forward with me! to-day, if Allah will,
I Kourd Pasha with my own hand will kill."

Now, like a roaring lion, where'er he goes,
With Allah's aid, in terror flee his foes;
The tekkéh of Baba Hussein before,
See how they rend from Tosks the spoils of war!

Veli escapes. Poor Tahir, from the rout
Into the mill thou fleest; there dost hold out.
It is in vain that bravely still thou fight;
How couldst thou stand against this vulture's might?

Death thee awaits, this day will be thy last,
Riddled with balls, thy troops are fleeing fast;
Long will it be before the Tosks forget
The valour of the Ghegs when last they met.

Now to his men hear Agha Rouka cry,
"Are ye then women, that from foe ye fly?
Of what avail the manly arms ye bear?
Of what avail the sabres bright ye wear?

Rally yourselves, as skirmishers in bands,
Fall on the Ghegs, and, with your curvéd brands,
Strike off their heads! Who falls the field upon
Wept is, but scorned who lives with honour gone!"

Naught heed they him, but in confusion fly.
Tosks of Berat! your sandals[2] go and tie!
Measure no more yourselves with Scutarine,
Who flees not, wields true gun, and sabre keen!

[346]

---

[1] A Dervish chapel.

[2] The hide shoes, with the hairy side turned inwards, worn generally in the mountains.

[291]
[281]

The following little Tosk song refers to an unsuccessful rising in South Albania about 1835:— 538

539
173

From Corfu they tidings bear,
Tafilbouz is landing here;
On Avlona's shore he lands,
Three detachments he commands.

To the mosque they crowd and shout,
"Hodo, from thy house come out!"
Now may Allah be his shield,
If to them should Hodo yield!

O Hodo, O Sadik, Bekir, and Karafili!
Simon the Liap's brave sons!
'Mid the rattle of the guns,
They have fall'n, unhappy ones!
May the rest be lucky!

The national songs, as well as the folk-tales, of the [538] land of their forefathers are also sacredly cherished by those Albanians who, as before mentioned, for centuries past have been settled in Southern Italy and Sicily. There the exploits of the heroic Scanderbeg are still celebrated, and at their feasts they sing how the hero of Croia

Of hares and capons ate the flesh, [262]
Of partridges the heads ate; [264]

and how

His cups and forks were all of gold,
And of fine silk his napkins.

The women, too, in their Easter dances, relate how, 538
as he went forth to battle, Death met him on the road, 776
and revealed to him the secrets of the Book of Destiny; how he called to him his young son, and bade him tie his horse to a cypress on the seashore, plant his

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

538
776
banner beside it, and on it hang his sword, stained with the blood of the Turk:

● 539
Within its blade Death yet shall sleep,
And, 'neath that sombre tree,
The arms of their erst dreaded foe,
Shall they now silent be?

No! When the wind shall furious blow,
And waves my flag around,
When whinnies my good charger there,
My sword makes clanking sound,

The Turk shall hear, and, tremblingly,
He'll turn, with bated breath,
With visage blanched, and hear behind
Him, swiftly following, Death.

[854
533]
The Gheg mother, in her mountain home, rocks her little ones to sleep and amuses their waking hours with such lullabies as these:

I.

539
854
"*De! De!* Lambkin mine,
Where didst thou this even dine?"
"In the fields where waters flow,
'Neath the trees where cherries grow,"

"Tell me what thou there didst see?"
"Two twin birdies on a tree."
"What song did they sing to thee?"
"*Chili! Chili! Mangouli!*

I saw the old woman
'Mong corn ears all ripe;
I heard her a-playing
Upon the black pipe!"

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891

EG1 Albania EG1

II.

539
854

[252]

Oloria! Boloria!
Come and listen to my story!

A sieve my master bade me bring,
To sift the flour some cakes to make;
A faggot in the oven fling,
When they were made the cakes to bake;
That he a lady bride might take.

Said he, "I'll do to her no ill,
Nor will I my dear wifie kill;
My sheep and goats shall be her care,
And bread and nuts shall be her fare."

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

000 and shower, of small grassy plateaus and quick dips down cliffsides, and struggles up again, beside and through waterfalls that drenched the rocks with spray for yards around. Our muscles were now accustomed to the exercise; they complained hardly at all, and with occasional pauses for rest beneath the wooden crosses set at long intervals along the trail we went gayly, accompanied by the shrill songs of the men.

"Marke Gjloshi is putting on his jacket," sang the leading man.

533 539 "Marke Gjloshi is putting on his jacket," repeated Cheremi, for this was a song he knew well, a song of Shala made in the days of the Turks, and, repeating each line alternately, they sang:

"Marke Gjloshi is putting on his jacket.
He goes to the Pasha and makes complaint:
'The Mohammedan has cursed the cross of my Christ!
He has cursed it, and I draw my pistol,
My death-spitting pistol, I draw it
And blow him to bits. He is scattered,
He is scattered like leaves on the rocks.'
The Pasha is angry, the Pasha is crazy,
The Pasha goes mad and the bugles blow
And the guns are out, the gendarmes are out!
Marke Gjloshi is away on the road,
Away on the road a long way,
All the long way through the six tribes.
The Arabian Sea stops him, the Arabs stop him,
Arabs of the sandy sea, black Arabs.
There he stands, there he fights with the gendarmes.
'O Marke Gjloshi, what will you tell the nations?
What will you tell the Five Nations?'

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

'I will tell the consuls the Sultan is to blame, 533
I will tell to God the Sultan is to blame. 539
But they will not free me,
But they will not let me go
Back to my tribe, back to my own tribe.
They tear me in pieces, they send me far away,
Far away to the other side of the sea.
My greetings, my greetings, to the lost six tribes!'"

So in the mountains they sing the tales of the men who have been driven from them, to become khedives of Egypt, pashas, themselves, of Turkey, political leaders in Italy, great surgeons of France. From all these countries men are coming back now to make the new free government of Albania, and here among the mountaineers we were walking with Perolli, an agent of this government, who dared not say who he was, for danger of death.

"I ask myself sometimes why God did not 000 make me born in a happier land," said Perolli, as we looked out over scores of miles of valleys inclosed by the sky-touching mountains, dotted meagerly with the tiny stone houses. "But then I think, He has made me an Albanian, and given me the most beautiful and the most unhappy land in all the world, for His own purposes."

And he spoke of roads through these mountains, railroads, mines, great power plants, all feeding the people, giving them comforts and luxuries and knowledge. For all of Albania, beneath six feet of upper soil, belongs to the government, as well as all the water power, and we

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

CHAPTER X

THE WATER ORA OF MALI SHARIT—THE COMING OF THE TRIBES TO EUROPE BEFORE THE SEAS WERE BORN, AND HOW THE FIRST GREEKS CAME IN BOATS—WHY ALEXANDER THE GREAT WAS BORN IN EMADHIJA, AND OF HIS JOURNEY TO MACEDONIA—THE SAD HOUSE OF KOL MARKU.

"THE water ora were an ancient race," 776 said the old man. "They were here 539 before the ora of the forests. I do not think there are very many of them left, and no man has seen them in my time, nor in the time of my father. [619] But very long ago, before the tribes of Shala, Shoshi, and Pultit were founded by the three brothers from the land that is now the Merdite country, there was a man of their tribe who caught a water ora. It is a very old song, and much of it has been forgotten, but the man was a man from the Mali Sharit, and by three days he missed becoming the king of the world. In my father's time the thing that happened to him was still sung. I heard that song when I was a child, but I have forgotten the words of it. I remember only the thing that happened.

"The man of Mali Sharit went every day to the wood on the mountain, and in that wood was

776 a lake, small, but like the sky in clearness. I do
539 not know why he went; he was probably laying by green leaves to feed his sheep in the winter. But it happened that one day while he worked he saw a very beautiful girl lift her head from that clear water and look carefully in every direction. He was hidden by low leaves and she did not see him. When she saw no one, she came from the water into the sunshine, and danced in the sunshine. When she had danced until she wished no longer to dance, she went again into the water. The man of Mali Sharit went to the pool and looked into it, and it was like the sky in clearness.

"The next day this happened, and the next, and on the evening of the third day the man of Mali Sharit went to a wise old woman and told her what he had seen. He said: 'I am thirsty for this girl. If I cannot marry her I will marry no one and have no sons. Tell me what I can do.'

"The old woman thought, and said: 'I will tell you what to do. To-morrow you shall take to the edge of the pool a silver mirror and lay it beside the pool. And you shall take a rope and tie yourself round and round with your back against a tree trunk. And you shall stay there without moving while the girl comes from the pool and goes into it again. Then come and tell me what you saw.'

"The man of Mali Sharit did this. When the girl came from the water and saw the mirror she looked into it for a long time. Then she saw

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

the man of Mali Sharit where he stood tied to 776
the tree, and quickly she went back into the 539
water. That day she had not danced.

"In the evening the old woman said: 'It is good. For three days you shall do again as you have done to-day. On the third day, lay beside the mirror a dress of white silk in which there has been cut no opening for the head to go through. The girl will put this on, in order to see it upon her in the mirror. But when her head is inside it, while she tries to find the opening that is not there, then loosen your ropes and leap quickly, and take her to your house as your wife.'

"All that the old woman had said was wise, and the man of Mali Sharit took the ora of the pool to his house as his wife. But that is not the end of the song."

The old man paused to adjust a freshly rolled 000
cigarette in his silver holder. For a moment pale sunshine came through the slits of windows in bars of light across the colored rugs and the mass of loungers upon them; it struck a sparkle here and there from revolver hilt and silver chain. Then it went out, and only the firelight richly accented the duskiness. There was a constant coming and going on the long balcony outside the windows, for behind one of the closed doors Padre Marjan was hearing confessions and giving absolution or penance for sins.

"It's like some old, half-forgotten story," I said, puzzled. "I remember it, but only as he tells it."

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

000 "Mmmh. So do I," said Alex. "I can't just remember what comes next."

"*Asht shum ë buker* (It is very beautiful)," I said to the old man. "And what was the end of the song?"

539
776 "The man of Mali Sharit kept in his house the ora of the pool," the old man continued, "and she was his wife. For six months he was not unhappy, for she was beautiful and she was good, but he longed to hear her speak. And when the six months of humbleness and modesty were gone and the time had come for her to laugh and be gay in his house, she was still silent. The man of Mali Sharit worked hard for her. He brought her fine wool to weave and he made a most beautiful cradle painted with figures of animals and of birds and of fishes, for he remembered that she was of the water. But when he gave her the wool she said nothing, and when he showed her the cradle she was silent. He said to her, 'Tell me what you want, that I may get it for you,' and she did not answer. He went into the woods to a place he knew, and fought the wild bees and brought her honey, and she ate the honey, smiling, but still she did not speak. He did other things that I do not remember; he did everything that his mind could devise, to make her break that stillness, and she did not. His home was always very still, and he was troubled. And when their son was born she loved the child, but she made no sound when he was born and she made no song when she nursed him.

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

"And when a year had gone by since their 776
marriage he could endure this stillness no longer. 539
He went to the wise old woman and told her this and asked her how to make his wife speak.

"The old woman thought, and said, 'You will kill a sheep and take the bladder of the sheep and fill it with its blood. Secretly put the bladder into the cradle of the child. To-night speak sternly to your wife and command her to speak. If she does not answer, take your knife and say to her, 'Speak, or I will kill the child.' If then she does not speak, strike with your knife into the cradle and cut the bladder. When she sees the blood your wife will speak.'

"The man of Mali Sharit went with a heavy heart and a dark mind and did as the old woman had told him. He said to his wife, 'Speak!' and she was silent. He took out his knife and showed it to her, and she was silent. He laid his hand upon the cradle, he said he would kill the child, and she looked at him with terrible eyes and was silent. Then he struck, and the blood came red upon the blankets, and she spoke.

"She spoke with a sob and a scream. She lifted the cradle in her arms, and she said, 'Had you been patient for three days longer, I could have made you king of the world.' Then she wept, and her tears became a fountain, and the fountain became a mist, and the mist was gone. The man of Mali Sharit never saw his wife again, and as for the child, in three days he died. And I do not know what became of the man of Mali Sharit."

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

539 In my disappointment I spoke too quickly, forgetting the excellence of Rexh as an interpreter. "It isn't Albanian, after all; it's Greek," I said. "I remember now that I read it years ago."

"Yes, so do I," said Alex, and her words crossed those of Rexh, who had picked up mine and was turning them into Albanian.

"*Po,*" said the old man, with irony. "It is a Greek song—it is as Greek as Lec i Madhe."

186 I had thanked the old man with an insult, for even the Ghegs keep smoldering in their hearts the knowledge that the Greeks hold Janina, and the memory of the burned villages and slaughtered Albanians of Epirus is only six years old. In an unguarded instant I had made for myself one of those recollections that burn in sleepless night hours. I called myself a fool, while I heard my voice trying to bury the irremediable mistake by hurried words. "What is Lec i Madhe?" 173

186 Frances and Alex were busy in a scrap bag of mythology, and Rexh replied. "I don't know what you call him in English, Mrs. Lane. Lec i Madhe was our king of very long years ago, who went down from the mountains and took all the cities of the world. He was the son of our twentieth king, and he was a very great fighter. I think surely you must know him by some name in English. We call him Lec i Madhe; it means, the Great Lec. Because we had other kings before him called Lec."

"Lec i Madhe?" cried Frances, headlong at

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

war was ended. He will sing it for you, if you 000
want him to."

He was a grimy man, barefooted, ragged, and 533
incredibly whiskered. But he carried besides his [534]
rifle on his back an old beautifully made musical instrument somewhat resembling a mandolin, with a long neck ending in a carved ram's head. It was strung with fine wire, and he handled it proudly; the wire, he said, had come from Scutari. In his father's day it had been strung with horsehair and played with a bow, but at the time of his own marriage he had sent to Scutari for the wire, and he now played it with a finger nail. Fresh cigarettes were rolled and adjusted in holders, knees were crossed comfortably, and the song began.

It was only a fragment—the last song of all 533
the songs about that great war of the dragon and 539
the drangojt above the Dukaghini mountains. The strangely pitched twang of the wire accompanied the words, chanted in a wild rhythm to the rain-filled valley of the Lumi Shala:

"The ora of Shala came from the deathless forest,
From the wood that is always green beyond the Mali Nicaj.
The ora of Shala saw the war in the air above the forest,
She saw the war in the air above the crashing peaks,
She saw the blood of the dragon spilled on the rocks.
Ho lo! Ho la! The head of the dragon falls!
Ho lo! Ho la! Two heads of the dragon are dead!
Ho lo! Ho la! Three heads of the dragon fall on the rocks!
The men of the earth are saved!
The ora of Shala screamed the word that the earth was saved.

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

533 Three times the ora of Shala screamed,
539 And her scream was heard on the Mali Nicaj,
Her voice was heard on the Chafa Morines,
And the Lumi Shala ran through the valley of Shala.
Three times the ora of Shala called,
And the ora of all the mountains came to her call,
They came like sparks from a fire to the ora of Shala.
'Oh, my sisters, this is the word from the battle.
The dragon is dead and the world is saved!
The brave drangojt have saved the world.
The mountains stand without moving forevermore,
And the waters go back to their places,
For the brave drangojt have saved the world.
We will make a feasting for the saviors of the world.
My sister, go to the field for grain,
Cut it and thresh it and grind it,
Make bread and bake it well.
My sister, go to the mountains among the flocks,
Find a sheep with a lamb beside her,
Ask the sheep to give you her milk
For we make a feast for the brave drangojt.
My sister, go to the tree that is hollow.
To the tree where the honey is made,
And ask the bees for their yellow honey.
My sister, here is a knife that is sharp;
Strike true, strike deep, strike quickly,
And bake the meat in a heated pit.'
The first ora came with bread on her head,
The second ora came with a sack of milk,
A milk sack made from the skin of trees.
The third ora came with her hands full of honey.
The fourth ora came with two roasted animals,
Large roasted animals, hot and brown.
Now we can go to our brave drangojt.
The hair of the ora was unbound,
And their heads were crowned with flowers,
And the beauty of the world was their garment.

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

The ora of Shala came first to the Mali Riges, 533
The ora of Shala came to the camp of the drangojt. 539
'I hope we find you well, heroes of the earth,
Long may you live, the courage of the world.'
Then rose and spoke Lleshi of Lleshi,
Chief of the tribe of the Merdite drangojt.
'Welcome to you from wherever you come.
Where have you been hiding your beauty?'
'I am the sister of the ora of the Merdite,
She who is guarding the Mali Mundelles.
I am the ora of Shala.
Long live the heroes who have killed the dragon,
Long live the warriors who have saved the world.'
Then on the grass they sat for the feasting.
All the ora turned back their sleeves,
Making ready to serve the heroes.
The first ora broke the round loaf of bread,
The second ora brought the hot roasted meat,
The third ora brought the bowl of yellow honey,
The fourth ora poured the milk from the sack.
All the ora brought good water from the spring,
And the drangojt drank from the cup of their hands.
When the feasting was ended they left that place,
They washed their hands in flowing water,
They lay by a fire on a carpet of leaves,
And they spoke of many things pleasant to hear.
They spoke till the star of the dawn came out
Above the peaks of the Mali Mundelles.
The star of the daylight came out,
For the power of the dragon was broken.
This was the feast of the Merdite drangojt
After the last great war with the dragon."

The player ran his finger down the wire in a final weird whine, and the instrument lay silent on his knees. "That is all I know of that one," he said. "But if the American *zonyas* would like ooo

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

PEAKS OF SHALA

579 Shala in summer, until the coming of Durgat Pasha.

"After that came the treason of Essad Pasha, and, having then neither house, nor sheep, nor sons, nor tobacco, but only my rifle——"

We must interrupt, to bring him back to Durgat Pasha, and he was astonished that more than that name was needed to make us understand. Had we never heard the songs of Durgat
533 Pasha? Durgat Pasha, who in 1912 came from
539 the Sultan of Turkey to subdue the Sons of the Eagle? Durgat Pasha, who burned and killed, from the Mali Malines to the Malit Shkodra? He bent over the instrument on his knees, twanged three wild notes from it, and sang:

"Seven Powers had called a council,
Seven Powers met and said,
'Shqiperia is no more in our hands,
All Shqiperia is not in our hands.'
Then rose Durgat Pasha and took his gun.
'Leave this to me for three years.
O Sultan, I go for three years.
When I return the Shqiptars are yours.'
Durgat Pasha came past the white lake,
Durgat Pasha to the Mali Malines,
Durgat Pasha to the Mali Shoshit,
Durgat Pasha and five thousand soldiers.
He sends word to Hasjakupit,
'You shall send your rifle to me.
'Thirty Turkish pounds have I paid for my rifle,
Thirty pounds for my own rifle,
But I leave houses and lands and go with my rifle.
Thirty houses I leave behind me.'
These were the words of Hasjakupit.

PEAKS OF SHALA

533
539

‘Thirty houses I leave behind me,
And into Montenegro I go.
I go to King Nichola of Montenegro;
He will give me meat and bread.’
Durgat Pasha on the top of the mountain,
Durgat Pasha with Shala around him,
Durgat Pasha had no bread or water,
Durgat Pasha’s rifles had nothing to eat.
And the fighting men of Shala were all around him,
The fighting of Shala was terrible.
Durgat Pasha went out of his way to Puka.
Puka and Iballa greeted him.
When he came to Bashchellek
All of Scutari came to greet him.
The people of Scutari were frightened.
Durgat Pasha was going to die,
And Scutari rubbed his face with a sack,
Scutari gave him food and drink.
Then rose Salo Kali of Scutari.
‘My rifles I cannot give,
I have made *besa* with one hundred men;
Our rifles are not for Durgat Pasha.’
‘Leave the *besa*, Salo Kali,
Take your hammer and shoe the horses.
That is your business, Salo Kali.
What have you to do with rifles?’
‘I have made *besa* with one hundred men;
Our rifles are not for Durgat Pasha.’
Durgat Pasha rubbed his forehead.
‘I have never seen this kind of people,
I never saw a nation like Shala or Shoshi.
What can be done with the Shqiptars?’
These were the words of Durgat Pasha.

“That is the song of Durgat Pasha,” said the 725 bandit. “When I came home from the fighting, the men of Durgat Pasha had burned my house,

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

POSTSCRIPT

000 by those who know Tirana. It is the sunset hour, and all Tirana goes walking in the colored evening air. Tirana goes walking down the smooth Durazzo road, the road that is white and firm beneath the feet, from the turn beyond the barracks all the way to the sea. The Cabinet Ministers of Albania go walking in a row, sedately, their hands behind their backs, and in the middle walks Ahmet Zogu, elected by Parliament Prime Minister of Albania. Six even paces behind them marches their escort, a single row of soldiers.

533 539 The eastern mountains are catching the last light of the sun and making magic with it. Plum purple, orange gold, mauve and violet and blue, the colors shift and change, and the air is faintly golden over the green plains where the mountain men are gathering as they used to gather in the evenings long before Athens was built. Holding hands in long lines, moving in a stamping circle, they are singing songs improvised by their leader, who, with a handkerchief in his hand, acts in pantomime the verses he creates. The strange, wild song in which they have clothed and preserved the tales of all their heroes of two thousand years is heard far over the green plains, where flocks of sheep are coming home with little tinkling of bells.

"Ahmet Bey,[1] the Beautiful! O! O! Ahmet Bey! [they sing].
Ahmet, the Son of the Mountain Eagle!
His wings spread out and cover us,

[1] [Chief of the Mati: for role in 1922 rebellions, see cat. 116 pp 306-345 --Analy

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EG1 Albania EG1

POSTSCRIPT

The shadow of his wings is over us, 533
His claws are terrible to our foes. 539
Ahmet Bey, the Beautiful! O! O! Ahmet Bey!
The men of Dibra came with their rifles,
Elez Jusuf, the chief of the Dibra,
Mustapha Kruja and Zija Dibra,
The Toptani family, curse of Albania,
Hamid Toptani, with nine hundred soldiers,
Nine hundred soldiers armed by Italians,
Came from Durazzo to murder Albania.
Ahmet Bey, the Beautiful! O! O! Ahmet Bey!

"Elez Jusuf goes back to the Dibra,
Besa of peace he has given to Ahmet.
Hamid Toptani flees through the mountains,
Cursed be the trees that give him hiding.
Zija Dibra is sent to Stamboul,
Zija Dibra, exiled from Dibra.
Five thousand napoleons, fine of Durazzo,
Five thousand napoleons, fine of Tirana.
Five villages burned. Let the market place tell
Names of the men who were hanged there at dawn.

"Ahmet Bey, the Beautiful! O! O! Ahmet Bey!
He set three hundred men to work on the roads,
He built a good road from Tirana to Durazzo,
He makes electric lights in the capital of Albania.
O! O! Ahmet Bey, the Beautiful! O! Ahmet Bey!"

THE END